

CORONET

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This issue:

UNDER COVER by John Roy Carlson

A Coronet condensation of the year's most talked about book!



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Cover Girl "Lights, camera, action!"—and Wanda McKay, the scintillating ski-cue on Coronet's cover, glides gracefully down a glistening slope right into focus for this gay picture by photographer Paul Parry. Wanda was once known as Miss Quackenbush, back in the days when she was hostessing for TWA Airlines—and winning laurels as Miss American Aviation. Now she's winning further laurels in motion pictures, for a very obvious reason.

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Swords into plowshares and soldiers into civilians will be a facile transformation under Canada's master demobilization plan



Canada's Plan for D-Day

by MELVIN ARNOLD

THE WAR IS OVER—and four typical fighting men, Tom, Dick, Harry and Johnny, are honorably discharged after spending a year or more overseas.

First off, they collect 35 dollars in clothing allowance, 30 days' pay and dependency allotments, and transportation home or to their point of enlistment. Next they look around for jobs. Assuming they find none, the four call on their nearest Veterans Welfare Officers, who determine that Tom wants to operate a ranch, Dick wishes to combine a white-collar job with work on suburban acreage, Harry is anxious to learn a trade and Johnny would like to return to college.

The Veterans Officers go into action and the smoothly-running machinery of a planned program prepares to aid these lads in making their wishes come true.

But where does this hypothetical

situation take place? Here in this country? No, in Canada, which with four years' experience in the present war long ago encountered the problems that are now confronting a surprised America.

Today the "veterans question" is a political hot potato in the United States. The President calls for benefits and is promptly accused of bidding baldly for the vote of the service men whose mailed ballots may well swing next year's presidential election. As an administrative advisory body seeks adoption of a veterans' program, a national wrangle proceeds to get under way.

Yet Canada has kept the issue from degenerating into a struggle. Already its demobilization program, worked out by a committee under Brigadier General H. F. McDonald, is financed and in operation. Americans may well profit from the experience of our

northern neighbor, as illustrated in the theoretical cases of Tom, Dick, Harry and Johnny.

After applying to an office of the director of the Veterans Land Act for a qualification certificate, Tom appears with his wife for an oral examination before a regional volunteer committee. He must show evidence that he has had at least two years' practical farming experience, and that he and his wife are physically and mentally fit.

Since Tom has been away from the land for several years, the committee decides he needs a "refresher" course. He and his family are therefore established on the farm of a competent local citizen, and an official inspector sees that the farmer grooms Tom in all phases of farm management as well as manual labor. If necessary, the training family receives a government subsistence pay up to 13 dollars a week.

Completing this stint, Tom goes shopping for a place of his own. He looks over the list of government properties (Canada is now buying the thousands of farms required for the program, concentrating at first on property owned by farmers over 65 who have no sons at home to carry on), but decides on a farm offered for sale by a private owner. The government agency makes an examination and agrees to pay the maximum allowed under the Veterans Land Act or 4800 dollars.

Having made the required down payment of 480 dollars, or 10 per cent, Tom contracts to repay 3200

dollars (two-thirds of the cost of the land and improvements) over a period of 25 years, with interest at three and a half per cent. This adds up to around 12 dollars a month.

Now Tom lines up stock and equipment for which, after a check-up, the veterans' agency allows him the top amount of 1200 dollars.

A few days after the family moves in, Tom goes into a huddle with a representative of the Veterans Farm Management Service. Together they review analyses of the types of soil on the place, and decide what strains of seed to buy and when to plant. The following season, government men will help Tom keep posted on local and distant markets.

Financial aid is continued until crops come in, under Tom's eligibility to receive assistance for as many weeks, up to a year, as he served in uniform.

FIVE YEARS LATER, the Land Act administration will make a thorough review of Tom's situation. If it finds he is not well adapted, he will be relieved of his contract obligations before his career is ruined. But if he stays with the farm and lives up to his contract, at the end of 10 years Tom will be given title to the 1200 dollars worth of stock and equipment, and, at the end of 25 years, full title to the farm. It will then be his to sell or to pass on to his son.

Canada's program is geared to the establishment in full-time farming of 25 thousand veterans like Tom, the same number placed on land after the last war. But where then most

Canadian veterans found the debt burden too heavy, this time the government has written off at the beginning approximately 40 per cent of its investment in individual farms. In addition, it is giving ex-soldiers the guidance which often means the difference between cash in the bank and increasing indebtedness. Canada expects most of these resettled men to make a success of their venture.

VETERAN DICK presents a new problem, one that no country has ever before helped service men solve. He wants to have a small sideline farming operation, but to rely on a job in town for his main income.

The Welfare Officer helps Dick find work as a bookkeeper. Now with an income, he receives government help in buying a three-acre plot he finds on the edge of town. After satisfying the Land Act administration that he is a good risk, Dick receives 300 dollars towards the land, 2500 dollars to build a house, 200 dollars to erect fence and dig a well, and 400 dollars for equipment.

Dick's down payment is 300 dollars with a balance of two thousand dollars (again two-thirds of the cost of land and improvements) spread out over a period of 25 years. His monthly payment for acquiring this comfortable suburban home is just 10 dollars.

Corporal Harry, a single man, left his job in a radio shop to go into the signal corps. After the war he finds the shop has closed. While looking for a job, he applies for and receives nine dollars a week in out-of-work

benefits. For, all the time Harry has been in the army, the government has been making regular payments to his account in the unemployment insurance fund.

After several weeks of job hunting, Harry learns of an opening in a factory that is starting the manufacture of television receivers. To qualify he must be trained in operating production-line machines.

The Veterans Welfare Officer decides to send Harry to a technical school, paying his subsistence, tuition, and other fees. He is eligible to continue at dominion expense for as many weeks, up to 52, as he served under the colors.

Now we come to Flying Officer Johnny, who went into the RCAF to become a crack bombardier, after completing his first year in engineering school. Unable to market his skill in peacetime, Johnny determines to return to the campus and complete his courses. After satisfying the Department of Pensions and National Health of his qualifications and earnestness, he goes back to school at government expense for everything but books.

If Johnny keeps up his grades, he will receive college benefits for a period equal to his weeks in uniform, and if he proves outstanding, the department is empowered to continue the grants-in-aid until he completes his courses.

There is widespread discussion in America of the advisability of readying a multi-billion dollar public works program to provide jobs after the war

for an estimated five million soldiers and war workers. But hand-outs in the form of WPA- or PWA-type jobs are not the answer. Careers will fall by the wayside. Unskilled veterans will not be learning trades while pushing wheelbarrows on a relief project. Experienced farmers will make no progress toward a permanent livelihood while engaged in make-work projects.

Americans, anxious to help veterans of the present war become re-established in civil life, may well ponder this forthright statement of Canada's General McDonald:

"To every man who offers his life,

gives up his occupation and parts from his family in the service of the country, the citizenry owe a debt of gratitude. It is a debt that cannot be paid in money, but that must be paid in sharing of opportunity.

"The pride of service can all too easily blaze into a fire of resentment and die in the ashes of disappointment when the returned man finds the door of opportunity closed in his face. It is not money that the veteran wants. It is freedom of economic opportunity and a reasonable sense of social security. Only you and I and other citizens of good will can give it to him."

Death Holds Some Trumps

THE SPANISH warrior known as the Cid felt death approaching him on the eve of a battle with his ancient enemy, the King of Morocco. The Cid ordered that his body be embalmed immediately after he died—dressed in armor and placed on his horse so that he might lead his troops in this final battle. When the Moors—who believed the Cid was either dead or incapacitated—saw him at the head of his troops they were so astounded they fled in panic.



GENERAL JOHN ZISA of Bohemia, who started a rebellion against Emperor Sigismund of Germany, specified that after his death his skin be made into drum heads so that he might continue to lead his troops. Zisa died after five years of warfare, but the drums made from his skin were such an inspiration to his followers that it was many years before Germany was able to put down the rebellion.



IN 1354 Inés de Castro was secretly married to Dom Pedro, son of King Alfonso IV of Portugal. But since other plans had been made for Pedro, his father, learning of the marriage, had Inés assassinated. When Pedro ascended to the throne upon his father's death, he exhumed the dead Inés. Arraying her in royal robes, he placed her on the throne and crowned her Queen of Portugal—after which she was returned to her tomb.

—EARL H. EMMONS



Paris will occupy her throne again as world capital of wit, culture, and style—if war is outlawed and hope is extended to France



The Next Time I See Paris

by ELLIOT PAUL

"THE FUTURE WORLD" is the term already quite generally applied to the years that will follow the present war. Economists and statesmen are filling the press and flooding the air with talk about new setups and securities—all to be used exclusively for the benefit of man.

When peace comes again, there cannot be too much that is splendid and new. But it seems to me that a few of these committees should devote some thought to what we shall keep that is old and tried and in the past has afforded men relief and given them pleasure. One may measure force by foot-pounds, heat by calories, nourishment by vitamins, work by numbers and profits by gold. By what means can one evaluate those hours during which one's spirit is at rest, or in tune?

Already I am writing of Paris, of culture, of the elusive genius of the French—of what all of us, from every

land, needed so badly, accepted thoughtlessly, and gave little in return. Too often we ignored the French and loved their institutions. We even built a legend of a frivolous and immoral nation when before us was a thrifty, hard-working people on the verge of desperation.

In approaching Paris by train, the pilgrim was slowly suffused with mounting vibrant excitement. Sometimes I think that each one of us, sensing what Paris was about to suffer, was trying to atone in advance for our recklessness with precious things that has cost our century so dearly. As Paris drew nearer, the tension increased. And with it our perceptions were heightened, so that faces in passing windows called forth quick associations and awakened imaginations.

What shall we feel when next we make that journey? Who will be there to receive us? What shall we be able

to say to those who have survived?

When my dearest friend, a Spaniard, having fought and eluded Franco's assassins, came down the gangplank in New York and we were face to face, he said:

"To be alive is still something."

Who can forget the light that hovered over Paris, reflected in the paintings of Watteau, Monet, Sisley, Renoir, Utrillo? It glowed with restraint, as does French taste. When we go back, the familiar Paris lights will still be there. And so will the buildings—most of them. And the streets, and the names of the streets, the broad avenues, the boulevards.

The museums have been pillaged—the Louvre, the Carnavalet, the Luxembourg and the Orangerie in the Tuileries.

You and I, when we return to Paris, will be astonished there again by little unexpected details and their ensemble which are inexhaustible. On the Pont du Carousel, where we stand to watch the movement of a cloud reflected in the Seine, we shall hear, as a *bâteau mouche* (little passenger boat) drifts beneath the arch, some children laughing. The women who watch after them may be sad, when their faces are in repose, and for years will shudder, without visible cause. So shall we, for less reason. We must be prepared for that.

Q. How shall we be received?

A. According to our tact and understanding.

Unfortunately, there is another element which seems beyond our control at this stage of democracy. Namely,

the policy or lack of policy which directs our foreign affairs. I do not hesitate to predict that if the French people are given a chance to reestablish a government of their own choosing: (a) There will be no Nazi-minded collaborators left alive; (b) That the orientation of the post-war government will be as far or farther to the left than was the Popular Front in 1936.

I THINK we can also be sure that a Leftist government composed of Frenchmen and elected by Frenchmen will not clamp down a censorship which will make Paris one of those mystery capitals like Moscow. Leaders of the left in any country are likely to be hostile to tourism. While they are trying to sway their own population by propaganda, they are afraid of foreign influence. This trend will be less marked in post-war Paris than in any other capital reclaimed from the Nazis. Visiting Americans must do their part, avoid ostentatious display and be content with what accommodations a country struggling for its life can offer.

No one imagines that in the fields where France has always been superb, the French—because of political debacle, military disgrace, and the ordeal of German occupation—will prove inadequate. The world capital of culture, wit and style will be Paris, France, as before. And those who crave those inessentials will still congregate there. The lonely and the curious will come.

French men will be scarce. French women—even if dressed in rags—will

wear them with that *chic* that defies imitation. In the important ways, what is left of Paris will not have been infected with intolerance. Neither the Boches nor Laval were able to stir up anti-Semitism in France. That plague had reached its height and almost exhausted itself with the Dreyfus case. Since then—while mounting furiously in surrounding countries—it has declined in France because, as Adrienne Monier expressed it:

"The French are not jealous of the Jews, being also intelligent."

The pilgrim must, however, be warned of certain prejudices which French common sense will not have had the time to erase.

The French have had to see and hear and smell the Boches for years, during which not one word of truth from the outside world has reached their ears. There will still be those who blame the British bitterly and unjustly for "letting them down." Only slowly can such errors be corrected in the public mind. There will be sincere men and women who, beneath their veneer of politeness to Americans, will be thinking:

"It is always the same. America comes in, after we have been martyred and the enemy is exhausted, and claims the lion's share of credit for extinguishing a fire that got out of control because of America's own stupidity."

The French will be starving when the Allies take over, and will be hungry for quite a while afterward. They will be shabby, weary, sick, disgusted with the past, discouraged with the

present, and fearful of the future. If war is really to be outlawed, and France—obviously unable with its own resources or talents to defend itself against paranoid barbarians—can develop in security, France will again be a great nation.

However, if the international fumbler make their usual hash of treaties and post-war plans, then France will be a third rate power waiting her turn to be wrecked and humiliated again. In that event, every French father will be surly and abusive when told he is to be a father. And every French mother will pray that her child will be stillborn. In such an atmosphere, the pilgrim would taste nothing but ashes.

We must give the French hope, and patiently wait until hope and confidence can be assimilated by them, if we wish to save Paris, and ourselves.

WHAT MAKES IT hard to go to sleep again, once I have awakened in the night, is the knowledge that in Spain or France, the best men and women, the ones with the most republican integrity and self-respect, are the first to be marked for torture and death by Franco's phalanx and the Germans. When next I see Paris I shall hurry from house to house with dread, but some of the brave will respond.

The nearest vineyard to Paris was on a back slope of Montmartre. Perhaps that was too small to be debauched. Of the great vintages there will be many blank years. And in the meantime, the pilgrim, out of respect to the bottles he has enjoyed in the

past, must borrow some of their bouquet from his memory to glorify plain table wine.

How many Americans saved an evening of their visit for the Central Markets (Les Halles). They may have started there because of onion soup. But what they found were the acres of mushrooms behind the Bourse, the wild strawberries from the place St. Eustache, gleaming pyramids of carrots, cauliflower and melons in double files along the busy streets, more active by night than ever in the day. For four successive winters, Parisians accustomed to such fare as those markets afford have lived largely on a coarse kind of turnip.

I feel sure that some time soon those lumbering carts drawn by stallions will converge on Paris through the country roads. And in huge sheds will hang the carcasses of beef by the tens of thousands. The counters will gleam with seafood. The turkeys from the Rhône. The poultry of Bresse.

If too many of the teamsters and vendors and dealers are weary women, do not complain. And do not forget

in thinking of world peace that there—but for the grace of Russia, Great Britain, and a brave and lonely Frenchman named De Gaulle—go the women you pamper and love.

Along the Seine, and on four sides of the Odéon, and up and down small streets in the Latin Quarter, were second-hand bookstalls. Remember? Some of those worn volumes, however saturated with liberty and beauty, have not been burned.

Who does not recall the inscriptions on hundreds of gray stone walls, forbidding one to commit a nuisance, discouraging one from posting bills? Ah, yes! And higher up, engraven in stone, the words: "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*." It was "We, Henri-Philippe Pétain," who ordered that slogan to be chipped away.

But when we next see Paris, there will be clumsy wooden scaffolds along the front of those public buildings. And men in one-piece overalls and jumpers will be chiselling those words back again. And each blow of the hammer will be echoed in the heartbeats of free men everywhere.

Unsuitable

NEVER MUCH OF A DRESSER, John D. Rockefeller was often seen with a patch on his coat and a shine on his baggy pants. Although his appearance bothered the thrifty financier but little, his friends thought it unfitting for a man of his position.

"Why do you dress so shabbily?" said one friend reproachfully. "You can certainly afford better clothes."

"What's wrong with these?" demanded the oil magnate.

"Everything," was the reply. "Your father would be ashamed of you. You know how neatly he used to dress."

"But," protested Rockefeller warmly, "I'm wearing a suit of my father's now!"

—IRVING HOFFMAN

Deferred for Life

by ERNEST HAYCOX



YOU ARE APPEARING for your son Eric, Mrs. Hanson?"

"Yes. For my son. Here's the paper."

It was the induction notice we had mailed him. "It says," she added, "August 22 he has to go in."

She sat down and folded her hands upon her purse—assuming an air of patient waiting. Her composure was very real. It seemed to be part of her character.

She was perhaps 55. A small, dark and plain woman with bright black eyes. It was only her hands which revealed age and hard work. Her clothes were the kind carefully worn and carefully brushed.

In most instances, the average American plays the game well, doing what has to be done without dramatics. And out of 10 thousand cases, we have not had more than 50 mothers come before us to plead for their sons. Yet the stories of those 50 mothers cover the whole range of human experience. Against all these accounts the law is clear. The distress must be real, the hardship more than ordinary—if we are to defer.

We said: "What is it you wish, Mrs. Hanson?"

She said: "Could I keep him a little while longer?"

Long ago we had discovered that for every American who is able to state his case well, there are nine who cannot. Mrs. Hanson was one

of the nine. It was up to us to see that she portrayed the whole picture.

We had Eric Hanson's questionnaire before us. The family group consisted of Mrs. Hanson, Eric, and another son, John, who was already in the Army. Eric had an unskilled job at a mill and lived with his mother in a rented house which—according to the accompanying welfare report—had neither plumbing nor wiring. Water was contributed by a neighbor. Mrs. Hanson was a cleaning woman. The family had never received relief aid.

"Mrs. Hanson," we asked, "how is your health?"

"There is nothing wrong with me. That is not why I came."

"Have you worked steadily during the past six months?"

"There is plenty of work now. It is not like during the poor years."

"What do you make a month?"

She gave that a little thought. "Maybe a hundred dollars."

"Then if Eric goes into the service you can support yourself?"

"I can support myself," she said.

That was the end of it. There was no financial or physical dependency.

"Why do you want his induction postponed, Mrs. Hanson?"

"He just met a nice girl," she said.

"It was about two weeks ago he met her. At a dance. He never was a boy to go with girls before."

"Why," we stated, "many boys

have just met nice girls. How can we hold out your son for that?"

"I think," she said, "he will marry her. It is early yet and he is quiet. If he goes on August 22 he will not ask her. If he could stay until October—one month longer—he would ask her."

"A month?" we queried. "How can you be sure of that?"

A shrewd expression disturbed Mrs. Hanson's grave placidity. "There are ways," she stated. "Thirty more days would be enough."

"Mrs. Hanson," we exclaimed, "it is not reason enough to postpone induction. Your son will have to wait for his girl, or marry her when he receives leave of absence."

"If he goes," she added, "there is no more left of my family."

"Many women are living alone these days," we said.

"It is not that," she replied. "He will not come back."

Mothers had said that to us before—in tears, in distraught emotion. Mrs. Hanson said it with no feeling at all. It was a conviction, past tears and past tragedy. She saw that we had no answer.

"My husband died in the other war. His father was a fisherman in the old country who was drowned in a storm. It is that way." Then for the first time during the interview she moved her hands. Opening her purse,

she removed a telegram from the War Department and handed it to us. There was scarcely any necessity to read it, for we had seen these telegrams before and knew the meaning of that phrase which began, "Regret to inform you that your son John—"

"It is always that way with the men of my family," she said. "Eric will not come back. What is to be done must be done before he goes."

There was nothing for us to say. Mrs. Hanson watched us, offering us no grief and demanding no sympathy. I think we all saw the character on her face then. The hardness of a spirit which had survived so much and could survive so much more. "If he had 30 days," she said, "he would marry and there would be a baby started. It is necessary to go on."

"We shall consider it, Mrs. Hanson, and let you know by mail," we said.

She rose, thanked us with a slight nod of her head and went out. That was all. She had stated her case and she had left it with us. She had left with us also in her scant phrase, "It is necessary to go on," a moment's recollection of how the race began and how it will continue.

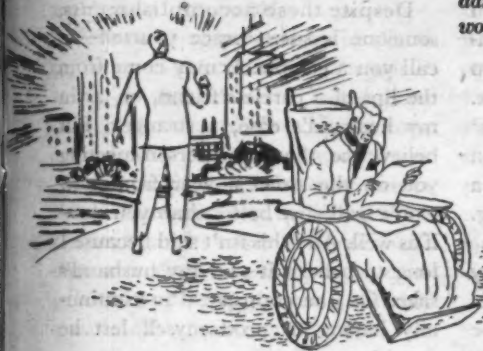
After a brief discussion the board granted a 30-day postponement. There was scarcely a regulation to cover it, but selective service boards have certain options in these matters.

Human Nature

If you tell a man that there are 279,678,934,341 stars in the universe, he'll believe you. But if a sign says "Fresh Paint," he has to make a personal investigation.

—MRS. WILLARD REHPOHL

If you're lighthearted, you can play golf, dance, and be a success both in love and work—even though you have lost a leg



"Best Foot Forward"

by LUELLA HUMPHREY CLARK

DEAR HOWARD: Remember the summer I chaperoned my two young nieces back East and you flirted so outrageously with both of them? Recently, they said they'd heard you were torpedooed and had lost a leg.

This is the third time I've started this letter. Each time the thought of your plight stops me cold. This reaction occurs because my husband had a leg amputated when he was your age. And yet, if a moment of sadness is revived, it isn't for the present. It isn't for the staggering moment when it happened. Rather, it's for a brief space between, when we don't know what may lie ahead. To help bridge this span, I'm warning of restrictions because once you recognize them it's full steam ahead.

The next few months, you have a choice of laughing at yourself or becoming a tragic figure. Little things

like walking down the church steps and suddenly having to balance yourself on the stranger in front of you. Or standing on a woman's foot in a crowded bus and not realizing it until she jerks her foot from under you.

After a time, you will elaborate on those situations. And in a moment of facetiousness, when the girls at a party are congregating in the back bedroom to see the hostess' new earrings, you will invite the male guests to view your leg. The thumb tacks that hold up your socks always evoke back-slapping.

But I'm jumping ahead.

Right now, sympathetic friends are taking up the slack for you, but prolonged sympathy is an anesthetic that can smother initiative. It can dull reality until you'll believe that others always can stand by. But no one can meet the important situations for you. No one can protect you from the first

shock of realizing your loss. It will happen some fine morning when you awaken cocky enough to scale a mountain. You'll yawn and stretch. Hop wildly out of bed and then fall flat.

A shower might revive your spirits? Make sure it's a stall shower with a place to sit. Or a tub shower with a towel rack convenient for leaning. Sotto voce. Be Care—full!

We were weekend guests when my husband spied one. "Aha," said he. And, "At last." Well it nearly was the last. For him. From the next room, we heard a nerve-shattering thud. I ran to the locked door, moaning "Speak to me." A dignified silence. Then, belligerently, "If someone will give me a pair of pliers and a hammer, I'll put this damn thing back."

Just at present, you're pinning your faith on the new appendage. At any rate, one thing is sure. No matter how well it fits, you'll swear—just during your first experiments with it—that it doesn't. And swear, swearing it.

A baby's first steps were never more important than the first ones you'll take. Go out and buy a bang-up cane. One that will add distinction and will make the chap next you—in the cocktail bar—want to start a fight.

You'll discard it fairly soon, since you have your own knee joint but through the years it will come in handy. Days when you play too many sets of tennis and such. You know, of course, that besides tennis, you can play golf and dance. You can ride horseback but may not enjoy it since it is sometimes hard to tell when

your foot eases out of the stirrup.

Despite these accomplishments, someone is sure—brace yourself—to call you a cripple. It may come from the lips of a careless friend, or, as in my husband's case, a stranger. But believe me, that same person meeting you on the street a year from now won't walk any better than you do—if as well. And this isn't said because I long to believe it—for my husband's sake. On the contrary, I'm continually having to prod myself lest he should overdo.

Recently, my husband was waiting with a business associate of five years for an elevator. "Let's walk," the friend suggested. "Do you good. Take some of the weight off you." My husband had had a particularly hard day. He hesitated, "My old gimper needs a rest."

"What's wrong? Hurt your foot?"

"No—"

"What are you talking about?"

"Well good lord, you knew I lost a leg!"

But he didn't. And for a moment, my husband thought he would have to prove it.

At the present time, your most troublesome thoughts pertain to work and love. If you will but believe it, your injury can become the deciding factor in acquiring your full share of triumph in both. That sentence sounds very stilted. If only I could find the words to make you believe that this experience—the heartache, the learning to laugh at yourself and wanting to make others laugh, the meeting of unhappy situations with

courage—all of this can add up to making you a very beloved person.

As far as disappointments in affairs of the heart are concerned, they definitely are not related to the absence of a leg. Love, real love, is not concerned with five toes instead of ten.

Disappointments in work are something else again. Just at first, that is. Ultimately will come the realization that the preliminary struggle contributed to the final success. And if you doubt it, just read ahead.

BUT FIRST, the black side of the picture. Envisaging obstacles will prevent needless fumbling.

A log from our journal regarding this period:

"Today, the president of the company visited us. No one could have shown greater kindness than he has since the boat explosion. Those three months of salary meant everything. But it was a mistake letting him see Bob before he had his new leg. And it was unfortunate that my own injuries in the accident were such that I had to meet him at the door on crutches. The confident air was lacking. It was plain that a doubt has crossed his mind.

"Damn. It's hard not to feel rebellious. However, there is one straw to grab. His offer of a minor job at the plant. But in our hearts, we know that generosity alone prompted it. That it is but temporary.

"EVENING: Bob is feverishly writing letters to the friends who offered and are in a position to get him situated. I love the tone of those

letters. Never for a moment has his confidence wavered and yet there is no bragging about the past. He is concentrating wholly on what he can hope to contribute in the future. All during his convalescence he has studied. Yesterday, he sent for a memory course—feeling that a good memory is an asset in any business. (It is. He's proved it 100 times over.)

"WEEKS LATER: The answers to the letters have arrived. One, however, must have got lost in the mail. The others are bright and cheerful and evasive. You've-got-the-stuff-old-boy-and-you'll-show-them-yet. But nothing tangible."

And so if I say that our friends let us down it is said without malice and with a clear understanding that in moments of tragedy extravagant promises always are made. But no mood ever is long sustained. Hence, the warning not to bank too strongly on anything or anyone. In the long run, it is better to be self-reliant.

When you realize that it is wholly up to you—nothing can stop you. We hadn't reached that point yet. Gangrene had developed when the amputation was delayed and three more months would elapse before Bob would wear Termito Tony.

We were broke. The salary had stopped but we didn't want our family to guess, since they had contributed to hospital expenses. One day we counted our assets. Two weeks free rent, a slab of bacon and 16 cans of corn. After two weeks, we closed the apartment and borrowed transportation money. Bob took the plant job.

That winter was Big Type. A Florida-bound couple offered their home in return for tending the furnace—to keep the pipes from freezing.

My husband never had an idle moment. All along I've identified myself with him by using *we*. Don't let it fool you. From the first I leaned and am still leaning. Nights when he arrived home from work there always was a crisis. If only having to extricate me from the clutches of a fanatic whose offer of a job I had accepted.

But now it was spring. And Termite was a month old. One eventful day, the president of the company called my husband into his office and offered him his old job back. By all rights, the story should end here. Even now, I'm amazed at our reaction. Suddenly, we had the craziest desire to start all over again. In a new business. In new surroundings.

A relative had written that there was a job in California anytime my husband wanted it. We misunderstood. We didn't realize that he meant there was work to be had! And that he rightfully thought Bob would like to continue with a paint concern. He couldn't know that for ages now, Bob's main interest had been stocks and bonds.

And so we arrived in Los Angeles

with several old suitcases, a cartwheel hat and a bashed-in derby. (En route, I'd sat on it.) A come-to-life spectacle of poor relatives.

We'd designated that first week for resting. Nevertheless, Bob doggedly persisted in studying brokerage practice. That is, when he wasn't giving my nephew's third grader friends a preview of his wooden counterpart.

After a few days, my brother-in-law said, "They need a man in the order department. Want to chance it, Bob?" Did he!

Order clerk, margin clerk, cashier, *floor man*. Wheee! When the firm sold out, he had a flattering choice of houses. Today, he's in charge of an office for a coast-to-coast firm. Recently, when the janitor failed to show up, he announced that "Yes sir! He was in full charge now—he'd even swept out. But he'd be damned if he'd mop the floor."

What my husband can do, you can do. Remember, he didn't have a college education, as you have. He didn't have social prestige. And in those days, that carried weight in his business. Whatever he did, he did alone. And I'm proud of him. He can even be light-hearted about his injury. That, to me, is the spirit that will see you through.

'Umble 'Ope

WANDERING DOWN Whitehall, a sightseeing doughboy in England approached a Cockney road-sweeper.

"Which side's the War Office on, Bud?" he asked amicably.

"Blimey," returned the Cockney, "I don't know, Guv'nor. I 'opes it's on our side."

—GEORGE RODGER

Carroll's Corner



Coronets: To "Barnaby," that comic strip which manages to mix whimsy, politics, fantasy, and still remain comic . . . To Mary Martin, who forsakes her namby-pamby roles in Hollywood, goes to Broadway to play a voluptuous Venus, and turns out to be the sensation of the season . . . To Oscar Hammerstein, Jr. who once wrote the lyrics for something called *Show Boat*, who this year gives *Oklahoma* and *Carmen Jones* to our stages. The years in between have sharpened, broadened, his extraordinary gifts . . . To a young actor named Jose Ferrer, who plays Iago in the Theatre Guild's *Othello* and sometimes makes you forget that a titan named Paul Robeson is on the same stage . . . To a youngster named Joan McCracken of the cast of *Oklahoma* who dances like a tipsy Terpsichore and stands out like a beacon in a brown-out, though she is merely one of the many ladies of the chorus . . . To Harold Ickes, one public official without fear, without guile, who says what he thinks and gives as good as he gets; who tilts at windbags with better aim and a better vocabulary than Quixote himself.

All Fronts: When the siege of Malta began, the island's air defenses consisted of exactly three outmoded airplanes. Their names: Faith, Hope, Charity . . . In an English railroad

car, a cleaning woman found a package. It gave her, she said, "the shock of me life." The package contained one item: a bomb . . . In the first World War American planes shot down one enemy plane for every 17 thousand shots fired. In this war, our aviators average one enemy plane for very 90 shots . . . Winston Churchill, apostle of both King's and basic English, has no affection for one phase of the American language. He hates American slang.

Advertising Art: The latest wrinkle being advertised on the baby goods market is a set of diapers which changes color as baby's humidity increases. Red is the danger signal.

Muscle In One Easy Lesson: Schumann's advice to would-be composers is still the classic in its field. Said Schumann to his pupils:

"In order to compose, it is enough simply to remember a tune which nobody else has thought of."

Quote-Unquote: KIN HUBBARD: "Human life and turnips remain cheap and plentiful."

PEARL BUCK: "We send missionaries to China so they can get to heaven—but we won't let them in this country."

HENRY FORD: "A specialist is someone who is always telling you what can't be done."

Practically all you are, think, feel and hope to be, lies at the mercy of one little organ, brain-gray in color, no bigger than the end of your thumb



Don't Overwork Your Hypothalamus

by EVELYN WELLS

YOU WAKE with a giant hand clutching your heart. Pain stabs at your left upper chest, your heart sounds like a four-alarm fire, your jaws are clenched and you gasp for breath.

Something *may* be wrong with your heart. But the odds are greater, since 65 per cent of us are neurotic in some respect, that your physician will, after examination, pronounce your trouble as "functional" and not "organic."

Your pains are pseudoanginal, dreamed up for you at your own expense by your best friend and worst enemy, the hypothalamus.

Practically all you are, think, feel and hope to be, lies at the mercy of this minute organ, brain-gray in color, no bigger than the end of your thumb, tucked away at the base of the brain.

Cardiac disturbances, high blood pressure, peptic ulcers, spastic colitis, insomnia, asthma, impotence, hysterical paralysis, hiccupping, dizziness,

constipation, vomiting, head, ear, eye, skin, throat, menstrual and kidney troubles—all may be tension symptoms stimulated by your emotional fears and worries, through your overworked hypothalamus.

Long before you learned to use your brain, in prehistoric days, this little organ which is the center of your involuntary nervous system, with nerve branches running to every organ in your body, took charge of your defense mechanism. In those days, if you met a sabre-toothed tiger on the trail, your eyes flashed the news to your brain, your primitive brain paused a fumbling moment pondering what should be done.

But your hypothalamus never hesitated. Now, as then, it springs automatically into action, shrieking, "Danger ahead! Run! Scram!" It rushes messages in every direction over its amazing mesh of nerve branches. Each

organ responds by throwing up its defenses. Your heart races, blood pressure soars, temperature sinks, stomach and intestines stop their processes, the liver starts hoarding sugar, blood thickens, adrenal glands stimulate preparation for flight or contest.

This morning you may not meet a tiger on your way to market but you'll probably happen on Mrs. Smith and her gossip. You can't stand her, you never do know why. But civilized being that you are, you don't whack Mrs. Smith over the head with your ration book. Instead you seethe inwardly.

Your hypothalamus instantly grasps the fact that you are "mad clear through" and automatically starts sending up skyrocketing, summoning every organ to your rescue over its marvelous nervous network, calling out in its frantic and efficient fashion the fire department, riot squad, state guard, militia and Marines! Because aspersions have been cast on your Sally's behavior at the USO dance, as dynamic a defense has rushed to your rescue as if you had met a tiger outside the cash-and-carry.

Mrs. SMITH is just an overweight lady in last year's hat, but how is your hypothalamus to know that!

For a long time the hypothalamus was considered the seat of emotions. But authorities of modern medical science now contend that it is less a seat than a station, and assigns to the hypothalamus an "experimentally demonstrable role in reinforcing and coordinating the neural and hormonal mechanisms of emotional expression."

Think of it as your neighborhood fire station. You sound the alarm, firemen run, engines race, chemicals spurt, all in response to an alarm that is often false.

Multiply the Smith episode by many small worries, annoyances, grievances, envies and fears, lie awake nights dreading the future and regretting the past, fret over Sally's giddiness, lack of social position, high taxes, the mortgage, your first gray hair, world conditions and Bill's mother's threat to arrive for the duration, and you are false-alarming your hypothalamus. That overworked organ keeps sending out demands for help, and your organs are continually preparing for flight from danger or a hair-pulling contest with Mrs. Smith.

But because you read Emily Post, attend the opera, and consider yourself "civilized," you no longer give way to the violence for which your hypothalamus is preparing you. The result is bodily tension. The result of prolonged tension is tension symptoms, stimulated by your hypothalamus. Sooner or later, your weakest organ will rebel against this continual summoning by false alarms.

Your heart may decide not to slow down after emotional sprees, but to keep on racing. Your intestines may refuse to renew their normal rhythm, and there you are with every symptom of spastic colitis! Your stomach may rebel against these frequent interruptions in its digestive plans, and develop peptic ulcers in self-defense. Your liver may keep on secreting more sugar than is good for you and

your blood pressure stay far too high.

Keep on worrying and overworking your hypothalamus and you will have real symptoms to worry about! Or, if you have real symptoms, overworking your hypothalamus will make them worse.

Medical science is placing an increasing amount of responsibility upon your hypothalamus and its effect upon your physical and mental health.

EVERY MEDICAL filing cabinet contains cases similar to that of Robert L., 56 and retired, who complained of stomach pains after meals, flatulence and emotional instability—the usual symptoms of peptic ulcer.

Modern treatment of ulcer is both medicinal and mental, so it did not take Robert L.'s doctor long to discover that the source of his trouble was constant concern over his 22-year-old daughter. The girl's mother had died in a train wreck. For three hours Mr. L. had lain under the car wreckage holding the hand of the wife he thought unconscious. Not until his rescue did he learn she had died a violent death. The shock drove all his emotions toward their child. He lived in constant fear the girl would come to some harm, meet with an accident, marry the wrong man.

A mental straightening-out process and return to normal activity through volunteer war work helped Mr. L. to forget both his fears and his "ulcers."

Emotional or physical shock nearly always leaves erosions or superficial ulcers in the stomach. Following the Coconut Grove tragedy, more than

half of the hospitalized victims showed symptoms of ulcer, although not one had a previous ulcer record.

High blood pressure is frequently due to an overworked hypothalamus. Mrs. Eva B., 36-year-old wife and mother, is a typical case. She suffered from dizziness, buzzing in the ears, a feeling that her head was "about to burst." Every minor irritation sent her blood pressure higher.

Mrs. B. had a talent for making minor irritations into major aggravations. She was carping, nagging and hypercritical, and her husband's and children's failure to appreciate her, her neighbors' slovenliness, the way the government was run, the war, weather and world in general were personal affronts to Mrs. B.

In her case, both Mrs. B. and her medical advisors had to work hard and long to break down the basic habits of a lifetime. She had to learn the faultfinder stands alone; he has never grown up and does not know how to make friends. Her blood pressure lowered in ratio as she achieved tolerance and understanding.

Cardiac disturbances are the commonest of the tension symptoms. Only the medical expert can tell the difference between pseudo and real heart pains, and both are equally painful. Emotional stress creates one and intensifies the other.

However, you can control your hypothalamus and work it to your advantage as well as for your defense.

First make certain there is nothing organically wrong with you and then, with scientific guidance if your habits

are ingrained, stop getting excited over trifles, stop imagining things, and stop worrying.

No, none of these habits will be easy to break at first.

Try looking at your worries as if they were pictures drawn by strange hands. You will be surprised to find how few are actually real. One of the greatest neuropsychiatrists holds that all our worries emanate from three sources, past, present and future, and all can be changed.

The past no longer exists. You may do as you like with it. The present is yours. The future has not yet happened, and you can shape it pretty much as you like if you will face facts

squarely and stop worrying over what might have been or may happen.

Grow up emotionally. Seek out the reasons behind your reactions and try to meet your problems in a mature and tolerant fashion, not with the impulsive imagination of a child. Instead of lying awake nights worrying, try a brisk walk before going to bed, a tepid bath, a good book, warm milk, sheep-counting, prayer. Give your hypothalamus the "All's well," signal—it will respond by ordering your heart to slow down, your intestines and stomach to relax, and your entire wonderful system of coordination and communication to labor peacefully in your behalf.

On the Medical Front

■ **NYLON** and stainless steel thread are replacing Jap silk as sutures for sewing war wounds. Millions of feet of the Nylon filament, formerly used for tennis racquets and fishing leaders, are going to the United Nations from the Du Pont plants. Sweden, however, has found stainless steel thread resilient, plastic and easily sterilized. It has been used on more than 200 brain and skull cases with satisfactory results.

■ **SULFA** "chewing gum," a paraffin block in which a sulfa drug is incorporated, has been developed as a possible remedy for severe sore throats. Scientists find this "gum" transmits the sulfa drug directly to the throat and tonsils without the disagreeable side effects which sometimes occur when sulfa drugs are given in capsules or pills.

■ **A SURVEY** of rejected draftees discloses that: the highest incidence of bad teeth occurs in New England, heart trouble in the Northwest, goiters in the Great Lakes area, blindness in Texas, mental disorders in Maine, Virginia, the Carolinas, Tennessee and Mississippi; venereal disease, alcoholism and addiction to drugs in the Gulf States and the Southeast; deafness in the Northwest and New England; lower weights along the East Coast and in California.

—ALAN A. BROWN

"Murder you might get away with," say the mighty czars of the underworld, "but you just can't pull the wool over Irey's eyes"



Irey of the Treasury

by AVERY HALE

NOT LONG AGO an agent of the Intelligence Unit of the Treasury's Bureau of Internal Revenue was reeling off to a grand jury a two-and-two-makes-four story which resulted in the indictment of a prominent gentleman who possessed a long income and a short tax declaration. Two of the jurors—citizens accustomed to wading knee-deep in folding money—seemed unduly impressed.

After the indictment was voted, the two jurors privately approached the agent. "We—er—have just been thinking that we had better discuss a personal matter with you," said one.

"Personal?" asked the agent.

"Yes, it's about our own income taxes. You see, we're a little in arrears ourselves."

Within a week Uncle Sam received two spanking checks from the frightened corner-cutters.

In Room 109 of the Treasury Build-

ing in Washington 56-year-old Elmer Lincoln Irey—co-ordinator of all Treasury enforcement agencies—smiled when he heard the story. To him it was an old one. Whenever a man with a front-page name is cut down by the income tax axe, thousands of other violators develop sudden attacks of honesty and tumble over each other to pay up.

The name of Elmer Irey is hardly known to the public, due in large measure to its owner's penchant for anonymity. However, in official Washington and in the half-way world, Irey is regarded as something of a flesh-and-blood cross between Philo Vance and Sherlock Holmes. Big-league malefactors well know that Irey will get them if they don't watch out when they send in their income tax returns.

Nobody could get Al Capone, Chicago's booze and murder baron,

until Irey and his men stepped in. Then after a two-year investigation that all but wrecked Irey's health, the Big Boy was sent to the penitentiary when Irey produced black-and-white evidence showing that Capone had been short-changing the tax collector.

Enoch L. Johnson, Atlantic City's vice and political boss, was known as the man who was too big for any prison—until Irey trained his sights on him. Nucky, as the vice lord was called, wound up on the inside looking out.

Big Tom Pendergast, whose power hung like a pall over Kansas City for decades, had things his own way until he collided with Irey. Big Tom learned to his eternal sorrow that he might as well have tried to hide a horse in a bathroom as to hide a financial transaction from the Treasury's Intelligence Unit.

Now, WHAT WITH his long record of cutting down big shots, you might imagine that Irey has no feeling whatsoever. You would be wrong.

Elmer Irey has the warm heart of a church trustee, which he is. He bears no ill will toward the criminals he sends away; jailing lawbreakers happens to be part of his job, and he simply regards them impersonally. He worries about the families of the wrong-doers, though, and is far happier when a man voluntarily comes in and straightens up than when he has to go out after him and send him to the Big House.

In appearance Irey looks like the obedient civil servant he has been

since finishing a night course at Georgetown Law School. He wears gold-rimmed glasses, his eyes are blue and mirthful and he gives the impression of being not one of the twentieth century's outstanding investigators, but perhaps the more humane type of bank official. His office is plain and so are his clothes. You get the idea that he goes out of his way to remain unobtrusive.

Irey began his service with Uncle Sam as a stenographer in the Post Office Department, eventually becoming secretary to the chief inspector. Then he became an inspector himself. When he was 31, Daniel C. Roper, then Commissioner of Internal Revenue, drafted him to form and head the Intelligence Unit of the Treasury.

Elmer Irey has a naive honesty that has a deleterious effect on a man who has done wrong. When, for example, Al Capone was about to go on trial for income tax violations, the Chicago gang leader sent emissaries to New York to confer with an attorney who knew Irey. The purpose of their mission was to have the attorney act as an intermediary through which Irey would be offered a bribe of one and a half million dollars—a record, incidentally—to compromise Capone's case without criminal prosecution.

The attorney, an ethical barrister, informed the Capone men that their mission was futile, but said he would mention the matter to Irey merely to see precisely how the Intelligence Unit chief would say "no." Irey, whose salary is nine thousand dollars

a year, smiled when he heard the offer. He didn't speak for a long time. Then he said, "Of course the answer is no. But do you know what word I wish you would send back to Capone? Inform him that while others may look upon him as important and influential, to me he is just a fat fellow in a mustard-colored suit."

Irey's remark was soon traveling over the Chicago underworld grapevine with shattering effect. You may be sure that the baddies of The Loop and Cicero were anxious to get a gander at the man who had so little respect for a fortune and for the king of the underworld.

During the Capone trial Irey appeared in the courtroom during the entire proceedings—the first and only time he had done such a thing in one of his cases. The scar-faced defendant's bodyguard—a blown-in-the-bottle knave answering to the name of D'Andrea—sat at Capone's counsel table by special permission of the court. Irey, in his unassuming way, kept a close eye on D'Andrea for the simple reason that he couldn't convince himself that the bodyguard was up to any good.

One morning D'Andrea's well-fitting jacket somehow lacked its usual Bond Street drape; for one thing it didn't hang right around the left shoulder. Irey, pretending not to notice, gave three of his agents the high sign and went through the motions of going over some figures with them. Then, before D'Andrea realized it, Irey's men shackled him and removed a loaded "heater" from a

shoulder holster and a clip of bullets from the bodyguard's vest pocket.

The suspicion in Chicago's underworld that Irey, as a boy, had been bitten by a fox, was now confirmed. With the star on his way to the Big House, the satellites almost broke down the door of the local tax collector's office in their rush to declare cached earnings before the mild-mannered man from Washington turned his gaze in their direction.

THE IMPRESSION that Intelligence Unit agents concentrate solely on creating incriminating order out of numerical chaos is only part of the story. The laboratory is resorted to when there is a suspicion that ink eradicator has been used by crooked bookkeepers, or that financial entries have been artificially aged.

During the Nucky Johnson probe, Irey's men posed as gullible sightseers in bawdy houses operated by the man who rented human bodies as a sideline. In the early days of the Capone case, a hard-looking young man who carefully pronounced the word "boil" as "berl," by way of buttressing his claim that he was from the Five Points section of Brooklyn, attended a welcome-home dinner for Al Capone when Capone returned to Chicago following his brief stay in a Philadelphia jail for carrying a gun. As a result Irey's agent was accepted into Capone society and from that inner circle was enabled to gather vital information that helped Irey to blow over the gangster's house of cards.

In the case of Boss Pendergast,

Irey's men posed as gamblers whose reading matter was confined exclusively to racing forms. Thus they made the acquaintanceship of Kansas City bookmakers from whom they eventually wheedled the information that Pendergast, a devotee of the bangtails, had, over a period of years, lost more than a million dollars on horses that never got their noses near photo finish cameras. Consequently, more than an icy million that Big Tom had neglected to declare in his income taxes was legally placed right in his grafting hands.

A man's personal habits are more often than not tip-off enough for Intelligence Unit agents to start digging below the surface. There was, for example, the notorious Irving Wexler, better known as Waxey Gordon, one of the big shots of Prohibition days.

Waxey put the Midas touch on everything. He traveled from one gang conference to another in custom-built cars. His New York apartment was a far cry indeed from a lean-to, consisting of ten rooms and four baths. It was a simple matter for Irey to learn that Gordon's apartment rent alone ran him an even six thousand dollars, which was precisely the amount of Gordon's income, according to Waxey's tax returns.

A quick glance at Waxey Gordon would have told even a man suffering from a severe case of astigmatism that he did not walk up two flights for his suits or get his shirts in a bargain basement. Irey's men merely tailed him long enough to learn that his shirts were always custom-made at 13

dollars and 50 cents a copy, that his neckties cost five dollars each and that his suits ran him well into three figures with only one pair of pants. In fine, Waxey himself constituted prima facie evidence of an income tax violation. Digging into his financial affairs after that proved to be only tedious routine, and Waxey wound up with 10 years in the clink and an assessment of unpaid taxes and penalties of more than a million dollars.

It is not generally known that Elmer Irey had Huey Long, the Louisiana dictator, bang to rights, as they say in the underworld, when the Rogue of Baton Rouge was murdered. But Huey knew it. Long, realizing that Irey and his men had dug up every last root of the Louisiana graft tree, brought more pressure on Irey than an ash can brings on a submarine. The pressure was still on, with no effect whatsoever, when the Kingfish was cut down in his tracks in his skyscraping capitol.

Not that Long's death stemmed the investigation. Wholesale indictments were returned, involving more than one hundred individuals, and more than two million dollars in taxes came into the Treasury.

Irey confined himself to the Intelligence Unit for two decades until, in 1938, he was appointed co-ordinator of all Treasury enforcement agencies, with the title of Assistant to the Secretary. Today he supervises the activities of some 2,600 investigators of the Alcohol Tax Unit, Customs and Customs Patrol, Narcotics, In-

telligence and Secret Service. Naturally, though, the Intelligence Unit is his baby. Since it was originated a quarter of a century ago it has collected about half a billion dollars for Uncle Sam, turning in a profit to the government of approximately 50 dollars for every dollar laid out—which is something in these days.

Up until 1938 it was next to impossible to pry Elmer Irey away from his job. Overwork brought on a heart attack. Since that time, one of his two sons—a physician now in the Army—has laid down the law to the man who has laid it down to so many others. He must leave his office promptly at five and be in bed early.

He is a man who inspires intense

loyalty. Like himself, many of his agents have been offered private jobs at several times their government pay. But, as Irey is devoted to his job, so are his men devoted to him.

Also, Irey, more than any other person, is well aware of the fact that there are in this land today many tax chisellers that the Intelligence Unit hasn't gotten around to yet. He is a reasonable man. If you happen to know anybody who has cut a corner or two, give that person a tip: tell him to drop in at the nearest tax collector's, lay his cards on the table and wipe the slate clean. For if he doesn't, Irey will eventually catch up with him, and Elmer Irey just doesn't like to have to do that.

Lincolniana

ASKED WHETHER Mary Todd, who became his wife, was from a good family, Abraham Lincoln responded:

"The very best. Why the Todds spell their name with two d's; one was good enough for God!" —JOHN NEWTON BAKER

TERSELY defending his anti-slavery stand, Abraham Lincoln said: "I hold that if the Almighty had ever made a set of men that should do all the eating and none of the work, He would have made them with mouths only and no hands; and if He had ever made another class that He intended should do all the work and no eating, He would have made them with hands and no mouths." —LOUIS HIRSCH

IRRITATED by the inaction of General George B. McClellan, who in 1862 was in command of the Union forces, Abraham Lincoln wrote him briefly:

"My dear McClellan:

If you don't want to use the army, I should like to borrow it for a while.

Yours respectfully,

A. Lincoln"

—JOSEPH TRUM

Home Front Hero

Saints to Service

Widow of a veteran of World War I, Mrs. Iva Gattis of Bakersfield, California, saw her five sons off to battlefronts, then went into action with a program which makes her an outstanding American war mother.

Leaving her small farm, she got a job at Kaiser Company's Yard Three located at Richmond. Her daughter, Marguerite, works alongside her.

Every week Mrs. Gattis converts her salary of 58 dollars into War Stamps which she sells at the San Francisco bus terminal after buying 10 per cent of them herself. In addition she buys two War Bonds per week and gives 10 dollars each month to the Red Cross. At Christmas time she sent dozens of packages to boys overseas as well as to her own sons.

Recently tragic news came to Mrs. Gattis when the War Department notified her that her son, Lester, previously reported a prisoner of the Japs, had died in a Philippine camp. But the mother's hope never wavered. She still believes her boy is alive.

She writes to one absent son daily—to the twins, Cecil and Jack, who are both in the Marine Corps overseas; to Elmer, an Army Air Force sergeant, to Lester, too, and Clarence.

Like millions of other mothers, Mrs. Gattis is waiting for her sons' return with faith and courage. But she's making every moment count for America—against our enemies—the kind of vigil that leads to victory!



1. Twice a week, Mrs. Gattis bakes batches of cookies for USO and hospitalized boys.



2. And just as often as permission is granted, she donates blood to the plasma bank.



3. In spare moments, she helps daughter care for off-spring of day-shift workers.



4. Another star, another step nearer peace. Hers is a five-fold contribution to manpower.



5. Because letters are the answer to a soldier's prayer, she pens a note a day.



6. All-out for war, Mrs. Gattis even finds time to roll Red Cross bandages.



7. In the middle of the night, she leaves for her war job in a shipyard electrical shop.



8. During an eight-hour graveyard stretch, she charges batteries and doctors flashlights.



9. Sum total of our heroine's deeds, and of others like her, is hastening victory.



*A beauty, liquor and Southern speech were
Pinkerton's props to ferret out and foil a
plot to kill Lincoln before his inauguration*



When Pinkerton Saved Lincoln's Life

by ARCHIE McFEDRIES

ABRAHAM LINCOLN LIVED ON borrowed time for more than four years before his assassination. A plot to murder him in Baltimore on February 23, 1861, while he was en route to Washington for his first inauguration, was thwarted only by Allan Pinkerton's detective investigation.

The first whisper that the plot existed reached Dorothea Lynde Dix, who was, in January, 1861, doing social service work in the Baltimore shums. Miss Dix overheard a rumor that Maryland secession sympathizers were planning to kill the President-elect when he passed through Baltimore the following month.

Miss Dix passed the tip on to important acquaintances in New York. As a result, Northern interests engaged Pinkerton—founder of the investigative organization bearing his name—to ferret out the plotters.

Pinkerton's physical bulk made

secret shadow work out of the question. So he opened a brokerage office under the name of J. H. Hutchinson near Barnum's Hotel in Baltimore and adopted a Southern accent.

Visiting theatrical luminaries such as John Wilkes Booth and his elder brother, Edwin, never considered a visit to Baltimore complete without at least one quick one in Barnum's bar. Two habitués of the bar soon arrested the detective's attention. One was a local aristocrat named Hillier—a brooding, weak-faced young man. The other was the head barber in the hotel—one Fernandina. He had at one time been a captain in the Italian army, and his military title gave him some social standing.

Pinkerton's intuition told him that these two were collaborators in some sort of scheme. Furthermore, he decided that liquor was the key to the secrets in Hillier's mind and that a

woman could unlock Fernandina.

Thus, before he realized it, Hillier had attached himself to Harry Davies, a shrewd-appearing man of middle age who, like Pinkerton, spoke with a Southern accent. Simultaneously, Captain Fernandina began asking himself where a lady in her middle thirties named Catharine Warne—had been all his life. Mrs. Warne was Louisiana born, and was one of Pinkerton's cleverest operatives.

Operative Davies also struck up an acquaintanceship with Fernandina. He learned that the barber's finances were suffering from malnutrition. "There's a broker in town named Hutchinson," Davies suggested, "who has made a lot of money for me. Maybe he can do the same for you."

Fernandina was greatly impressed when his new friend, Davies, took him to visit Pinkerton. "But I'm afraid," Pinkerton told Fernandina, "that I will be unable to do the same for you. It's that damned Lincoln. His election has ruined the market."

"Lincoln," Fernandina growled.

"I guess you hate him as much as I do," said Pinkerton.

"I would gladly die," said Fernandina, "if I could take his life first!"

That night, Operative Davies took Hillier home. And he extracted the following alarming intelligence from the drunkard's mutterings:

A group of conspirators, including Hillier, knew from press reports of Lincoln's pre-inaugural schedule that he was to arrive in Baltimore at noon on February 23 at the Calvert Street depot of the Northern Central

Railroad, via which he was to come from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. At the Calvert Street station Lincoln was to enter a carriage and ride for a half mile to the terminal of the Baltimore & Ohio lines, where he was to entrain for Washington. *It was while the President-elect was making this ride that he was to be shot.*

Twenty plotters were to meet at Hillier's home the night of the twentieth and draw ballots out of a box. The man who drew a red ballot was to shoot Lincoln.

"The whole thing could be wishful thinking on the part of a drunken man," Pinkerton remarked to Davies, "except that Hillier mentioned the color of the ballot that is to be drawn. That bit of detail makes the entire story authentic."

PINKERTON, meanwhile, maintained his contact with Fernandina. "You know, Captain," he mused one day, "if anything were to happen to that Lincoln, and I knew it in advance, I could make a million for myself and my clients."

Anxiously, Fernandina asked, "Mr. Hutchinson, would you take care of me if I told you Lincoln *was* going to be killed?"

"What would you know about a thing like that?" Pinkerton asked.

"But I *do* know!" said Fernandina, thereupon unfolding the same story that Hillier had told to Operative Davies even to the ballot's color.

By the fifteenth of February, Pinkerton was in possession of virtually every detail of the plot that was

scheduled for fulfillment eight days later. His men had observed Fernandina and the other conspirators secretly meeting at Hillier's home.

Now the problem was somehow secretly to get Lincoln to Washington without the plotters knowing about it. Mrs. Warne had learned from Fernandina that representatives of the conspirators had already taken up Lincoln's trail in the North for the sole purpose of flashing word to Baltimore by coded telegram of any change in Lincoln's plans.

On the night of February 20 the men of ill-will met at Hillier's home. Later, Hillier went to Barnum's bar where he informed Detective Davies that he and Fernandina had double-crossed the 18 others by inserting not one but eight red ballots in the box.

Pinkerton went to Philadelphia, where the Lincoln party was staying at the Continental Hotel on Chestnut Street, arriving there on the night of the twenty-first. He outlined the entire plot to the President-elect, and urged Lincoln to proceed immediately to Washington. Lincoln stubbornly refused. He was to be present at a ceremony at Independence Hall the following morning, Washington's Birthday. Then he was to proceed to Harrisburg to meet the Legislature and attend a dinner to be given by the Governor of Pennsylvania in the Jones House. It was on the morning of the twenty-third that Lincoln was to leave Harrisburg for Baltimore. There—so far as the plotters were concerned—to meet his death.

Lincoln went through with his

Philadelphia plans and part of the Harrisburg schedule — before he showed the slightest alarm over what was afoot in Baltimore. And this alarm came when War Department agents heard rumors of the ballot-drawing in Baltimore.

Pinkerton noticed two suspicious-looking characters in the lobby of the Jones House. He decided that they were in Harrisburg to telegraph the Baltimore plotters of any change in the Lincoln itinerary. Colonel E. S. Sanford, president of the American Telegraph Company, agreed to ground all telegraph wires leading out of Harrisburg until Lincoln had arrived safely in Washington. Word was given to the press that Mr. Lincoln had retired early because of a headache. Then the President-elect was sneaked out of a service entrance of the Jones House and put aboard a special train for Philadelphia which waited on the outskirts of Harrisburg.

THE SPECIAL arrived in West Philadelphia about 10 o'clock that night. Lincoln disguised himself to the extent of substituting his well-known stove-pipe hat for a low, soft one and by covering his black bow tie with a gray plaid muffler. By way of further disguise, Lincoln walked with more of a stoop than usual.

Mrs. Warne was waiting for the Lincoln party at the West Philadelphia station. She had made reservations in advance for "a sick friend," herself, and several others, including Allan Pinkerton on the 11 o'clock Washington express on the Philadel-

phia, Wilmington and Baltimore lines.

Lincoln killed the hour between trains by driving about Philadelphia—unrecognized in his disguise—and grumbling about having to sneak into Washington like a thief in the night. Then he and the others boarded the 11 o'clock express, Lincoln posing as a sick man who needed assistance.

At 3:30 in the morning the Lincoln train pulled into Baltimore for a scheduled half hour lay-over. At that very hour the plotters were gathered in Hillier's home, perfecting final details for what they had planned for some eight hours in the future.

Later in the morning, the two men whom Pinkerton had spotted in Harrisburg were frantically trying to send a telegram to Baltimore—to a man named Hillier—after they discovered that Mr. Lincoln had long since left the Jones House. Lincoln was safely in Washington. Due to the high feeling against Lincoln in Maryland, the conspirators were never prosecuted. And with the outbreak of the Civil War, the plot was all but forgotten in the midst of the great turmoil.

More than four years later—on the night of Good Friday, 1865—when Booth shot Lincoln in Ford's Theatre—Allan Pinkerton was in New Orleans on a private mission. During all of Lincoln's first term in office, Pinkerton, founder of the Secret Service, had regarded the President's safety as his personal responsibility. He knew that the frustration of the Baltimore plotters four years previously had made them all the more determined eventually to succeed. He knew, too, that actor John Wilkes Booth was more than passingly acquainted with Hillier and Fernandina.

Certainly, had Allan Pinkerton been in Washington on Good Friday of 1865, Lincoln probably would never have been assassinated—at least not in Ford's Theatre. For Pinkerton had, during the dramatic night ride to Washington four years before, given Lincoln a piece of intuitive though sound advice—advice that Lincoln had actually scoffed at:

"Sir, I beg of you, no matter what the circumstances: *Never attend the theatre.*"

Symbolic

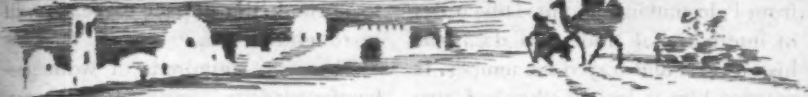
WHEN GOD MADE the oyster, He guaranteed him absolute economic and social security. He built the oyster a house, a shell to protect him from other animals and other oysters. When hungry, the oyster opens up his shell and the food rushes in.

But when God made the eagle, what did He do? He said, "The blue sky is the limit. Get out and build your own house." And the eagle goes out and builds his house on the highest mountain crag where danger and disaster threaten him every day. For food he flies through a thousand miles of rain, snow, wind and over the mountains.

But it is the eagle, not the oyster, which is the national emblem of our United States.

—*The Penguineers*

Cairo Letter



EDITORS' NOTE: *The unpredictable vagaries of war turned out to be just that—and Chester Morrison is back again in Cairo, at least for the moment. We bring you his latest letter substituted at the zero hour for the article listed in the table of contents.*

—Cairo (by cable to Coronet)

THE SKY IS GRAY, the whole day bleak. Egypt's bilious winter has set in at last, and I sit thinking of a time when we came back from a campaign with the New Zealanders and found a request from my paper for a piece about the effect of war upon all strata of women in my area.

I never did send a piece they could use. At least I never heard any more about it. But the office was right. The war has affected some women in this area. For example:

There was a girl named Kiki who danced in a night club in Alexandria, and during dinner I wrote her address and telephone number in my little black book. When the place was closing she scribbled something inside the cover of a book of matches. In the morning I looked through my pockets for a cigarette and found what she had written. It was, "Remember Kiki."

I never used the telephone number. I shall never go back to the Excelsior Cabaret. But I will never forget Kiki. I still have the address in my book, but if you go to that address today you will find only an untidy heap of rubble. Kiki probably never felt that

final, unanswerable impact of war.

There was a slender, fragile-looking blonde who was a sculptress in peace time and had a husband in West Africa. Her name was Honorée and she drove a truck between Cairo and Suez.

"Honorée," I said to her one night in the Snake Pit, which is the cocktail lounge of Shepheards Hotel, "I've got to write a piece about the impact of war on women." And being Honorée, she gave with information approximately as follows:

"You can't get a dress a girl would be caught dead in for less than 12 pounds Egyptian, which is about 50 dollars, and if you have one made it's 20 pounds. In peace time prices were half that, which is quite an impact. Stockings cost 16 dollars, panties four dollars, a permanent wave 15 dollars and nightgowns from eight dollars up, if you can find one."

"Hey, what the hell is this?" exploded the American major who was Honorée's companion that evening. "What are you two talking about?"

He just didn't understand that the price of a lady's pants (in rayon they're only two dollars) is, to a lady making 15 dollars a week, a very real impact of war.

There was Esther. Esther was a confused young Jewess from the Bronx who somehow married a jealous little Russian engaged in the

importation of pharmaceutical goods from Palestine into Egypt. Difficulties of international trade had damaged his business and frayed his temper. It worried him to leave Esther in Cairo when he went away on business.

But he needn't have worried. What Esther and I talked about was the Bronx, and daytimes she worked as secretary for an American Mission. She never had worked before in the 10 years of her marriage, because in the old days female secretaries were paid eight dollars a week. Now she was making 40.

The impact of war upon Esther then, if it can be measured that way, was 32 dollars a week and a peep into a world of personal freedom she had not known since she left the Bronx. A peep which has engendered the kind of frustration Moses must have felt when the Lord God Jehovah let him look over the top of the ridge into the Promised Land. Esther is not happy.

Neither is Aida. Aida is a little of everything—Spanish, Portuguese, Jewish, Egyptian—pretty, petite and quick to learn. Like most women who have lived long here, she murmurs in French, barks in Arabic, carries conversations in German and speaks and talks English. She has acquired an American accent.

The impact of war flung her out of a dreary marriage into a divorce which ruined her social standing in this essentially conservative Moslem community. As simply as a child, she fell in love with an American who went away and will not be back.

When peace comes and Cairo reverts to normal, the impact of peace will be rough on Aida.

There are hundreds of women—barefoot, dirty, apparently always pregnant, whining through the streets in ragged shirts falling to their bare, brown ankles, and nunlike hoods covering their heads. They beg for alms. They peddle lottery tickets. They carry bare-bottomed babies astride one shoulder. I doubt that the impact of war has affected their lives, but I cannot ask them because I do not know their language.

There are women in Syria—peasant women who work in the fields like men—in Syria and Palestine and The Lebanon. I have seen them working in the rich wheat fields and I thought they were weeding the fields where the young green wheat was just coming through the earth.

I thought they were weeding, but I discovered they were gathering a barely edible grass and that the grass was all they said their families had to eat. They feel the impact of war and of the profiteering that accompanies war. Maybe when the peace comes they will get some of the wheat.

And there is another stratum of women. In it lives the placid, well-tended housewife. She is the woman who lived next door to you at home, with nothing on her hands but time. She stays at home here, with Hamid and Achmed to do the marketing and keep the house, and she gossips with her friends at bridge. The war, so far as I can tell, has had no impact upon her at all.—CHESTER MORRISON

Millions upon millions of lovely American dollars—raised for you and for me by one remarkable man who defied mediocrity



The Flexner Touch

by GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

BETWEEN 1913 AND 1928 Dr. Abraham Flexner, assistant secretary and later secretary of the Rockefeller-financed General Education Board, was directly or indirectly responsible for the raising and spending of some 600 million dollars in behalf of American education. At one time when this was considered a fairly large sum, Dr. Flexner could win the attention of the average materialist by saying, "Now, the day when Payne Whitney gave me eight million dollars for Cornell. . . ." Sums expressed in units of a million dollars have an old-fashioned charm now like the Stanley Steamer, plus fours and Frank Crowninshield, and Dr. Flexner knows better than to lower the financial tone of a present-day conversation by dragging in references to a Whitney or a Rockefeller or an Eastman. Henry Morgenthau might easily come into the room and wither him with a statistic.

Flexner's money-raising career is noteworthy not only for the sums involved but because he invariably extracted largesse for a field for which, on occasion, he expressed the sharpest contempt. He wrote in his book, *Universities*, "The term 'university' is very loosely used in America; I shall not pause to characterize the absurdities covered by the name." Later on he *did* pause long enough to denounce the kind of degree which, all too prevalently, could be secured by taking courses in "principles of advertising, practical poultry raising, business English, book reviewing, clothing decoration, food etiquette and hospitality, principles of home laundering, social life of the home, clog dancing, wrestling, judo and self-defense." He maintains that American universities have failed to provide a sound sense of values; thinks they operate according to popular

whim. He warns against spoon-feeding of students, padding of enrollments and over-emphasis on athletics and social activities.

A great deal of Flexner-raised money has gone to medical schools, including those at Johns Hopkins, Yale, Chicago and Iowa Universities. In 1908 the late Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, read Flexner's *The American College*, a critical study of Harvard, and invited the author to make a study of medical education in North America. Flexner made a tour of 155 medical schools in this country and Canada and was aghast at what he saw.

Los Angeles, he reported, had "no educational institution able to deal with medicine on a sound or fruitful basis." Of a Georgia college of medicine he wrote, "Nothing more disgraceful calling itself a medical school can be found anywhere." Many schools, he discovered, were bare-faced money-making schemes, and he said so. Inspecting an osteopathic school in Des Moines with the resident

dean, he noticed a number of doors inscribed "Anatomy," "Physiology," "Pathology" and so on. The doors were all locked and for some reason the janitor could not be found. Flexner, a man with a poker face, expressed his satisfaction and the dean smilingly drove him to the railroad station, expecting him to take the next train to Iowa City. Flexner strolled along the platform until the dean was out of sight and then returned to the school where the janitor, stimulated by a five-dollar tip, opened the various doors for him. "The equipment in every one of the rooms was identical," Flexner wrote. "It consisted of a desk, a small blackboard and chairs; there were no charts, no apparatus—nothing!"

As a result of his report half the institutions which Flexner examined were forced to close up. He was threatened with lawsuits and with anonymous letters advising him he was going to be shot. "No doctor would speak to me for some time," he said recently, "including my own. It was fortunate that I was in pretty good health."

Flexner's medical report was read with interest by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who in 1911 commissioned him to make a study of prostitution in Europe. Armed with an expense account, Flexner turned up in Paris where he plunged himself into the somewhat esoteric course of study. "I took a young woman out to dinner by way of an interview," he wrote Mrs. Flexner on one occasion, "or, rather, she took me, for I told her to choose

Geoffrey Hellman not only has the look of a writing man—he has amassed an impressive list of journalistic achievement since his graduation from Yale in 1928. Born in New York, he started out as a reporter on the New Yorker, later becoming an associate editor of that estimable publication. He served on the staffs of both Life and Fortune before finally returning to his first love, this time as a staff writer, and he remained at this post until his present leave-of-absence. Right now he is doing his bit with the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs.

a place. We went to a little cafe not far from the opera, where the usual Paris scenes were to be observed. We had a fair and inexpensive dinner after which I took her home, and we talked for an hour . . . When I left I gave her a few gold pieces. She protested against taking them, but I insisted. When she did so, I half believed that she thought I meant to ask her some other favor. So when I put on my coat, she inquired very kindly, 'Is this all?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Why,' she said, 'then you are not a man; you are an angel.'

His survey produced results in New York City, and in 1918 he learned that General Pershing, after reading his book, announced his conversion to a policy of repression. "All the Army," a friend reported, "is asking who the dickens you are and what the dickens you wrote!"

FLEXNER CALLED on the late George Eastman, the Kodak manufacturer, in 1920, at a time when the General Education Board, of which Flexner was then secretary, had decided that the University of Rochester should have a medical school. He arrived for breakfast and stayed all day, outlining to his host the history of medical education in the United States. After dinner, Eastman observed that in recent years he had given away 31 million dollars and asked what the projected school would cost. "Eight to 10 million," said Flexner. "I have consulted my associates," said Eastman, "and they tell me I can spare 2,500,000 dollars." Flexner

looked as though he were about to burst into tears. "Where will the rest come from?" he asked reprovingly. "From Mr. Rockefeller's fund," said Eastman. Flexner pointed out that in this case it would be a Rockefeller school, not an Eastman school, and that this would never do. "That's all I can spare now," Eastman pleaded. "Sell some more Kodaks," said Flexner severely.

A few days later when Eastman raised his offer to three and a half million, Flexner refused to accept so inadequate a sum. After a few weeks, Eastman invited him to Rochester again. "I'll give five million," he said, "if your Board will put up the other five." Flexner accepted this offer, but later when improvements were made in the Rochester Medical School, he sought, and obtained, additional contributions from Eastman. "Flexner is the worst highwayman that ever flitted in and out of Rochester," Eastman subsequently wrote a friend. "He put up a job on me and cleaned me out of a thundering lot of my hard-earned savings." To Flexner he said, "You are the best salesman I have ever seen." When Flexner asked whether he would give him a job in the Kodak business, Eastman replied, "Yes, with the highest salary ever."

Born 77 years ago in Louisville, Kentucky, Abraham Flexner was the son of Bohemian immigrants who had nine children, seven of them boys. His father was a peddler and there was never much money. At the age of 15, he got a part-time job in the Louisville Library at 16 dollars a

month. On duty after school, he found time, between exchanging books, to prepare his lessons, eat a cold supper, discuss everything from politics to music with a group that dropped in around six in the evening and to read voluminously. When he was 17, his older brother Jacob, who ran a drugstore, gave him enough money to go to Johns Hopkins where he received his degree in two years instead of the usual four. He returned to Louisville, where he taught in the high school and later started a small preparatory school for boys. Flexner's school was a success, both intellectually and financially, and its profits enabled Abraham to free Jacob from his drugstore to study medicine. All in all, the Flexner boys did astonishingly well. Jacob became a distinguished physician; Bernard is a well-known lawyer; and Simon was for 32 years director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

In 1898 Abraham Flexner married Anne Crawford, member of a prominent Louisville family, a woman who later became a successful playwright. Mrs. Flexner shared her husband's scholarly tastes, and after seven years of marriage persuaded him to give up his school and seek larger horizons. Flexner decided to make education, rather than teaching, his lifework. He took some postgraduate courses in psychology and philosophy at Harvard, and continued these studies at universities in Germany. After three years of travel and study, the Flexners began to run out of money, and he was delighted on his return to the

United States when Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation offered him the medical school assignment.

THE INCISIVE character of Dr. Flexner's report on the medical schools, and of his subsequent study of prostitution, led directly to his association with the General Education Board and to many happy years of investigation and money raising. Flexner worked out a routine for this sort of thing: first he would investigate some aspect of education; then he would write a comprehensive bulletin, or perhaps a book, about it, calling attention to the defects he had observed; then he would call on various wealthy men and ask for funds with which to remedy the defects. In this capacity Flexner feared no one. Although John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as a trustee of the General Education Board, was in a sense Flexner's employer, Flexner was no easier with him than he was with George Eastman. In 1919 when Rockefeller offered the Board 20 million dollars for medical education, Flexner held out for 50 million and got it. In 1926 the late J. P. Morgan offered Flexner a three million-dollar endowment and a 750 thousand-dollar women's clinic for the Cornell-New York Hospital. Flexner pulled a long face. He pointed out that the clinic was running at an annual deficit of 50 thousand dollars and that deficits generally grow larger. He regaled Mr. Morgan with a relevant Jewish anecdote, asked for two million more, and got it.

As time went on, men with surplus

wealth sought Flexner's advice as to what to do with it. One of these, Louis Bamberger, the Newark department-store man, told him that he and his sister had five million dollars with which they didn't know what to do. Flexner suggested that Mr. Bamberger and his sister, Mrs. Fuld, found a graduate school for study beyond the Ph.D. level. This resulted in the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, of which Flexner, at Bamberger's insistence, became director, and which attracted such men as Einstein.

Flexner resigned from the Institute five years ago, and since then has busied himself writing biographies of educators who have most influenced him. When he has finished these, he expects to write a comprehensive book on American universities, giving reasons for the trends they have taken.

He has a full pension from the General Education Board and half a dozen honorary degrees. He works in a New York office and has a house in Princeton, an apartment in Manhattan and a summer camp at Magnetawan, which is two hundred miles north of Toronto in Canada. Many of his neighbors there are professors, and Flexner likes to discuss educational problems with them.

"A productive scientist has time to burn," he once wrote. "The less routine and the fewer fixed appointments, the better for him. He needs leisure in which to browse. During these periods of gestation, the scientist may be restless, moody, hypersensitive; he may go on long walks alone or lie on a sofa staring vacantly at the ceiling." Flexner has a sofa in his office, but no one has caught him staring vacantly at the ceiling.

Plxasx, Somx Xasx!

Lakx Xrix Typwritx Co.

Lakx Xrix,

Pxnsylvania

Gxntlxmxn:

Your supxr dxluxx typxwritx—thx Spxxd Dxmōn—arrivxd xarly this aftxrnoon. It sxmxs to spxxd along xasily xnough but thxrx is onx xxxxntial dxtail thx factory must havx ovxrlookxd.

Thxrx might bx no troublx for somx usxrs but in our casx it will lxad to pxrplxixg problxms. As makxrs of Xvxrrxady Xxlox, wx arx xxtrmxly pxrturbxd at thx pxntial rxaction of our customxrs whxn thxy rxcxivx a lxttxr typxd on thx Spxxd Dxmōn rxcommxnding thxy takx thxrx bottlx of our xffixtivx rxmxdy.

As you can sxx, thx lxttxr x is xxxntial to our businxxs, so plxasx rxpair thx machinx immdiatly and rxturn.

Sincxrxly,

Xbxnxzxr Xustacx

Xvxrxady Xxlox Inc.

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

My Private Angel

by STANLEY DAY



I WAS ELEVEN when I met her. It was the day after mother had been taken to the hospital in San Francisco. There, with all her feeble strength she was battling the deadly pneumonia germ which had challenged her frequent remark that she "had no time to get sick."

Dad was frantic because he was not allowed to see her. Dejectedly he turned away from the hospital desk and, seeing me watching him wide-eyed, absently plumped me on the hard white visitors' bench.

An hour passed. No call. Two hours, and still no word. Dad was pacing the corridor.

"I'm going to the car and wait," I said. He didn't see or hear me.

Outside I saw an old man sweeping the steps. I walked up to him. "My mother is in this hospital."

"That's too bad, Sonny."

"I can't see her, but I'll bet you can cause you work here."

"I don't know, Sonny. Why can't you see her?"

"She's got pom—ponomia."

"Oh, pneumonia. She must be in 'C' ward."

"Where's that?"

"Around back and up that hill."

He returned to work and I edged in the direction he had indicated. I came to a portion of the building that was almost walled with windows. On tiptoe I could peer in, but only row

upon row of canvas tents could be seen. There was a glass door farther down, but I found it locked.

Then I saw my "Special Angel."

She was just a step away inside the door. A spreading pool of water engulfed her knees and stained her dress. Her back was to me, but I could hear her humming a tune. I knocked softly, then harder, and at last she heard me. Dropping her scrub rag, she slowly craned her head.

I motioned her to let me in. Exerting a mighty strength, she raised her heavy body from the floor and waddled to the door. With her hand on the latch, she scrutinized me through the pane. Her eyes seemed worried and perplexed, but they were filled with compassion and sorrow also. Suddenly they crinkled as her face broke into a warm smile. Putting her finger to her lips, she opened the door and beckoned me in.

Her voice was soft and comforting. "Quiet, darling. Why are you here? Do you want to see your mother?"

I nodded, my head vigorously. "How do you know?"

"She's been asking for you. Follow me," and, making certain the aisle was clear, she led the way to one of the tents and pushed me towards the small opening. "Now be very quiet."

Then I saw my mother. She looked so tiny and helpless. Her eyes were closed and she didn't seem to be

breathing. I felt the fingers tightening on my shoulders and looked up at my friend with tears in my eyes.

"Will she be all right? Please say she'll be all right," I begged.

"Yes, darling—soon. But you must always be good to her for she lives only to see you as a great man."

"I will be great," I promised.

"Yes, you will."

I tore my eyes from her to look again at my mother. A film of perspiration was forming above her lips and on her forehead. "Look," I whispered, but the great bulk behind me had silently vanished.

Just then my mother's fingers moved and I kissed them. I buried my face in the palm of her hand. Gently she ran her fingers over my eyes and then weakly touched my hair.

"Is—is that you, Son?" she murmured hoarsely.

"Yes, Mother, yes."

She tried to open her eyes.

"Don't leave me—don't," and she drifted away again.

"I won't leave, Mother, and don't you neither."

By now I was sobbing quietly. Carefully I edged up until one arm encircled her neck. I tried to kiss her but my lips were too dry.

When the doctor awakened me, I was standing half crouched over the bed, my head resting in my mother's hair which spilled over the pillow.

Outside the tent, he asked, "How the devil did you get in here?"

I was silent.

"Well, maybe the cat's got your tongue. Come on along with me now."

As he led me out of the ward, I stole a glance in search of the scrub woman. She wasn't in sight and the door was latched.

"You'll have to see if you can find out how he got in. I can't," said the doctor to my father. I looked at Dad fearfully. But he was all smiles and grabbing me to him, hugged me tight.

"Son, you were the best medicine in the world. Mamma will get well."

The doctor explained that she had passed the crisis early, while I was with her, and had improved marvelously.

Dad didn't ask any questions then. But after dinner he took me aside. "How did you do it, Son?"

I told him everything—all about my wonderful scrub woman with the sympathetic heart.

"God bless her!" he said. And he meant it. Early the next morning, on his way to the hospital, he stopped at the bank and drew out a substantial part of our meager savings. Putting the money in an envelope, he scribbled, "Thanks for everything—from Father and Son."

When he came home that night, he took me in his lap. "She wouldn't take it, Son," and he explained the unopened envelope.

"Why, Daddy?" I asked. "She looked poorer than us."

"She is, lad. But she's rich in generosity. You see, she had a son—just about your age. He was sick like Mother, but he died. She said you had made her a promise, and this money was to go for your schooling—her contribution to a snub-nosed little boy who would some day make good."

*At heart a man of peace, mild-mannered
Major Fairbairn is the world's ace exponent
of the deadly science of "gutter fighting"*



Murder Is the Deacon's Business

by CHARLES J. ROLO

IF YOU WERE a benevolent-looking man, almost 60 years old, with graying hair and a slight build, you probably wouldn't try to overpower a Commando, say, or a husky young fighter less than half your age. But that's exactly what Major William Ewart Fairbairn does—and with the greatest of ease.

Major Fairbairn, the leading exponent of virtually every known type of hand-to-hand fighting, learned the A to Z of what he calls "gutter fighting" during 40-odd years spent in the Far East, first as a British marine in Korea, later as a member of the Shanghai police, where he formed and commanded the famous Shanghai Riot Squad. His system is a combination of ferocious blows, holds, and throws, adapted from Japanese bayonet tactics, ju-jitsu, Chinese boxing, Sikh wrestling, French wrestling, and Cornish collar-and-elbow wres-

ting, plus expert knowledge of hip-shooting, knife fighting, and use of the Tommy gun and hand grenade. Fairbairn, who joined the very first British Commando School in June, 1940, is "on loan" to the U.S. armed forces, and for the past year has been training Commando instructors at camps all over the country.

The originator of the world's most murderous form of all-in fighting looks rather like a kindly army chaplain, who picked up his deep reddish tan in service in the Orient. He stands about 5 feet 11, and, though wiry, he is not particularly heavily muscled. Close friends call him "Delicate Dan." His horn rimmed spectacles and kindly expression earned him the nickname, "The Deacon," among his colleagues of the British Commando School. On the training ground he removes his spectacles, but the kindly expression remains as he shows you

how to break a man's neck or to smash his spine across your knee. This he is ready to do at any time, with the sincere but unconvincing assurance: "I won't hurt you."

Fairbairn smokes a good deal, drinks in moderation, and—like Mr. Churchill—can boast that he is "200 per cent fit." Long hours in the field grappling with iron young men less than half his age keep "Delicate Dan" trained to a hair trigger.

FAIRBAIRN's system differs from all other methods of hand-to-hand fighting in that it is designed exclusively for war. It teaches a dozen edge-of-the-hand blows that break a wrist, an arm, or a man's neck; twists that wrench and tear; holds that choke and strangle; throws that break a leg or a back; kicks that crush ribs, shins and feet bones. There's a trick with a folded newspaper that kills a man outright, and a swift finger-jab to the eyes that leaves the strongest opponent helpless. Brutal? Yes. But not half as brutal as the Nazi pastime of massacring and murdering hostages.

"In this war," says Fairbairn, "you can't afford the luxury of squeamishness. Either you kill or capture or you will be killed or captured. We've got to be tough to win, and we've got to be ruthless." Fairbairn's parting message to the men he trains is: "Kill or disable your opponent—and, preferably kill him." It is this kind of training and this spirit that is licking the enemy.

It takes several months for a soldier to graduate from the hard school of

close combat. But then, says Fairbairn, you have a fighter who is unbeatable in hand-to-hand fighting, because he knows that he can take care of himself in a scrap, and self-confidence is two-thirds of the battle. "When you're confident," Fairbairn declares, "you instinctively attack. And whatever your opponent's weight and strength, you can overcome him *if you attack*. To stay on the defensive is fatal. Inaction is the No. one cause of fear. I've seen air raid wardens in London, who didn't bat an eyelid on duty in the Blitz, scared stiff sitting at home during a raid. You can prove my point for yourself. When next you hear a noise in the dark, don't just stick your head under the pillow. Put one foot on the floor, and wait. That simple action will banish fear."

"The most important part of my job," says Fairbairn, "is to build up the men's morale, give them the aggressive spirit. That's why I'm a great believer in knives. Twenty per cent of a knife's value is the psychological effect of just knowing it's there, especially in the dark or when you're cold and wet after a beach landing. The effect on you and on the enemy is four times greater when the knife is drawn. There isn't a man in the world who isn't afraid of a bright, gleaming knife. It's the deadliest weapon in gutter fighting. There's only one defense against an opponent with a knife. Don't let him get near you. If you have a gun, shoot at sight. If you haven't, clear out."

When Fairbairn joined the Commandos he found that there was a

terrific demand for knives among the men, who were ready to pay for them out of their own pocket. He and a colleague, Captain E. A. Sykes, designed a knife which could be turned out for three dollars. Within a few months many thousands of Fairbairn-Sykes knives had been sold in England, and the standard knife now supplied to the Commandos was patterned after the Fairbairn-Sykes design. General Montgomery equipped the British Eighth Army with knives, and saw them play havoc with Nazi veterans in North Africa and Sicily.

People are apt to forget that—despite mechanization and airpower—hand-to-hand fighting has already played a decisive role in this war. "There always comes a point," says Fairbairn, "when you have to go over the top and at 'em." In close combat the Allies have a distinct edge on the enemy, Fairbairn believes. The Japs suffer from the handicap of being steeped in ju-jitsu, and ju-jitsu—according to Fairbairn, who should know—is not very effective against an armed man. The Nazis are crack mechanized robots, but they haven't had the close combat training that our men are getting.

IT WAS IN January, 1901—at the time of the South African War—that William Fairbairn, then aged 15, ran away from his home in Rickmansworth, England, to join the Royal Marines. He gave his age as 18, and was accepted. Three years later—just three days before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War—the young

marine found himself a member of the garrison of the British Legation at Seoul, capital of Korea, then known as the "Hermit Kingdom."

Fairbairn soon won a place on the bayonet fighting team, which used to test its skill against the Japs in friendly contests. From the Japs the marines learned for the first time to use the butt of the rifle as well as the bayonet point. Later the British Army adopted this tactic and used it so effectively in the first World War that many a Colonel Blimp will still tell you it was rifle butts and bayonets that really licked the Hun.

In 1907, Fairbairn transferred from the marines to the Shanghai Municipal Police on which he served for 33 years. He rose through the ranks from constable to assistant commissioner, and received a decoration from Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Shanghai was one of the toughest spots in the world—a metropolis of white lights and filth behind them, of bright thoroughfares and black alleys, of easy money and varied crime—kidnapping for ransom, armed robbery, dope traffic and riot.

In 1925, after an unusually serious epidemic of crime, Fairbairn was instructed to form and take command of the Riot Squad, which was to be responsible for handling all "abnormal situations." Fairbairn assembled 120 picked men of all nationalities and set about training them in every branch of close combat. During the next 15 years, the Riot Squad dealt with nearly three thousand "abnormal situations"—an average of four a week

—and never had a single failure. It was in those years that Fairbairn perfected in action his system of gutter fighting. Every blow, hold, release and throw now taught the Commandos, he has used and seen used successfully many thousands of times.

The bad men of Shanghai were tough, desperate, and fearless. Invariably armed with automatics, they shot at sight. They worked in gangs, and when cornered every man fought it out to the death.

In Shanghai, Fairbairn also learned to make good use of the art of disguise. On one occasion he received orders to clean up a gang that was doing an altogether too profitable business in armed holdups. That same night a limousine carrying seven men and a good-looking girl headed for the district where most of the holdups had occurred. All its occupants were picked members of the Riot Squad; Fairbairn was the girl. To test his makeup he leaned out of the car as it passed a British sentry, and called out "Hello, soldier." An admiring whistle assured him that everything was all right. At the selected place, Fairbairn ordered the driver to pull up to the side of the road and settled down to wait. "It wasn't long," he recalls, "before we were surrounded with flashlights. And then started one of the finest shoot-ups you ever saw." Back at headquarters Fairbairn warned all the hospitals to watch out for new arrivals with bullet wounds. In a few days the police had its hands on most of the holdup gang.

"It was in a saloon brawl back in

1910," says Fairbairn, "that I really discovered I knew how to take care of myself." The police had received word that some high-spirited sailors were breaking up a saloon and had started fighting each other on the side. Fairbairn took a short cut and found himself in the melee alone, grappling with three very burly sailors. "It was a nasty situation, far worse than dealing with thugs, because I didn't want to hurt those boys badly. This was where ju-jitsu came in handy. I just threw them over the top of the saloon swing door onto the sidewalk. Then I cut around through the back way and came back with the rest of my men to finish the job."

FAIRBAIRN's knowledge of ju-jitsu dates back to 1907 when he first joined the Judo Club of Shanghai. He is the only white man non-resident of Japan to have been admitted to Kodokan, Tokyo's famous ju-jitsu university, which awarded him the coveted 2nd Degree Black Belt. At 45, Fairbairn reluctantly gave up competition wrestling and devoted his spare time to writing. His books—*Scientific Self-Defense*, *Shooting to Live* (co-authored by Captain E. A. Sykes), *Get Tough*, and *Hands Off* (for girls)—have all been best sellers. *Get Tough* is now in its 19th printing in the United States, and is widely in use in the U.S. Army, Navy and Air Forces. Pamphlets adapted from Fairbairn's writings are also used as textbooks in training camps throughout Britain.

The chief difficulty Fairbairn runs up against in training Commando in-

structors is to impress upon them how little strength they need to apply in practice blows. "Since I'm the guinea pig," he says, "I'm the one who gets all the hard knocks." The jacket of *Get Tough* carries in bold type a warning to would-be Commandos to be gentle when experimenting with their friends. Fairbairn wishes that all his readers and students would take this warning to heart. At a small party in Washington, D.C., an officer-student gave a demonstration of the edge-of-the-hand blow to the neck. "You don't mean to say," his wife scoffed, "that I could knock you out simply by doing that." She struck out with her right hand and hit her husband squarely on the side of the neck. He dropped like a nine-pin and stayed out until a doctor revived him.

Incidentally, Fairbairn claims that in 33 years of scrapping as a Shanghai policeman, he was never "seriously"

hurt. "Just broken ribs, broken fingers and things like that. Everybody gets that—even playing American football." But, Fairbairn adds, "I have seen men badly smashed up, and I know that nature doesn't let you suffer pain beyond endurance. You lose consciousness." This comforting thought he passes on to all Commandos in the making, and has observed that "it bucks them up no end."

Fairbairn is married and has a daughter and one son in the services. After the war he hopes to return to his home in Shanghai, or what is left of it. One thing he doesn't expect to find is his collection of hundreds of thousands of goldfish—the finest in China. He plans to start in breeding goldfish from scratch, and looks forward to the day when gutter fighting will be taught only to policemen.

"At heart," he remarks mildly, "I am really a man of peace."

First by Rights

THE VETERAN MAESTRO, Arturo Toscanini, is a long-time enemy of Fascism and an eloquent spokesman for a new, democratic Italy.

When NBC secured the rights to the first American performance of the Shostakovich Seventh or *Leningrad* Symphony, the honor of conducting the premiere was bestowed upon Toscanini. His dynamic colleague, Stokowski, wrote the Italian conductor bluntly asking that the privilege be given up to him. Among his reasons, he stated that he had originally discovered the young Russian composer and had introduced his First, Fifth and Sixth Symphonies to America. In addition, he too was of Slavic blood like Shostakovich. Surely, therefore, it was his just and deserved right to conduct the first performance of the Seventh Symphony.

Toscanini's reply was a simple but direct refusal. "Shostakovich's work is a war symphony. It tells the story of a people's successful struggle against tyranny. I am a Latin, but I was the first one to fight the dictators."

—ARTHUR BRONSON

The Best I Know

Edited by Florence Wagner



Called to M-G-M to do an adaptation of his great Lincoln biography for the screen, Carl Sandburg was assigned a guide to show him around the studio. Silently and unimpressed, the poet took in the sets, the still room, the costume department and, in fact, the works. But he made no comment. At luncheon in the commissary, he sat in complete silence until the frantic guide hailed a beautiful actress and introduced her to Sandburg. Still no response.

In desperation, the guide commented hopefully, "Would you believe it? That gorgeous girl you just met is six feet two inches tall!"

After a long pause, Sandburg spoke. "Lincoln," he said, "was six feet three and a half." —FLORENCE WAGNER
Editor, Script Magazine

Visiting in New Mexico, an Easterner was told that early the next morning he and his host would ride to the mountains for a couple of days' hunting.

"Ride to those hills?" the guest asked incredulously. "Why we could walk there in an hour."

"They're farther than they look," explained his host. "Distance here is misleading. We'll have to take horses."

At two o'clock the following afternoon, with the mountains seemingly no nearer than when they had started, the two riders came to a little irriga-

tion ditch. Suddenly the Easterner dismounted and started removing his boots and socks.

"What on earth are you doing, Bill?" asked the amazed host.

Solemnly, the tenderfoot looked down at the little stream, then over to the mountains looming in the distance, and replied gravely, "I'm playing safe. If this river is as deceptive as those mountains, I'm going to have to swim it." —DON KIRKWOOD
San Francisco, Calif.

With the Polish-Russian boundary under constant change through arbitration and war, a peasant whose farm was on the frontier was never quite sure whether he lived in Poland or Russia. Finally, during an unusually long period of stability, he decided to have his property surveyed.

When the report was delivered, the peasant opened it with misgivings, but smiled happily when he saw proof that his farm lay in Poland. "Thank the Lord!" he gasped, "I could never have stood another of those Russian winters!"

—ADELINE STOL
Chicago, Ill.

An airman, far gone in his cups, was weaving his way campwards from Lincoln, England, endeavoring to thumb a ride. A thick ground mist made this procedure difficult, but he finally spotted the headlights of an

approaching auto. Though he gestured broadly, it showed no signs of stopping, but since it was just inching along, he opened the back door and clambered in. Suddenly, after a watery gaze at the front seat, he sat up with a start. There was no one driving. Before he could fumble his way out, the road forked and a ghostly hand appeared through the window and turned the wheel. From then on, the car moved slowly but steadily towards camp, while the rider sat gingerly on the edge of his seat, brooding on the wisdom of going on the wagon.

Just outside the gates, the machine stopped and the flyer wobbled out in relief. As he glanced warily around, he noticed a perspiring squadron leader inspecting the car.

"I wouldn't touch that thing, shir," he warned. "It'sh a ghosh car!"

"Ghost car be damned!" growled the irate officer. "I've just pushed it all the way from Lincoln!"

—L. ROBINSON
Manitoba, Canada

A YOUNG MATRON thought she was getting used to the eccentricities of day help, and was thanking her lucky stars that she had someone. But when the new girl insisted on working with her hat on, it was the last straw.

"Mona," began the housewife cautiously, "unless you have a very good reason, I shall have to ask that you take your hat off when you come to work in the morning—and leave it off until you go home. Now tell me, why do you insist upon wearing it?"

"Tain't hurtin' nuthin', ma'am. And I wants it on, cause 'effen anybody insults me, I'll be ready to leave right off."

—GLADYS BLACKMORE
Akron, Ohio

TWO WATER-SHY Negro lads on a troop transport were gazing dolefully at the growing expanse of water which lay between them and the vanishing dock. When there was nothing but sea in sight, one soldier groaned miserably, "I knew the ocean was big, but I never thought it'd be this big. Did you ever see so much water in your life?"

"That ain't all," returned his buddy. "You're just looking at the top of it."

—MURIEL LEYDEN
Spokane, Washington

A ROBUST RED rooster was chasing madly after a fluttery little hen. Squawking raucously, the hen dodged wildly to escape and finally dashed into the roadway in the path of a truck. Two old maids, seated on a porch, witnessed the tragedy.

"You see," said one, pointing to the sad remains and nodding virtuously, "she'd rather die!"

—CPL. SAL ROSA
Richmond, Va.

Have you heard a clever story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet cordially invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes to be used in The Best I Know or in the filler department. Payment of 10 dollars will be made for each one accepted. Address: The Best I Know, Coronet Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, contributions will be carefully considered. In case of duplicates, it will be the usual case of the early bird.

Competition and glutted markets were big problems in 1940, but science has found a way to avoid such pitfalls after the war



132 Million Buyers Can't Be Wrong

by FRANCIS FINK

JUST THREE YEARS AGO, two men were chatting for a few moments outside the Robin Record Shop. One of them—a portly gentleman in his early forties, had just made a purchase of his favorite recordings. The other, a youngish-looking lad, held a pad and pencil in his hand.

"No," the older man was saying, "my wife *doesn't* buy records—but I do. I just picked up some Glenn Miller for my album—and I collect a bit of Shostakovich, too. Anything more you'd like to know?"

The young man thanked him, and took down notes about one more music lover's preference in the way of recorded music.

That was how the music business got its first sock from Commercial Research, RCA's laboratory to take the guesswork out of the industry. Since then Commerical Research has grown to a staff of 25 preparing

analyses and studies of every type of market need, distribution problem and buying habit.

The facts which such investigations reveal are upsetting businessmen's traditions and tossing conjecture out of industry's collective window. And the startling point of the entire investigation is that science has found a way to avoid glutted markets in the post-war world. Trained analysts have discovered a method to substitute for the boom-year madness of "Sell as much as you can wherever you can." And these discoveries mean that businessmen who will discard their pet pseudo theories can simultaneously junk losses.

RCA's Commercial Research began, like many scientific discoveries, with a small thing. David Sarnoff, president of RCA, decided that science might help solve 1940's problems: growing competition and a need to

increase employment. When the laboratory came to the aid of manufacturing not so long ago, science soon became the heart of industry. Why, ventured Mr. Sarnoff, couldn't science aid distribution, too? Under the supervision of Vance C. Woodcox, RCA Regional Director in Chicago, a new department was set up. E. W. Butler, engineer, former salesman and manager, was named head.

Engineering background of the key men was apparent in the first plan for studies of radio markets. Nothing was to be taken for granted. No business practice, however generally accepted and recently successful, was to be regarded as sound.

C.R.'s first study was made in the record market. Over four thousand record buyers were interviewed. This sampling produced reversals that made new hands in the music business grin derisively. But older hands wisely withheld comment.

The first job completed by Commercial Research proved that businessmen had been wrong for years in many of their beliefs.

Women, said the record sellers, are the chief buyers of records.

Radio, the music men said sadly, has hurt the sale of records.

People, they stoutly maintained, don't know just what they want. They need smart salespeople to explain the difference between Toscanini's job on a symphony and some other conductor's recording.

Popular music, the record merchandisers blandly stated, is bought almost entirely by teen-aged kids.

Broadway, said the wise men, is the only place to watch. That's the first spot to know a hit tune.

But when the four thousand odd questionnaires had been compiled, Commercial Research made known its findings and all the sages of the music-selling business got a shock.

WOMEN, the facts shouted, are not the chief buyers of records. Sexes divide about 50-50 on record shopping.

Radio, CR facts proved, has not hurt the music market. A goodly proportion of record buyers had first heard a song or a symphony on the air. A broadcast had sent them out in search of a music store.

Salespeople are often a hindrance in music departments as they are generally set up. Customers would like to browse as they do in bookshops, without interrupting comment.

Popular music, both orchestrations and vocals, is not bought even chiefly by teen-agers. Three-fifths of the popular song and dance recordings are sold to adults.

And Broadway, the lab tests showed, is certainly the place where hits are manufactured. But watch Louisville, St. Louis and a few other cities. Songs are hits there many weeks before they sweep the nation.

These facts and conclusions were presented to retailers, the last contact between a commodity and a purchaser in any market.

Now, said the energetic men of CR, we are keeping records of sales by weekly periods. We know when the demand for one record

reaches its peak. After that there'll be a decline. You can just stop ordering in large quantities at that point if you don't want to overstock.

The suggestions were shrugged off by many music dealers. But one Chicago department store, Wieboldt's, and other stores around the country took the work of Commercial Research seriously. Wieboldt's invited the CR men to step in and prove the conclusions of the business lab.

The invitation was accepted, and CR men went to work. They ripped apart the old record departments and set up new ones in low-traffic areas of the store. A super-market music shop was set up immediately. Self-service was the rule, with salespeople only taking cash and wrapping purchases. Everything was out where the customer could reach it, listening rooms were made available without help, separate rooms for types of music were provided and competitors' recordings displayed with the same prominence as RCA Victor.

Result: sales more than doubled.

Of course, RCA shared in the expanded market. But that was comparatively unimportant to RCA executives. The important thing was that method of business science and its value had been proved down to the last step in the process of charting markets. RCA moved ahead—as have all industries following the new beacon of distribution and sales research.

Salesmen of the future will be of a new type. They will discourage retailers' overloading their stocks of records or any other product. At

present that policy is necessary because of wartime limitations on materials. In peacetime the same policy will be pursued because it eliminates waste. Does that sound like the old bugaboo of making one man and one machine do the work of two and thus heading toward unemployment and depression again? Scientifically, that's bunk. Paring costs reduces prices to the consumer. And a greater volume of sales creates an ascending spiral for business in general.

It is a generally-known fact that of every dollar spent in manufacturing (this applies to all American industry, not merely to RCA or to radio) about 40 cents went into manufacturing while around 60 cents were expended on distribution, including advertising, merchandising and other items.

When a good portion of distribution costs are being directed to hit or miss market aims, waste mounts. For example, one music shop was found where the owner had been forced to close his record department.

"Why did I close it?" exploded the store owner. "Come down to my cellar and I'll show you the reason."

A CR questioner followed the indignant gentleman downstairs. There lay five thousand dollars' worth of records, a total loss to the proprietor.

"I put a very clever young lady in charge," the owner said. "She knew what would sell. It didn't. People in this town must be tone deaf."

The clever young lady's bad guesses had closed off a potential market. CR got to work and proved that the town

was *not* tone deaf and *did* want records—all that was needed was accurate knowledge of what kind of music was wanted. No one's personal choices were consulted in stocking that record department. After changes were made, business began soaring—and the owner's cellar is gradually being emptied.

The same simple and incontrovertible method of CR is now being applied to many markets, finding new customers for new products, adapting old products to new needs that will be evident after the war.

Even the design of radio and television cabinets will no longer be solely the artist's creation. Studies made to determine what kind of cabinet the people want will determine the design.

In the past the radio industry has done most of its business in consumer products. Wartime experience in the field of electronics makes it appear that in the future as much as half of the industry's volume will come from products sold to manufacturers. Radio electronic devices will consume more power than the entire broadcasting industry used before the war. New markets will have to be found, new uses for those devices if a great

Credit is herewith extended to the following for photographs used in *Dedication*: British Combine Photos, Inc., Wide World Photos, Associated Press, European Picture Service, United Nations Information Service, Charles Phelps Cushing, Sovfoto, U.S. Navy and Press Association, Inc.

slump is to be avoided. Commercial Research will be ready with the answers to those problems.

Just one question hasn't been answered by the researchers. When all manufacturers of a single product have completed studies, who's to hand out the portions? For example, let's take the shoe business. Who's going to say: "America will need, our laboratories show, 30 million pairs of women's shoes next year. I will manufacture and market two million pairs. The Trim Boot Company ought to produce three million pairs while Snappy Steppers should produce one million, etc." That would be carrying out the last of the tasks and eliminating all the guesswork—but that probably isn't in the cards.

At any rate, Commercial Research has proved beyond a doubt that guesswork *can* be removed even in a field of seeming unchartable buying desires: music. But what such scientific approach will mean in many other industries is still an unproved quantity.

Liquidated

A SOLDIER had been planning to cash in his War Bonds and make a trip back to civilization. He changed his mind because of a dream he had one night.

It seems he was in a foxhole, picking off Japs in large and satisfying quantities. Suddenly a sergeant tapped him on the shoulder and grabbed his rifle from him.


"What's the idea, Sarge?"

"The guy who lent us the money for this rifle wants it back."

—California Legionnaire

Picture Story:

DEDICATION



The words of this story are selected from speeches by leaders of the United Nations. They come, as the pictures do, from many sources, which are identified for you at the end of the story.

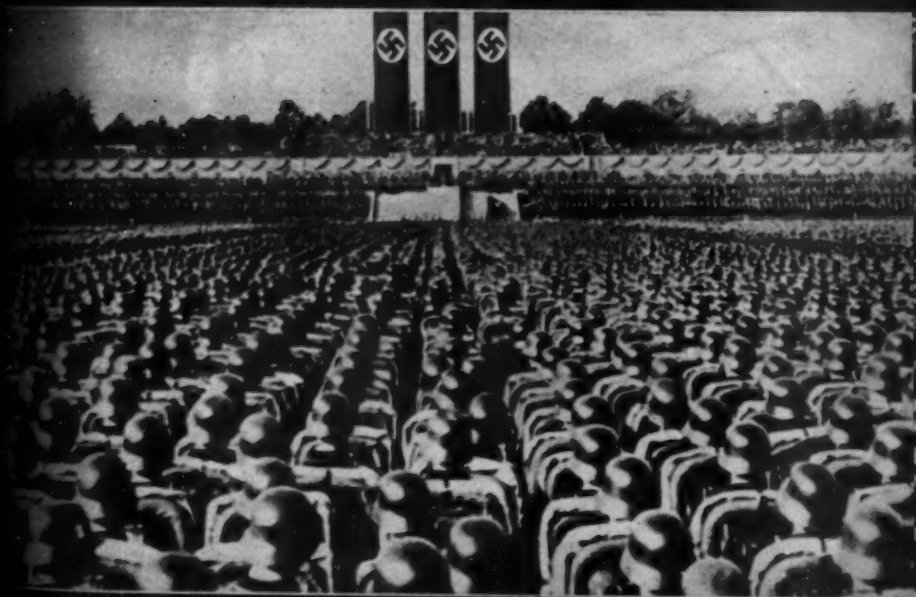
Together words and pictures from the book *Dedication* (here condensed for Coronet) make one voice—the voice of the free peoples of the world.



I. Whether we like it or not . . . whether we realize it or not . . . the fact is that history has launched this generation into a revolutionary epoch.



2. Those of us who may be reluctant to accept the passing of the old order—who were fortunate to enjoy such security and privilege as it bestowed



1. must remember that it was the order in which Hitler was bred . . . in which he found a ready audience for the evil doctrines that have now brought anarchy without precedence.



1. We are now in the midst of a war...



13. *not for conquest . . . not for vengeance . . .*



14. *but for a world in which this nation, and all that this nation represents,
will be safe for our children.*



7. *The aim we and our allies have set before us in the present war is freedom and security for humanity and its civilization . . . We have pooled the shipping tonnage of a dozen nations.*



8. *We have shared our foodstuffs . . . our minerals . . . our raw materials and our oil.*



9. *We have harnessed the constructive genius of mankind to the furtherance of a single cause.*



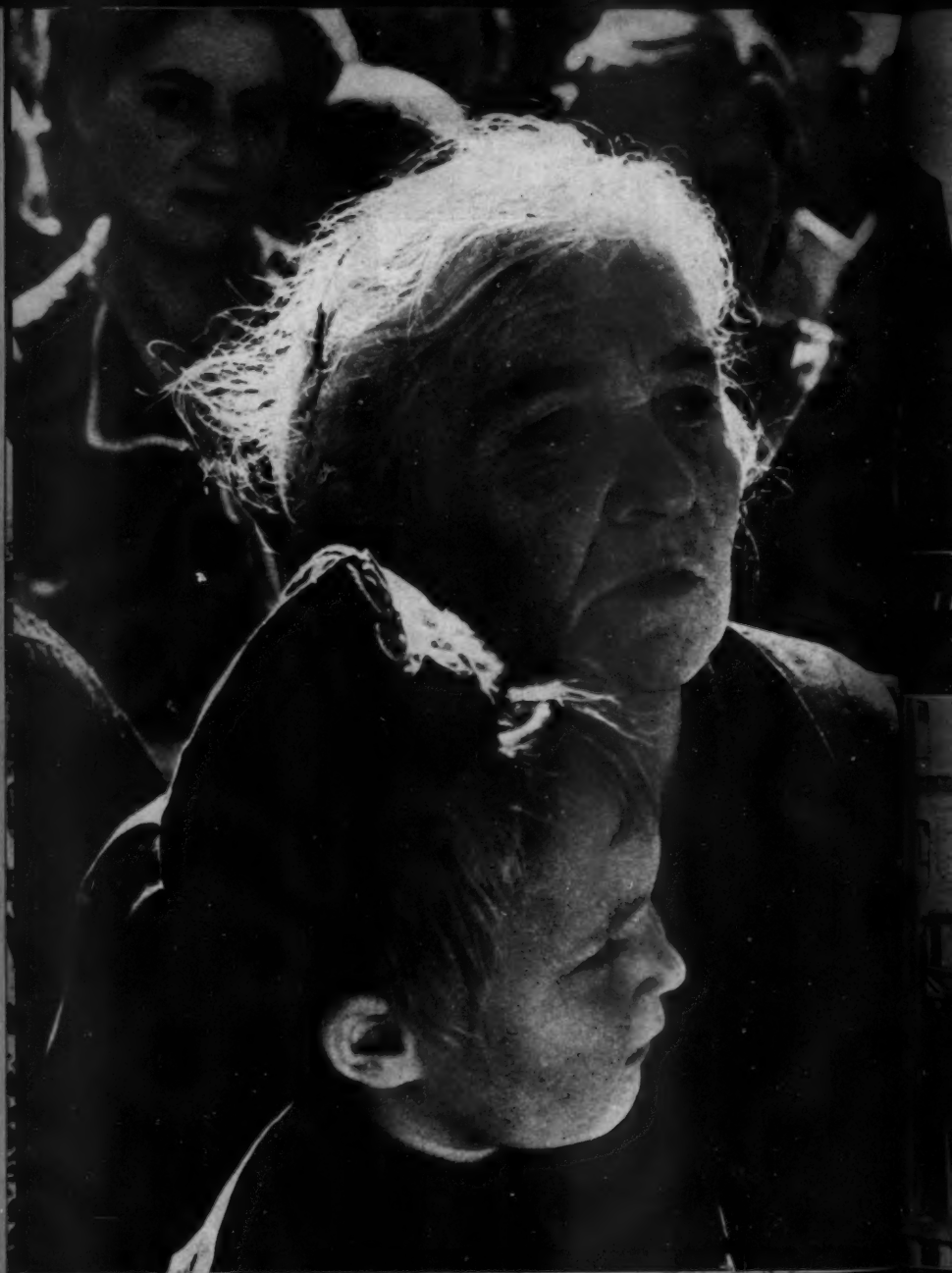
10. You ask what is our aim? It is victory—victory at all costs . . . We shall fight on the beaches . . . we shall fight on the landing grounds . . . we shall fight in the fields and in the streets . . . we shall fight in the hills . . . we shall never surrender.



11. *The United Nations are going to win this war . . . But it is useless to win battles if the cause for which we fought these battles is lost.*



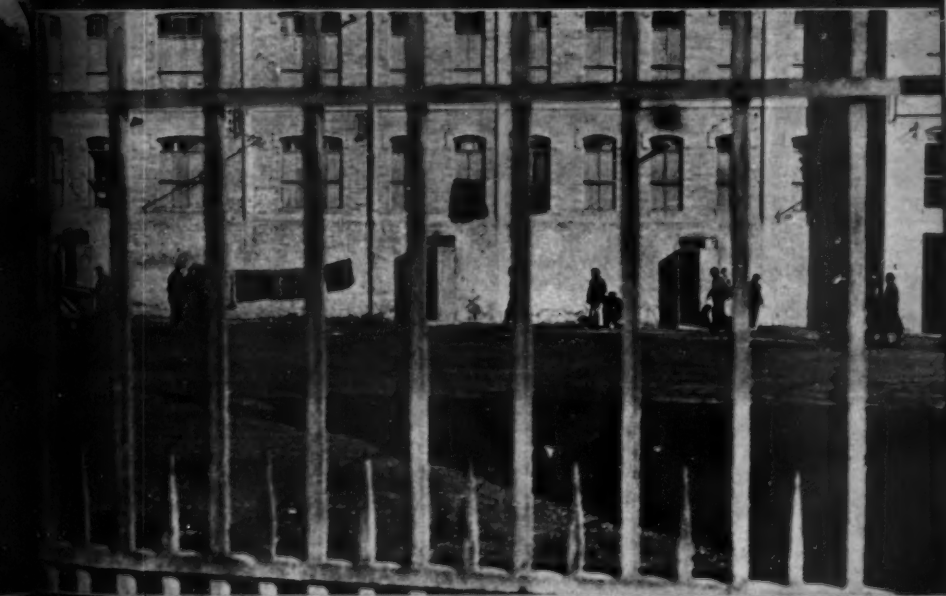
12. *We will not sever the bonds forged in the common danger. We will remain political and economic allies of those on whose side we fought.*



136 We will dress the wounds of our people . . . We will not forget those who bore the burdens . . .



11. battles...



12. and persecutions.



16. *We must look to the future, not to the past. Out of the ruins of the old we must build new institutions for the service of humanity.*



17. *The march of freedom of the past 150 years has been a long drawn out people's revolution which aims at peace and not at violence; the people are on the march toward even fuller freedom than even the most fortunate have hitherto enjoyed.*



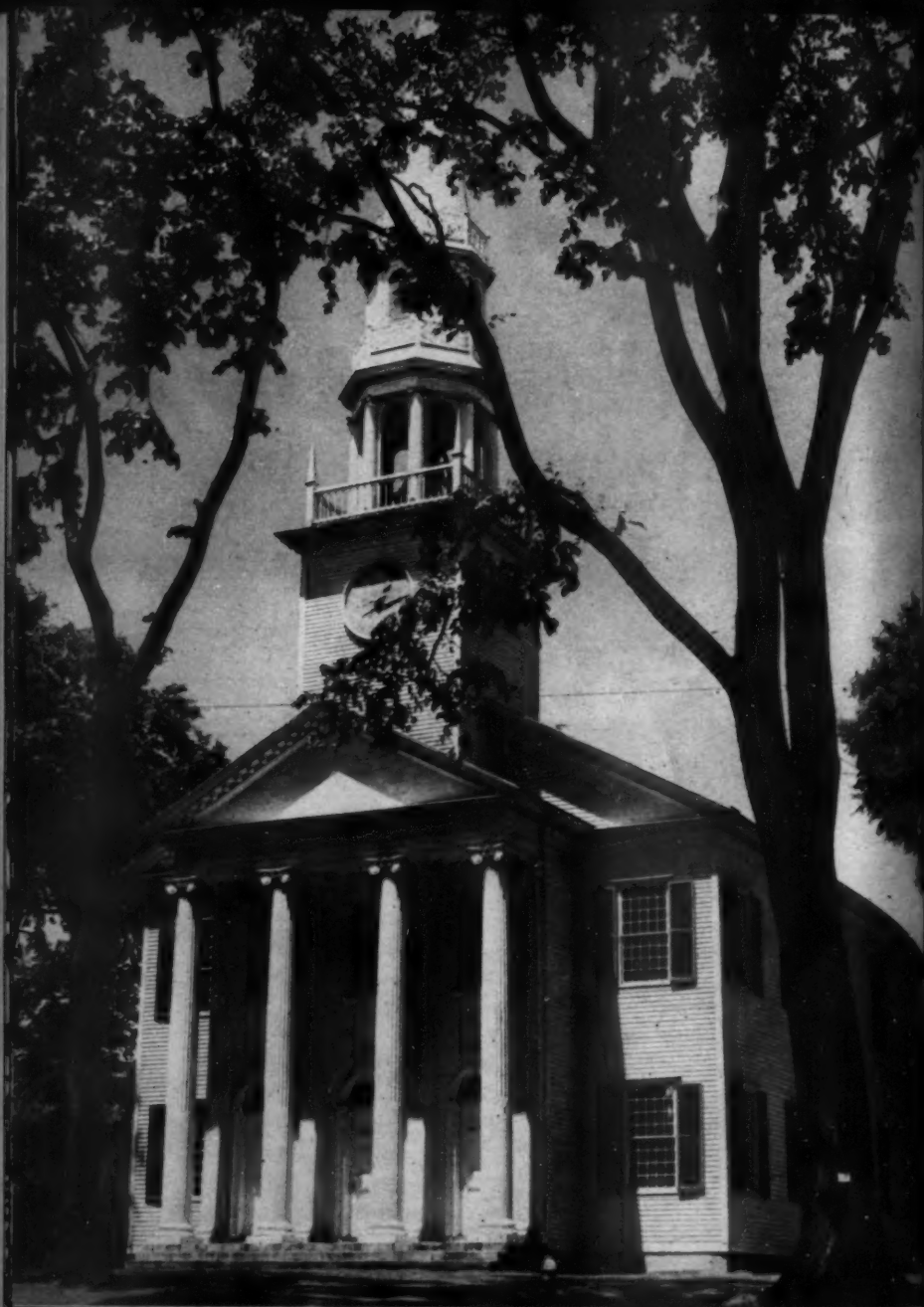
18. *The right of men, rich and poor, to be treated as men . . . the right of men to make the laws by which they shall be governed . . . the right of men to work where they will at what they will . . .*



19. the right of womankind to the serenity and sanctity of the home . . . the right of old men and women to the tranquility of their sunset . . . 20.



III. the right to speak the truth in our hearts and the right to worship, in our own way, the God in whom we believe.



21. *It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.*

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On the V-Shift



Quick Salutes: To the Army Air Forces for a great war miracle. In 22 months, 125 thousand men, wounded and sick, have been flown back from the fighting fronts: 25 thousand alone from North Africa and Sicily. Victims of nearly every type of wound and disease have been transported without a single accident and with only one death en route, not in special hospital planes, but in regular freight, transport and paratrooper ships on return trips from the fronts. Result: not only lives saved, but relief for congested military roads, trains and ships.

Panoramica: In Chicago, members of the Restaurant Association try offering music school scholarships as bait to keep waitresses on the job . . . To cut down hijacking, liquor trucks in some sections now travel in convoys, protected by armed guards . . . The Minneapolis Knitting Works, manufacturer of baby garments in critical demand, advertises for pregnant women as workers, seats them at work, attended by a full-time nurse, and gives them a complete layette when they leave . . . In Des Moines, Iowa, Ken Sonderleiter, who owns

a lunch stand and a zoo, is unable to get materials to build a winter home for his two lions. So he announces a new delicacy for his patrons: lion-burgers . . . And in New York, Number 930 at the Foundling Home was a 10-day-old boy, abandoned under an apartment house stairway, with just one clue to his identity: a newspaper under him opened to a list of soldiers missing in action . . . In Helenville, Wisconsin, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gruennert pass up a lifetime opportunity to go to Washington to receive from the President the Congressional Medal of Honor, the nation's highest award for valor, awarded posthumously to their son, Kenneth. They write a letter to Secretary of War Stimson: "... other parents (who have) lost their loved ones cannot converge on Washington and because we feel the common bond with them, we feel we shouldn't either . . . Please ask the President to put whatever message he may have for us in writing." They get a letter back: "We stand humble in the face of such patriotism . . ."

Revolution in Print: Every month 300 thousand soldiers buy books at Army Post Exchanges—25 cent volumes of entertainment and education. Once books were snooty luxury items for the few. Today they're inexpensive, morale-building items for the masses.

1, 2 and 3: Walter Nash, Minister to the U. S. from New Zealand; 4, 5 and 6: Franklin D. Roosevelt; 7: Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek; 8 and 9: P. J. Noel Baker, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of War Transport, Great Britain; 10 and 11: P. J. Noel Baker; 12: Winston Churchill; 13: Franklin D. Roosevelt; 14 and 15: Peter S. Gerbrandy, Prime Minister Netherlands; 16: Walter Nash; 17: Henry A. Wallace; 18, 19 and 20: W. L. Mackenzie King; 21: Abraham Lincoln.

The revolution in print began about six years ago. Until then the average book cost two or three dollars—too much for the average person. Bookshops were few and far between—some four thousand for the country. Then the pocket book idea was tried, and so successful was it that it started a whole new trend. So great is the reading appetite of men in the armed forces that, in 1941, 10 million copies were sold, a number doubled in 1942. Today there are 52 thousand new-type bookshops over the country: newsstands, cigar stores, hotels, etc. Book publishing has come down to earth and America has become a nation of book-readers. It looks as if it will be even more so before the war is over. For each month, the War and Navy Departments will reprint 25 or more books, most of them newly published. They'll be four by six inches, designed for easy reading and economy. Few civilians will ever see them since these tomes will fall apart after two or three readings. They'll be distributed, in free monthly packages, to Army units and ships in foreign service and to isolated camps and military hospitals here at home.

General Store, Army Style: It could handle an order for a thousand-bed hospital, everything from sheets to pills. It would take 20 railroad cars to move it out, but the Army's Depot at Columbus, Ohio would have the stuff ready. If you want a picture of how huge this war is, here is the place to find it painted in giant proportions—here, where the job is to collect

everything the Army needs and have it set and ready to go to any camp anywhere at a moment's notice.

The Columbus Depot takes up 600 acres; eight thousand people man its dozens of warehouses, one half a mile long. Does the Sears, Roebuck catalog with over 100 thousand listings seem impressive? Piker stuff. At the Columbus depot, 320 thousand items are always in stock, everything from black widow spiders for making hairlines on surveying instruments to steamrollers for road-building.

This is storekeeping with a science. To handle the 250 incoming and 250 outgoing railroad cars every day, every kind of modern warehouse equipment is used. Hundreds of industrial trucks, 29 cranes, two thousand two and four-wheel hand trucks. Electric accounting machines keep track of inventory so there's never any doubt as to what's on hand.

The salvage rate is high. More than three tons of nails a week are reclaimed from incoming crates and boxes. Outgoing freight is packed so that shipping space is kept to the minimum. One example: a bailing machine that puts a 25-ton pressure on clothes, compressing them into a fraction of the space they'd otherwise take.

Because it ships equipment all over the world, the depot uses symbols as well as lettering for marking boxes. Every crate of food, for example, has a crescent on it. Thus a native stevedore, whether in Africa or Guadalcanal, can keep food crates together while unloading ships.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

Coronet's Phiz Quiz

DO YOU PRIDE yourself on your ability to judge character from faces? Do you believe certain professions or trades indelibly stamp the men who follow them? Here's a chance to test the reliability of your judgment. Study these eight camera portraits by Marcel Sternberger. From the three suggested occupations, select the one you think each man represents. Then turn to page 150.



- 1.** Salesman
Advertising man
Banker



- 2.** Baker
Chemist
Intern



- 3.** Race track tout
Vaudevillian
Wax dummy



- 4.** Railroad worker
Farmer
Hobo



- 5.** Explorer
Construction boss
Polo player



- 6.** Truck driver
Politician
Reporter



- 7.** Lawyer
Publisher
Actor



Photo by P. J. S. / Getty Images

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Not even *Who's Who* has ventured to list as deceased this woman who died in California nearly five years ago—



Limbo Calling

by KATHERINE AMES TAYLOR

ON APRIL 5, 1939, Elizabeth Grant White, the wife of Stewart Edward White, author of 40 books on adventure and romance, died in California. Yet to her husband, and to hundreds of thousands of others, Betty White is as alive and active today as she ever was. In fact the editors of *Who's Who In America*, where Betty White's name has been carried in her husband's sketch since 1904, have deliberately refrained from listing her as deceased despite their full knowledge that she died almost five years ago.

The *Unobstructed Universe* is a carefully-authenticated record of some 40 conversations that Stewart Edward White had with Betty White after her burial. The book, published on October 14, 1940, went into its ninth printing April 14, 1943, and is still selling briskly around a war-rocked planet. Broadly speaking, it is about

spiritualism, but it is so utterly divorced from the trumpet-in-the-dark school of the supernatural that Booth Tarkington, for instance, calls it "one of the most important books ever written on what is to all people the most important of all subjects." The book is regarded by some scientists as the key to a new and higher form of physics.

It all began with a ouija board 20 years before Betty died. When she first touched a ouija board, the disc moved from letter to letter with such rapidity that it was difficult to keep up with it. Betty announced that she was receiving messages from what we call the spirit world. Some of the communications came from her mother, who died when Betty was a baby.

Intrigued, the Whites decided to devote an hour a day to the investigation of psychic phenomena. Betty next tried automatic writing. This

consists of sitting down with pencil and paper, relaxing completely and permitting invisible forces to guide the hand. Betty's automatic writing, while halting and disconnected at first, became fluent and coherent within a year. During the period of the writing, Betty was told that she was being conditioned for further work in the sphere of the unknown.

THIS FURTHER work, it developed in 1921, consisted of Betty's extending her consciousness and faculties beyond her immediate surroundings. That is to say, she could place herself in a semi-trance and report to her husband, who patiently sat by taking notes, on happenings in places far removed from her physical body. Within three years Betty was startlingly proficient at this.

Once, in 1923, while she was lying flat on a couch in the White home in California, she informed her husband that she was projecting her consciousness into the sick room of a relative, three thousand miles distant.

Betty had not heard from the relative in question for some time and had not even known that her kin was sick. Yet she described the illness from which the relative was suffering, and gave her husband every detail of the sick room, even to the color of flowers in a vase, the nurse's name and description and the size and shape of the medicine bottles. Every detail of what Betty reported on her three thousand mile astral journey was later completely authenticated.

Betty's powers grew. Presently, pro-

jecting her mind elsewhere became commonplace with her. Once when she and White were cruising in their boat Betty closed her eyes against the glare of the sun on the water. She opened them suddenly. "Goodness," she said, "I just saw the strangest looking man in a low green rowboat."

Betty described the man as an individual with a cadaverous face and a black handle-bar moustache. He wore a sloppy black slouch hat, and had a patch over his left eye. "He looked like a pirate," Betty said.

The Whites were cruising in lonely waters; there was no other boat in sight. They saw no other boat, in fact, for two whole days but when they did, they saw a low green rowboat exactly like the one Betty had described. And in that boat was the man that Betty had seen so clearly 48 hours before—the very man, to the last detail, even to the patch.

In 1937—18 years after Betty White had first touched the disc of a ouija board—Stewart Edward White published a volume called *The Betty Book*. In this he disclosed for the first time that he had, for almost two decades, been exploring the supernatural. The feats of Betty made fascinating reading, but few persons even surmised that Betty was Elizabeth Grant White. *The Betty Book* was followed by a companion volume, *Across the Unknown*, which recorded further psychic activities of Betty. Then Betty died.

The night that his wife passed on, White went for a walk in the California hills. He had never been directly in touch with the other di-

mension that was so familiar to his wife. But now, within 30 minutes after Betty's heart had stopped, he underwent a startling experience.

There came to Stewart Edward White a flooding and overwhelming sense of Elizabeth Grant White's presence. He could not see her, or feel her or hear her, but Betty was closer to him—and more vital and alive—than she had ever been.

Some months after his experience in the hills—an experience that was repeated on several occasions in various places—White went to New York in connection with the publication of a new book, *Wild Geese Calling*. He visited two friends who lived in the suburbs—a prominent couple who had secretly participated in some of the experiments recorded in *The Betty Book* and *Across the Unknown*, but whose identities were cloaked as "Joan and Darby" in those volumes. Joan, Betty had always maintained, was one of the world's great mediums. Darby had played a role in relation to Joan similar to that which White

had enacted for Betty; he had merely been a recorder of the information that flowed through the medium.

Joan had just had a singular experience. She had been in New York, shopping, and had purchased two Chinese camphorwood chests without knowing why. Then at a séance in the home of Joan and Darby, Betty White came through from another dimension and explained to Joan that she (Betty) had been along on the shopping trip and had caused Joan to purchase the boxes by way of proving that there was life beyond the grave.

"I have a sister named Millicent," Betty said. That was true, although Joan had never known about Betty's sister. "Get in touch with Millicent," Betty continued. "She has been looking around for a camphorwood chest such as you purchased, but has been unable to find one." White and Darby and Joan knew that they were in possession of evidence that Betty was in touch with them—if the story about the camphorwood box stood up. And it stood up. In subsequent conversations with her husband through Joan, Betty continued to offer conclusive proof of her identity.

The Unobstructed Universe implies that Betty's work today is to acquaint us with certain details of after-life. One meets old friends there, Betty says, and one works and plays and rests, the same as we do.

She is on a different frequency than we are, she says—a much higher frequency. She has to lower her frequency and heighten that of the medium to get through. The coming-

When Katherine Ames Taylor was a bride, she and her husband stopped at the same hotel as G.K. Chesterton. Passing herself off as a local newspaper correspondent, she wangled her first interview—and later sold the story for three dollars and 80 cents! That unexpected success opened new vistas to the budding author—and although the tax collector still lists her as "housewife," she is now a chronic magazine contributor. Her two passions are wild roses and spiced red cabbage—in separate containers, of course!



through operation is somewhat analogous to tuning in a radio. It is also similar, scientifically, to the dog whistle that is pitched on such a high frequency that a dog, whose ears are tuned in on a different wave length, so to speak, can hear the whistle when a human can't.

Betty White is particularly illuminating on page 60 of *The Unobstructed Universe* when she is quoted as saying:

I called frequency to Joan's attention when she was mending the electric fan. She could hear the hum. She could look through the fan and see the door case back of it. The fan was running so fast that so far as her vision was concerned it had lost its solidity. My co-existence with you is analogous. If the frequency were different for your human focus, you could see me. As it is, you look through me.

When, in 1940, Stewart Edward White decided to write a book about his conversations with Betty, she assisted him, through Joan, in the organization of the material and had a hand in choosing the title. Moreover, she heartily approved of Dutton as publisher and offered specific suggestions to Dutton through her husband as to how such an unusual book

should be promoted and publicized.

In her last illness, which was of many months' duration, Betty White was in great pain. "When I go across," she said one day, "I'll do something about pain." After she had gone across, her husband asked her what she was doing on the subject. She replied, through Joan, that only the night before she had experimented on a patient in a certain hospital—a woman whose leg had been amputated and whose name was unfamiliar to White, Joan or Darby.

White called the hospital and inquired about the patient's condition. The woman was doing fine, White was told. He was also informed of an unusual feature of the case that puzzled physicians. Twenty-four hours after an amputation, the patient is usually in agonizing pain unless under the influence of strong opiates. The woman upon whom Betty White had experimented, however, had not only refused opiates *but was in virtually no pain whatever.*

White hung up the phone. He was a bit shaken, but not at all surprised. He recalled the ouija board of 21 years before and that night in the California hills.

Pertinent Puns

■ WHILE AMERICAN children read Mother Goose, German youth reads Papa Gander.

—VICTOR WESLEY

■ THE FBI, in silencing loose talk, will beat a path to the door of any man who can build a better mouth trap.

—NADINE CONNER

■ REPORTS FROM Germany tell of the Nazi propagandist who was liquidated because he lost his sense of rumor.

—FRANK SINATRA

Portfolio of Personalities

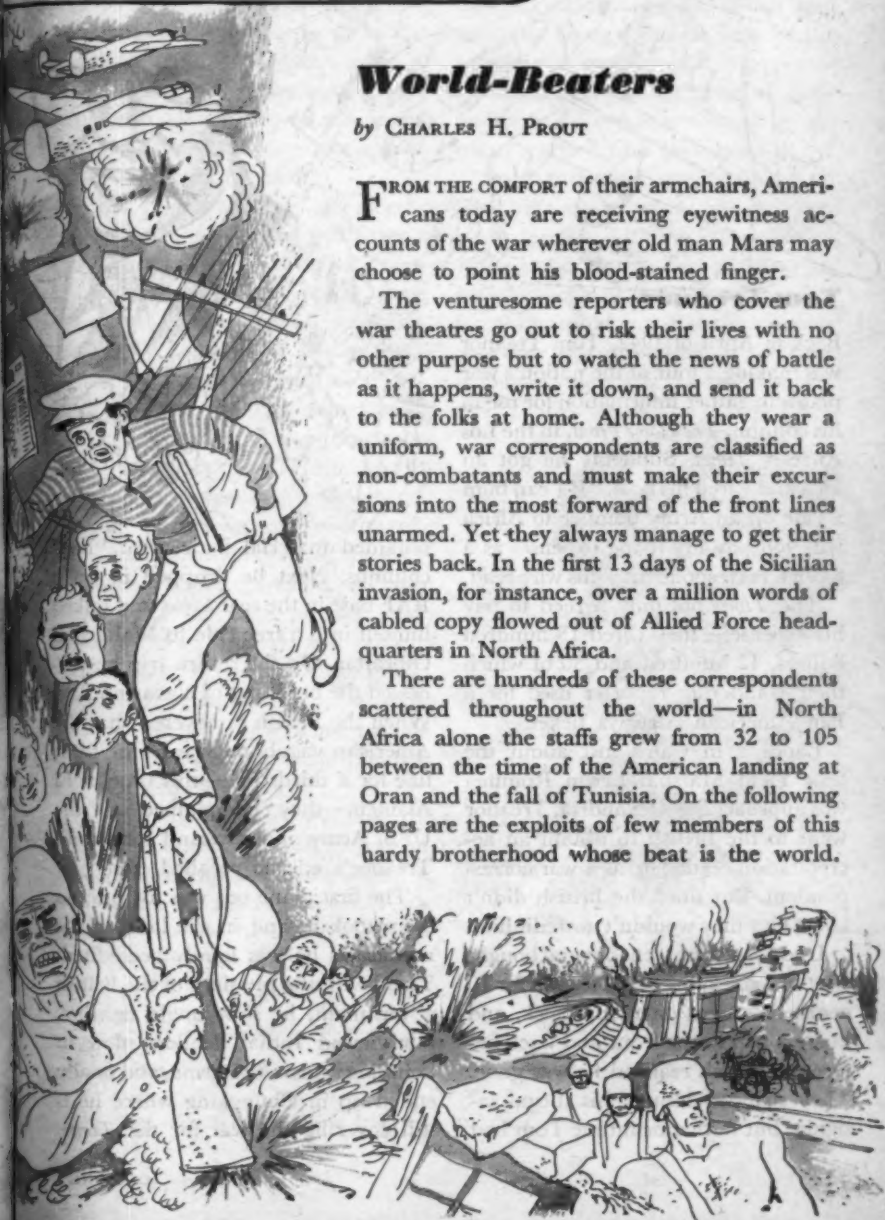
World-Beaters

by CHARLES H. PROUT

FROM THE COMFORT of their armchairs, Americans today are receiving eyewitness accounts of the war wherever old man Mars may choose to point his blood-stained finger.

The venturesome reporters who cover the war theatres go out to risk their lives with no other purpose but to watch the news of battle as it happens, write it down, and send it back to the folks at home. Although they wear a uniform, war correspondents are classified as non-combatants and must make their excursions into the most forward of the front lines unarmed. Yet they always manage to get their stories back. In the first 13 days of the Sicilian invasion, for instance, over a million words of cabled copy flowed out of Allied Force headquarters in North Africa.

There are hundreds of these correspondents scattered throughout the world—in North Africa alone the staffs grew from 32 to 105 between the time of the American landing at Oran and the fall of Tunisia. On the following pages are the exploits of few members of this hardy brotherhood whose beat is the world.





Tom Treanor

Back in April of 1942, Tom Treanor was making a tour of the nation's war plants to gather information for use in his column, *The Home Front*, in the Los Angeles Times. Suddenly he got an idea and wired his boss. "If I can bum a ride on an Army bomber to Africa will you pay my living expenses as a foreign correspondent?" his wire read.

The Times not only agreed to pay his expenses—they wired 15 hundred dollars, 12 hundred and 50 of which their wandering reporter used for a Pan American Airways ticket.

Landing in Cairo just about the time Field Marshal Erwin Rommel was approaching Alexandria, Treanor went to the British to obtain an accreditation certificate as a war correspondent. But since the British didn't know him they wouldn't accredit him.

Undaunted, he went out and bought a set of correspondents' insignia for 70 cents, borrowed an Army truck, and made a trip to the front and back before the British realized he was gone. They stripped him of his illegal insignia, but in the meantime Tom had

obtained material for several "hot" columns. Next he dropped in on a RAF base in the rear areas and talked himself into a free ride to Malta and Gibraltar. On the return trip he witnessed the bombing of Navarino Bay. When the British discovered that the American vagabond was in the front line for a third time—this time at El Alamein—they complained to the U. S. Army and it wasn't long until Treanor's editors recalled him.

The first plane out was to India so Tom took it, and in the land of the maharajas he was finally accredited. Then, with the blessings of the British government, he saw jungle fighting, interviewed Indian leaders, flew in bombing raids over Burma, and finally ended up in Chungking where he is still covering the war for the Times.

Leo Disher

On November 8, 1942, United Press correspondent Leo Disher went in the American landing at Oran with a broken ankle. He came out of that battle with 11 wounds, 15 minor injuries, and what he considers one of the best stories of his career.

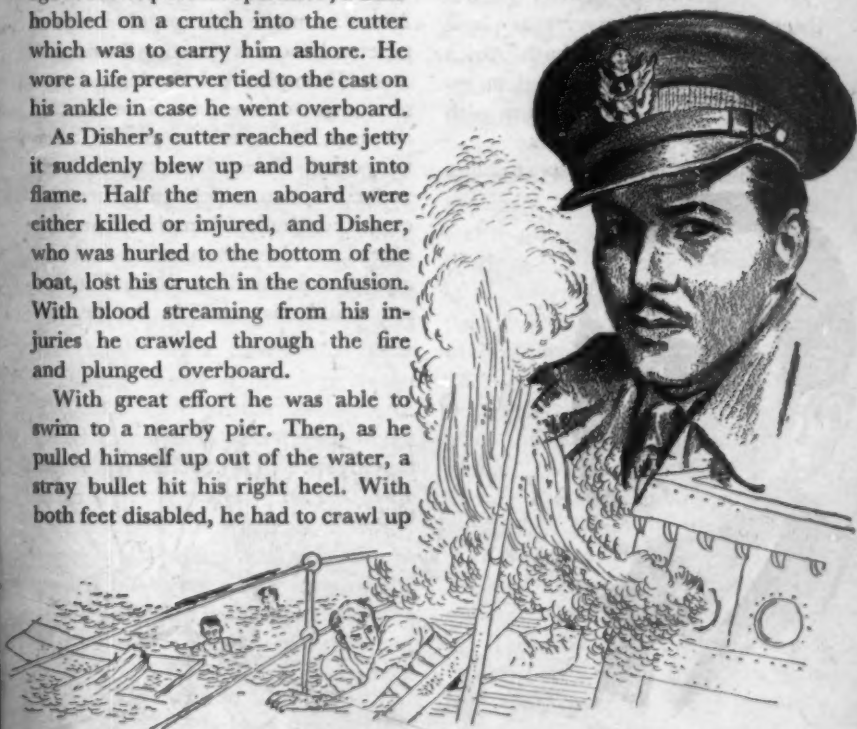
Disher was among the war correspondents who sailed for Africa with the American invasion fleet late in October of 1942. En route, bad luck overtook him and he broke his ankle while aboard ship. Determined not to let that interfere with his coverage of the important operation, Disher hobbled on a crutch into the cutter which was to carry him ashore. He wore a life preserver tied to the cast on his ankle in case he went overboard.

As Disher's cutter reached the jetty it suddenly blew up and burst into flame. Half the men aboard were either killed or injured, and Disher, who was hurled to the bottom of the boat, lost his crutch in the confusion. With blood streaming from his injuries he crawled through the fire and plunged overboard.

With great effort he was able to swim to a nearby pier. Then, as he pulled himself up out of the water, a stray bullet hit his right heel. With both feet disabled, he had to crawl up

the street, which was swept with machine-gun fire, in an effort to reach cover. Finally a bullet, which had spent its energy, struck him in the temple and knocked him into unconsciousness. It was not until an hour and a half later that a medical aid patrol carried him to a hospital.

Army authorities were so impressed with his conduct under fire that they presented him with the Purple Heart. More important to Disher, however, was the fact that the story he dictated from a hospital cot after the shooting war over was displayed on the front pages of most of the UP papers.



John Thompson

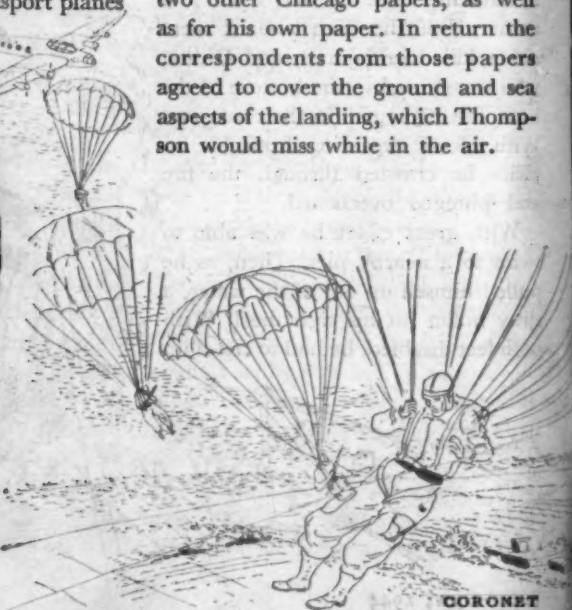
In the landing operation on Sicily, John Thompson of the Chicago *Tribune* took the most hazardous press job available, became the only newspaper casualty in the actual landing—but his story appeared first on the pages of another paper! Recently, he was decorated with the Purple Heart by Maj. Gen. Mathew B. Ridgway for the injury he suffered.

Thompson was an old hand at Army parachute jumping, so when news came to the press corps prior to the Sicilian invasion that there would be paratroop activity, he was the natural one to cover that phase of the operations. In North Africa he had become the first American reporter to make a combat jump with the paratroopers at Algiers.

So when the huge transport planes

lifted into the sky from North Africa and headed toward the Sicilian shore, John Thompson sat in one of them with his parachute rigging in place. When the planes belched forth their human cargo over the Italian island, he was one of the black specks floating slowly toward earth. Thompson wrenched his knee when he hit the ground that day, but it did not prevent him from writing a vivid first-hand account of the first major U. S. paratroop action of the war.

Later, back in Chicago, the public read that first dispatch in the Chicago *Daily News* before they read it in the *Tribune*. What had happened in North Africa to make that possible was a practice known as "pooling the news." Since Thompson was the logical person to go on the parachute part of the trip, he agreed to cover it for two other Chicago papers, as well as for his own paper. In return the correspondents from those papers agreed to cover the ground and sea aspects of the landing, which Thompson would miss while in the air.





Richard Tregaskis

In the spring of 1942 Richard Tregaskis of the International News Service left the United States and headed for the Southwest Pacific as a comparative unknown. Thirteen months later he returned to this country and was hailed as a conquering hero.

During the year he was away, Tregaskis covered the invasion of Guadalcanal and the first seven weeks of Marine fighting on that island, was in on the early stages of the Tokyo air raid, covered the Battle of Midway, wrote a best-selling book and accompanied the forces which invaded the Russell Islands. Finally, dysentery, one of the common ailments of the tropics, caught up with him and forced him back to Honolulu to a hospital.

It was while he was recuperating



there that he penned his now famous book, *Guadalcanal Diary*. That volume, the story of his own experiences, was the thing that brought him before the eyes of the American public.

When General Doolittle's air armada which bombed Tokyo was making plans for its flight, and the naval force to escort the carrier *Hornet*, which was to be the planes' home base, was being assembled, Tregaskis was right on hand again. He made the voyage on a cruiser which guarded the *Hornet*. At the Battle of Midway he was aboard one of the aircraft carriers which participated in the action, and when it came to occupying the Russell Islands, Tregaskis was again right in the heart of the task force which did the work. And when he took his vacation in the United States last spring, he was merely catching his breath before heading for North Africa.

It wasn't long after he arrived in the Mediterranean that stories began appearing in American papers under the Tregaskis byline, and he is still "somewhere" on the European fighting front covering the big battles which make news.



Bob Miller

On the day following the first landing made by United States Marines on Guadalcanal, United Press' Bob Miller accomplished something which probably no other war correspondent has ever done. Single-handed, he captured a Jap prisoner.

That was only one of theseveral "firsts" that Miller scored as he beat his way around from one major battle to another in the Southwest Pacific. He was the only reporter to be present for both the initial landing on Guadalcanal and the final collapse of Jap resistance there last February. And he was the only man to interview Captain Eddie Rickenbacker on the latter's rescue from the sea—and then had to watch the censors "kill" his exclusive story since Army policy would not permit its being released.

It was the day after he made the landing at Guadalcanal that Bob managed to nab the Jap prisoner. As he walked along he suddenly found he had bumped right into a Japanese



soldier's tent. Inside sat the owner—with no weapons handy. So Bob made the capture and set a new record for other correspondents to admire.

During the six weeks he spent on Guadalcanal, Miller's group was bombed almost daily during the entire time, and Jap ground forces were a constant threat. One time he changed his plans to go out with a patrol on a scouting mission at the last minute, and later learned that only three out of the 26 who started out on the patrol ever returned. On another occasion he stood talking with a Marine in the jungle on Lunga ridge, and as he turned to walk away a sniper shot and killed the Marine.

But finally the plague of the tropics, malaria, caught up with him and forced him back to the United States for a rest last March.

From Scarlett O'Hara's campaign manager to extricating King Carol from the public dog house, Bird rockets to fame with his clients



Terrific Is the Word for Bird

by ALAN HYND

A FEW YEARS AGO Russell Birdwell, the nation's number one public relations counselor, was invited to a party given by a motion picture magnate. With the understanding that the gathering was to be strictly social, Birdwell agreed to attend.

On arriving, he was surprised to see several of the mightiest men in never-never land worrying out loud about sundry problems. Having just wound up a four-year publicity campaign on *Gone With the Wind*, Birdwell couldn't shake off the feeling that he had been invited because the gilt-edged gentlemen present wished to seek his advice.

Sure enough, during the third round of Napoleon brandy, the producers, sunk in a quagmire of conflicting answers, turned to Birdwell. The man who had made a nation Scarlett O'Hara-conscious talked for an hour while his auditors embraced every word. The next day he billed

his host for five thousand dollars.

The screams of the man who got the bill echoed up and down San Fernando Valley. "My advice," Birdwell informed him, "is the commodity that I sell. You don't give away the pictures you make and I don't give away my advice." He collected.

Today, while Birdwell devotes a portion of his time to publicizing studio stand-outs, including Jane Russell, the Mae Westish young lady whom every movie fan knows but few have ever seen, his thumb is in a wide variety of pies.

Just recently he was retained to get King Carol of Rumania out of the public dog house. He advises big business on the most subtle and financially-advantageous approach to the public—for a minimum fee of 36 thousand dollars per annum. He pilots wealthy families and individuals of prominence around the shoals of pub-

lic criticism. And he ghost-writes opinion-moulding pronouncements by big shots who know what they want to say but not how to say it.

Considerable of the nation's preoccupation with the world of tomorrow, better housing, better transportation and better living in general, is due to Birdwell. As public relations counselor for the Celotex Corporation, the building materials firm, he has, through articles in leading magazines, enacted a major role in making the United States tomorrow-minded.

IT HAS BEEN said that Birdwell's favorite client is Birdwell. His detractors point out that his name often appears in an announcement with greater frequency than that of a client. With pained expression, the public relations counselor replies that his press releases are so newsworthy that their source—Birdwell—is naturally mentioned.

Although he hasn't been on a long-distance train in years, Birdwell is now approaching the half-million-mile mark in air travel. He maintains lush offices in New York and Beverly Hills, in Chicago, Washington and Mexico City, and he shuttles between coasts and countries as blandly as a suburbanite commutes into town.

He is seldom seen on an airliner without both of his secretaries—brilliant but beautiful brunettes named Melba Howe and Helene Lane—who glory in taking dictation above the clouds at three a. m. The Misses Howe and Lane have been with Birdwell for eight years and are probably the only secretaries extant who are registered

with the State Department as foreign agents—an important technicality occasioned by Birdwell's acceptance of the King Carol account.

It can never be said that Birdwell doesn't give the customers a run for their dough. His New York offices, 50 stories above Rockefeller Plaza, have been furnished on the one hand to please Birdwell, who is stimulated by luxury, and on the other hand to discourage a client who might be inclined to haggle over price. The furniture, entirely 16th and 17th century, is from the William Randolph Hearst and Clarence H. Mackay collections. Solid-silver incidentals such as ashtrays and candlesticks are from stately homes in England. Only cigarettes, personnel and advice are 20th century and domestic.

If a client does not seem properly awed by the elaborate setting, Birdwell has a trick of bringing his left hand down on the 17th century Italian desk—and your eyes naturally gravitate to a 74-karat star sapphire ring set in diamonds and platinum. It was a gift from his wife to whom he has been married for 20 years and whom he sometimes calls long distance as many as three times a day.

In contrast to the dignity of the New York offices, his Beverly Hills branch is as glittering as a starlet. Operating on the theory that a movie director who wanted to be built up into a De Mille would be more impressed with streamlined chromium than by antiques, Birdwell located his Pacific Coast headquarters in a spreading one-story stucco building of 14

rooms. Carole Lombard, who was one of his clients and his closest friend, had a hand in whipping up the layout.

Competitors and discarded clients will assure you that Bird, as he is sometimes called, is just a high-pressure guy who makes front and opportunism pay off. Certainly he omits no trick when he wants to create fanfare.

Birdwell approached the "Wind" campaign as if the role of Scarlett O'Hara were the Presidency of the United States. The opportunist in him came out when he discovered that feeling below the Mason-Dixon line was strong for a southern actress to play the role. He saw to it that this feeling was crystallized and duly reflected in the news columns. In fact Georgia, the locale of the Mitchell novel, became so steamed up that one day there came to the Selznick Studios a classic telegram. It was from a group of prominent Atlantans who warned that if a northern girl were chosen to play Scarlett, Atlanta would secede from the Union.

Today when the incident is mentioned, Bird's features take on an expression of gravity. Drum-beating *per se*, he assures you, is not only behind him but it was never actually a part of what he calls the real Birdwell.

The truth about Birdwell probably lies in a twilight zone between out-and-out Hollywood fanfare and diplomatic big-time public relations. Certainly the man who now sits in a fabulous Manhattan sanctum bears no outward resemblance to a Hollywood press agent. His clothes and mien have a board-of-directors touch.

He is so enamored of whatever he is doing—whether talking long distance to King Carol in Mexico City or assuring a newspaperman that a celuloid siren is just a kitchen slave at heart—that it would seem impious to question his sincerity.

Today Birdwell has reached the happy point where he won't take on a client or a product that doesn't enthuse him. Personally, he dislikes motion pictures, but occasionally he will handle one if its merchandising possibilities intrigue him. Not long ago a producer offered him a blank check to publicize what is known in theatrical circles as a turkey. Birdwell viewed the film and then said to the producer, "Take your name off that picture and nobody will ever know that you are to blame for it."

THE INCREDIBLE driving power that inhabits the man has recently resulted in Birdwell's going in for "causes." When Lew Ayres, the film star, gained painful prominence by declaring himself a conscientious objector, Birdwell spent several thousand dollars of his own money to run a magazine advertisement in defense of Ayres, whom he did not know. The ad was an open demand that the government assign Ayres to the Medical Corps, for which he had prepared himself. "Let's not," it read, "destroy a man who believes in his God; a man who cannot kill but is willing to be killed, unarmed, for his country." The plea received nation-wide notice and swung public opinion to Ayres overnight.

A few months ago, a big business

man was just about to close with Birdwell for 52 weeks of advice at one thousand dollars a week. Shortly before the contract was to be signed, Bird learned that the man had strong racial prejudices. "I threw the contract at him," says Birdwell, "and showed him out of the office."

A potential client—no matter who—is subjected to a withering examination. King Carol underwent what amounted to the third degree when the monarch recently asked Bird to get his story across to the world. Only when the counselor became convinced that Carol had come into his most recent public disfavor via the Nazilic route did he agree to take over. "I've been criticized," says Birdwell, "but I believe everybody has the right to tell his story—even a king."

The name of Birdwell is as well known to big business as Mr. Anthony is to little people with problems. The result is that the public relations counselor is often consulted on matters that seem to bear only a remote resemblance to public relations. Not long ago the manufacturer of a household product laid a thousand dollars on the line for a talk with Birdwell.

The product in question was going very well in all parts of the United States except in Kansas. Birdwell was frankly mystified, but after having a door-to-door poll taken the answer turned out to be a whispering campaign against the product. Birdwell mapped out a counter-strategy and socked the manufacturer in the checkbook for it. But everybody gained since it became a wallop success.

A native of Texas, Birdwell's first job was playing character roles for a small stock company at the age of 13. At 15, he had organized a jazz band which he took to Mexico City. And while attending college he was a night police reporter on the *Dallas Dispatch*, later working on newspapers in Houston, Mexico City, New Orleans, New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

From newspapers Bird turned to the movies, getting his start by writing publicity and scenarios.

In 1938, Carole Lombard remarked to Bird (and she was talking from the heart) that she considered herself fortunate to be obliged to pay huge income taxes. In what other country, she asked, could a girl like herself, with an undistinguished Midwestern background, reach a financial status whereby her taxes rocketed to six figures without a decimal point?

Bird blinked. Here was *news*. He arranged for Carole to make her tax views public in an interview. The story not only spread over to the editorial pages, but it was called one of the 12 best propaganda stories of the year.

THE EARLY Birdwell never frowned on sex appeal if it could be reasonably incorporated in a promotion campaign. Several years ago he turned loose on the main street of one of California's most golden cities a lady riding a handsome white horse. Though she appeared to be garbed only in her long blonde tresses, actually the rider was covered from neck to toes by flesh-colored tights.

The crowds that gathered around this 20th-century version of Lady Godiva created such commotion that the police started thumbing through the statute books to find a charge that would permit action. But Bird had beaten the gendarmes to it. He had already ascertained that a lady wearing tights and riding a horse through a public thoroughfare would not be running afoul of the law so long as she remained on the right side of the street and observed the traffic lights.

By the time the rider had progressed several blocks, one apparently outraged old dame was shrilly inquiring if nothing was sacred. And, strangely, the lady on the horse drew up in front of a theater where the picture *Nothing Sacred* was about to have its premiere. Although there was nothing in the picture remotely resembling the Godiva legend, *Nothing Sacred* received national publicity through stories of the horseback rider to whom nothing, seemingly, had been sacred.

Bird wound up in the directing box of the Hollywood hippodrome and

was getting 1,250 dollars a week while still in his early 20's. But he tore up the contract when a studio executive saddled him with a singularly untalented ham as the lead. "It wouldn't have been so bad," says Birdwell, "except that the lead was a dual role."

Bird left his 1,250-dollar-a-week job on Saturday noon and checked into the Los Angeles *Examiner* the following night as a 50-dollar-a-week reporter. On Monday morning, the furniture people came around to the Birdwell home in Hollywood's fashionable Benedict Canyon. "It was all a matter of principle," reflects Birdwell today.

Hollywood will confirm the fact that Birdwell has principles. Recently a director client, who is a great favorite of Mr. Morgenthau's around tax time, used obscene language in front of Bird's secretaries. "Give this man his money back," Bird instructed.

Just what Birdwell has that makes him unique even he doesn't know. He's sort of a one-man Gallup poll who seldom misses when he tunes in on the mass mind.

Not in the Books

AT FORT ORD, CALIFORNIA, a sergeant was standing by a large gun when a general came by to inspect. The general looked over the piece and started to touch it. As he did, he removed the glove from his right hand. The sergeant didn't know much about generals, but the gesture hit a chord of civilian memory. As the glove came off, the sergeant's right hand shot out.

"Pleased to meet you, sir," he smiled. "I'm Sergeant Brown."

Surprised, but equal to the occasion, the general shook hands.

"I'm General Smith," he said. "Nice looking gun you have here."

—FRANCES CAVANAH AND RUTH CROMER WEIR

in *Liberty Laughs* (Dell Publishing Co.)

The United Nations is already compiling a list of war criminals—Here is a moving plea for quite another kind of list



The Decent Peoples of Europe

by JAMES WAXMONT

THE OLD AUSTRIAN railroad worker walked through Vienna's dark, deserted *Praterstrasse*, hiding a parcel under his overcoat. Twice he slipped into a doorway to evade the SS curfew patrol. He stopped at a shabby house in a desolate neighborhood. The small back room housed seven people. A white-haired, sick woman, two old men and a pale woman with three starved children.

As he unpacked his parcel—one loaf of bread, four apples, a piece of margarine, one bottle of bluish, watered milk—the railroad worker began to reminisce. He thought of the day, ages ago, when the woman's husband, a famous surgeon, had saved his wife's life. The doctor was arrested and killed by the Nazis because "he had too many friends abroad." His family—without ration books—was doomed to slow death by starvation. Now the railroad worker

and his wife were sharing their own meager rations with them—keeping the family alive.

French prisoners in German war factories secretly receive cigarettes and food from their German foremen. Grocers in Czechoslovakia were sent to prison camps for smuggling small food parcels to Catholic priests, Jews and the families of executed Czech patriots. Czech circles in London have the names of several Czech employers who were forced to dismiss their employes "for political reasons," but secretly pay them their salaries to keep their families from starvation. On the other hand, former employes, made "commissars" by the Nazi authorities, have been known to support their former bosses.

No, the lights of common decency have not gone out entirely in Nazified Europe. There are people risking freedom and life to bring help to those

whom Hitler's New Order doesn't consider human beings.

Of course, these men and women must remain anonymous until Europe is liberated. But their deeds can be told. They've been confirmed by eyewitnesses now in England and America; by Red Cross workers; by letters and messages reaching neutral Switzerland and Sweden; by trustworthy underground sources; and even by admission of Nazi-controlled radio stations.

WHO ARE THESE "decent people?" Parents who lost their boys on Hitler's battlegrounds; former monarchists and retired army officers; government officials of the old Prussian school; underground workers; and middle-class people who recall the hunger and inflation after the last war and are secretly at odds with Nazi Germany. Some of the decent people were among the five per cent of Germany's population who dared vote against Hitler as late as 1934.

A typical example of this decency in action is illustrated in this story of a German scholar, now in America. "One day in 1938, the Gestapo searched our house. They gave us 24 hours to leave the country but they took away our passports. You can't leave the country without a passport. We were doomed. My former friends and faculty colleagues were 'busy' when I asked their help. My lawyer refused to see me. I then remembered a police *Inspektor* in the house next to ours with whom I had a nodding acquaintance. It was a long chance

but we were desperate. He listened to my plea and after two hours came back with our passports. How he did it, I don't know. He refused to take money. 'Maybe it will help you out there to know that there are a few decent people left in the Reich,' he explained gravely."

Reports from Europe have mentioned a "Front of Decent People," "The Better Germany" and similar underground organizations. But there is no evidence of organized underground charity inside Germany, where most people act on their own.

Not so in the occupied countries. In Holland, the secret newspapers publish "*Reminders for Good Dutchmen*":

1. It is every Dutchman's duty to help, with words and deeds, his compatriots, old and young, Jew and Gentile, who are in trouble resulting from German oppression.
2. Impoverished compatriots require sheets, blankets, coats, food, food coupons and money.
3. Wives and relatives of prisoners or hostages appreciate regular gifts of food to be sent to a husband, son, brother, fiancé.
4. Don't forget Dutch workers in Germany or the families which they have left behind.

Norwegian doctors refused to join the Nazi Physicians Chamber. Forced to give up their title and practice, they nevertheless look after sick Norwegian patriots, ignoring Nazi threats. In Yugoslavia sick children have been thrown out of hospital beds, put down on mattresses in drafty corridors to make room for German civilian officials. But native doctors slip into

the hospitals during the night to treat the sick children. Patriots procure vitamin pills, medicine, food—often by robbing German supplies. And many children have been saved from death by such actions.

In June Dutch doctors were rounded up by the Nazi authorities because they dared address a letter to Reich's-kommissar Seyss-Inquart which said, "We daily visit patients whose illness is caused by undernourishment. There is little resistance to infectious diseases and a tremendous increase in tuberculosis. Yet our people know that a large part of Netherlands produce is exported to Germany, where rations are larger." The underground press confirms that "Dutch doctors say no and will continue to say no to all requests for collaboration with the Germans."

Last April the German-controlled Radio Hilversum released the following statement: "High church authorities are praying for the Allies and preaching resistance. They all do it—Roman Catholics, Protestants and members of the Reformed Church."

The Dutch Nazi Weekly *De Misthoorn* commented on the forced evacuation of all Jewish inhabitants from the town of Weesp, "The inhabitants of Weesp, for the most part believing Christians, degraded themselves by carrying the luggage of Jews. On a tunnel wall was a large notice, 'Till we meet again!' and we even saw a Christian school-teacher named Bouhuys weep like a child. Recently this Bouhuys entered a school class, holding up a Star of David, saying,

'Children, all Jews must now wear this. The people of Weesp should do as the citizens of Amsterdam, who raise their hats when they meet a Jew wearing his star!'"

Men like Mr. Bouhuys don't get medals for bravery or fame as guerrilla leaders. But their actions are not less gallant if not so spectacular.

In his announcement of October 7, 1942, that a United Nations Commission for the Investigation of War Crimes was to be set up, President Roosevelt said, "Just and sure punishment shall be meted out to the ring-leaders responsible for the organized murder of thousands of innocent persons." Former United States Minister to Portugal Herbert Pell has been appointed American Commissioner. The United Nations governments are already gathering evidence—compiling lists of criminals.

One wonders if there shouldn't be another list—a roll containing the names of men and women of good will who have committed courageous acts to help the unfortunate victims of Nazi oppression.

These brave people have risked their lives for our very ideas of humanity. They have passed the supreme test. Ten years of unbelievable ferocity and constant brutalization couldn't make them forget justice, common decency and sympathy for the helpless. They have earned their place on the liberated continent as educators, local officials, civic leaders, advisers to Allied Rehabilitation authorities and post-war administrators.

They have earned our gratitude.

Dance of Death



EDITORS' NOTE: *Enthusiastically we give you this month's thriller-diller, our third addition to your rapidly growing collection of soul-stirring, nerve-shattering spirit tales.*

A FAVORITE STORY of New York literary circles a few years ago concerned a beautiful young girl in a white satin dress. It was one of those anecdotes which everybody swore had actually happened to his first cousin or next-door neighbor, and several narrators became very testy when they were informed that several other people's cousins had evidently undergone the same experience just a few weeks before.

At any rate, the legend maintained that a very lovely but poverty-stricken damsel was invited to a formal dance. It was her chance to enter a brand-new world. Who knew but that some rich young man would fall in love with her and lift her out of her life in a box factory? The catch in the matter was that she had no suitable dress to wear for such a great occasion.

"Why don't you rent a costume for the evening?" suggested a friend. Not having thought of this before, the girl became hopeful, and that very night went to a pawnshop near her little flat where for a surprisingly reasonable sum she rented a beautiful white satin evening gown with all the accessories to match. Miraculously, it fit her like a glove and gave her such radiance that upon her arrival at the

party she created a minor sensation. She was cut in on again and again, and as she whirled happily around the floor she felt that her luck indeed had changed for the better.

Soon, however, she began to feel faint and nauseated. She fought against a growing discomfort as long as possible, but finally stole out of the house with barely sufficient strength to stagger into a cab and creep up the stairs to her room. She threw herself onto her bed, broken-hearted, and it was then—possibly in her delirium—that she heard a woman's voice whispering into her ear. It was harsh and bitter. "Give me back my dress," it said. "Give me back my dress! It belongs to . . . the dead . . ."

The next morning the lifeless body of the young girl was found stretched out on her bed. The unusual circumstances led the coroner to order an autopsy. It was found the girl had been poisoned by embalming fluid which had entered her pores when she became overheated from dancing. The pawnbroker was reluctant to admit that he knew where the dress had come from, but spoke out when he heard that the district attorney's office was involved. It had been sold him by an undertaker's assistant who had taken it from the body of a dead girl just before the casket was nailed down for the last time.

—BENNETT CERF

All that glitters is not glamour—so if you think lamé gowns are the answer to a maiden's prayer, ask the girl who wears one



The Hatbox Brigade

by MAURICE ZOLOTOW

SOME 20 YEARS AGO, advertisers discovered that in selling a particular brand of automobile, cigarette or kitchen fixture, it was extremely helpful to show a picture of a girl in the advertisement—even though her pretty face had not the remotest connection with the product. This epochal discovery created a new industry: modeling. And today, models have become the most publicized and most praised women since the voluptuous *houris* of Mohammed's paradise.

The girls who grin at you from the front covers of national magazines are models. The girls who get the best tables in such famous night clubs as The Stork or El Morocco are models. The girls who are invited to the socially significant parties in New York are models. Models also are the annual Miss Rheingold and the Chesterfield-girl-of-the-month. Columnists often print more gossip

items about models and their romances than they do about showgirls.

It is even impossible for a model to marry one of the sober common people—even if she does. Not long ago, a Powers girl was engaged to a member of the middle class, a chap who owned a butcher shop on Lexington Avenue. It was reported in a Broadway gossip column that she was going to marry a "Chicago meat-packing king." Another time, a model married a young passenger agent on the New York Central; columnists had her wed to a "railroad executive."

But the romances of the models are no more accurate than the other illusions which surround them like a hazy halo. Models are generally believed to be persons of stupendous beauty, with perfectly proportioned bodies, glistening hair and small-featured soft-complexioned faces, as tall and willowy as a weeping-willow

tree. Some of the models, such as Powers girl Georgia Carroll or Conover model Choo-Choo Johnson, fit this mold. But the really successful models, the ones you rarely hear about, the ones who get the best-paying assignments, hardly resemble this imaginary ideal. Harry Conover says the jobs do *not* go mainly to the girls with symmetrical shapes, baby-blue eyes and vapid expressions.

"We are getting away from the candy-box type of beauty," he says. "It's the well-scrubbed American type I look for. A girl can be gorgeous by every masculine standard, and still be a failure in modeling. It's more important to have an expression of mystery, than a Venus-like figure."

Models like Meg Mundy or Helen Bennett—who rarely earn less than 150 dollars a week and are in the upper brackets—are the sort of girls that the average male would pass by without a second look. The most successful models don't have voluptuous curves nor sensual faces. They have skinny bodies and hollow gaunt faces with prominent cheekbones. They

When Maurice Zolotow was gathering facts for this article about models, he spent two solid weeks dogging the wedgied footsteps of one of New York's top-notch camera queens just to get his story straight. Although he has interviewed several hundred people of high and low estate, he confesses that he is really quite shy, hates to talk to strangers, and has a monomaniacal fear of answering the telephone! But his foibles in this regard haven't hampered him as a first-class delineator of the merry madcap kind of people who do fantastic things—and who, incidentally, make interesting articles like this one.

may not look ravishing when you see them in the street, but the camera puts 15 pounds on a person's body, and when these gaunt models pose for a fashion photograph in *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* their faces—in the photograph—take on radiance.

The big three of the modeling industry—John Powers, Harry Conover and Walter Thornton—do an annual gross business of over five million dollars. The agencies keep 10 per cent of this as their fee, and turn over the balance to the girls. Although the individual models fluctuate rapidly in and out of the industry, there are always from 12 hundred to 14 hundred full-time models working out of New York City, which is the center of the industry. New faces continually try to swim into focus. About 100 thousand new girls try to crack the modeling profession every year. Less than one out of one hundred succeeds in being registered by an agency, and of this minority fewer than 50 will ever earn an income comparable to that of an experienced stenographer.

To understand the bitter facts about modeling, you must know about "high fashion" and "low fashion." High fashion refers to the slick type of style sponsored by, let's say, *Vogue*, and low fashion refers to the styles pictured in the *Sears Roebuck* and *Montgomery Ward* catalogues. It is important to bear in mind that the bread-and-butter basis of modeling is posing for high fashion and low fashion, and to click in fashion modeling a girl must be abnormally tall, and the really success-

ful fashion model is often six feet.

This extraordinary height makes it almost impossible for a successful model to mate with the average man—let alone a millionaire, and it also makes it difficult for her to succeed in Hollywood, as it would be very embarrassing for George Raft, say, to play a love scene opposite a lady who was nearly six inches taller than he was, even in Adler Elevator Shoes. For this reason good models rarely make good in Hollywood. In recent years, Alexis Smith and Marguerite Chapman are the only exceptions.

It is difficult to generalize about the "typical" model, because each agency tries to build up a diversified roster of feminine faces and figures. But the *successful* model usually has a high order of intelligence, and she is often a college graduate with a sensitive mind and personality. She probably comes from Texas, California or the Westchester section of New York. She is between 18 and 25. She earns an average of 40 to 50 dollars a week, and is forced to spend a disproportionate amount of her income on clothes. A typical model's wardrobe might include at least four evening gowns, 12 afternoon dresses, five tailored suits, five coats, an evening wrap, a fur jacket, several housecoats, at least two slack outfits, a half dozen bathing suits, about 10 hats and 22 pairs of shoes. A model is expected to furnish her own clothes when she keeps an appointment with an artist illustrating a short story, or with a photographer posing a layout for a

cigarette advertisement. On fashion poses, of course, the clothes are loaned to the model during the sitting.

Most models share an apartment with two other girls in order to cut down expenses. In New York, they can usually be found lunching in a drugstore at 44th Street and Vanderbilt Avenue. Most models receive five dollars an hour for posing, and a few get seven fifty or 10 dollars an hour. The aristocrats—who can be counted on the fingers of two hands—such as Anita Colby or Jinx Falkenburg, receive 25 dollars an hour. Models detest modeling deodorants, brassieres, girdles and panties even though they receive double pay on such assignments. They prefer to do catalogue work. When they are working on a catalogue job, they are hired by the week and receive a minimum of 150 dollars a week.

From a strictly physical aspect, a fashion model would tend to meet the following specifications: five feet nine inches in height, weight 110 pounds, bust 33, waist 24, hips 34. She will probably have blonde hair or a light shade of brown, as this photographs more sharply. She will have quick, clever eyes, and a very expressive face. This last is very important when you are modeling for fiction illustrators. A model must be able to express at least four emotions: anger, joy, sadness and wistfulness.

From the viewpoint of their personalities, the Manhattan models are often a devious and subtle group. The competition is so devastating that an ambitious model must be on her toes

every moment, elbowing her colleagues out of the way, putting her best face forward, meeting the right people at the advertising agencies and the studios, and taking advantage of every opportunity to place herself in the limelight. For this reason, invitations to the famous shindigs thrown by Jules Glaenzer, the proprietor of Cartier's, the jewelry establishment, or Sherman Fairchild, the aircraft manufacturer, are greatly in demand. Both Glaenzer and Fairchild give several parties every year to which a dozen or so models are invited, and here they meet all sorts of influential persons. The models are always trying to wangle their dates into taking them to the Stork Club. They know it gives them a stamp of prestige to be seen sitting at a ringside table in the Stork. I once asked Sherman Billingsley, the suave director of this bistro, why he always gave the best tables to these attractive but unknown girls. "You've got to dress your room," he explained. "People like to go to a place where the best-dressed, best-looking and brainiest people go."

A MODEL's professional life is short—between two and four years. "When the advertisers reach the point where they have used one face constantly in advertisements spread all over the world, they believe that the public becomes tired of seeing that face," Conover says. There is, therefore, a constant search to replenish the supply of models. John Powers says he receives 100 thousand applications a year from prospective models. Con-

over gets 35 thousand pleading letters a year. The agencies prefer prospective models to send a brief letter about themselves and enclose a realistic, candid snapshot. Since the secret springs of personality, and not mere comeliness, is the requisite, they don't go by retouched studio photographs in sizing up a new girl. Almost any interesting-looking girl may secure a personal interview. Interviews with Powers, Conover or Thornton are brief and to the point. The girls are put at ease and drawn into conversation. They are asked to show their right and left profiles. They walk up and down the room. If there is any possibility, they are sometimes asked to take a series of test photographs, which cost the prospective model seven and a half dollars. The photographs are taken under "flat lighting," which is deliberately calculated to bring out every flaw in the face. If a girl passes this test, she is then registered—her physical dimensions and her personality type are listed on a small card, filed with hundreds of other cards. The new model now invests 50 dollars in studio photographs showing herself in profile, in three-quarters, full-face, standing up, facing the camera, looking away.

The new model—and the veteran, also—must find most of her jobs herself! In the morning, she is furnished with a list of artists, photographers and magazine editors, and she grimly trudges about all day, smiling at one and all, and handing out sample photographs of herself. It is grueling, arch-breaking labor. Modeling is definitely not rec-

commended to girls who dream of a life of luxurious ease. The average model, even one who is fairly famous in the business, will hike about 10 hours a week to make sure she's not forgotten in the shuffle of new faces.

To the outside world, models like to keep up the illusion that they're in a glamorous, carefree profession. But talk to them when they are depressed and their defenses are down, and they will laugh a very hollow laugh when you remark that modeling must be such a glamorous business.

Many of the models are bitter, unhappy girls inside. They soon grow disillusioned with their dream of modeling as a gateway to theatrical glory; they learn their height is against them. Perhaps they feel they are breaking into show business when

they are hired for a chorus line at a swanky night club. Today, showgirls at such night spots as the Versailles and Copacabana are plucked from the freshly-groomed types in the model agencies. Here, too, is disillusionment. The model meets neither an honorably intentioned millionaire nor a rising young corporation lawyer.

Modeling, taken all in all, is hard work which is poorly paid. As the model sees it, she must suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous photographers who browbeat her, and rude fashion editors who are inconsiderate of her feelings. A famous model summed it up this way: "If you want to be a success in modeling, you've simply got to forget you're a human being and pack your pride away in your hatbox."

Careering Off the Beaten Track

■ A THRIVING sideline to her job as a Wichita librarian is Gayle Clark's baby-naming service. Undecided on what to dub their offspring, parents consult Gayle for a selection of names and meanings, pay their money and take their choice.

■ KIOPI KAFOO, a "toe shine boy" on Waikiki Beach, earned his living by painting and polishing the toenails of feminine bathers.

■ PICKING WADS of gum from the seats and rugs of the Radio City Music Hall is the full-time job of one ingenious lad who keeps busy with a flashlight and imagination locating the sticky deposits customers furtively hide in the oddest places.

■ A GUIDE in the Minnesota woods is Marie Sarkipato's self-chosen career. Using canoe routes, she makes certain her clients enjoy their outings with behind-scene trips through the North Country.

■ ALICE MOORE is a pancake maker, cooking as many as half a million griddle cakes a year in tests for her employer, an Akron, Ohio, grain company.

—ELEANOR M. MARSHALL



Picture Story:

Net Profit

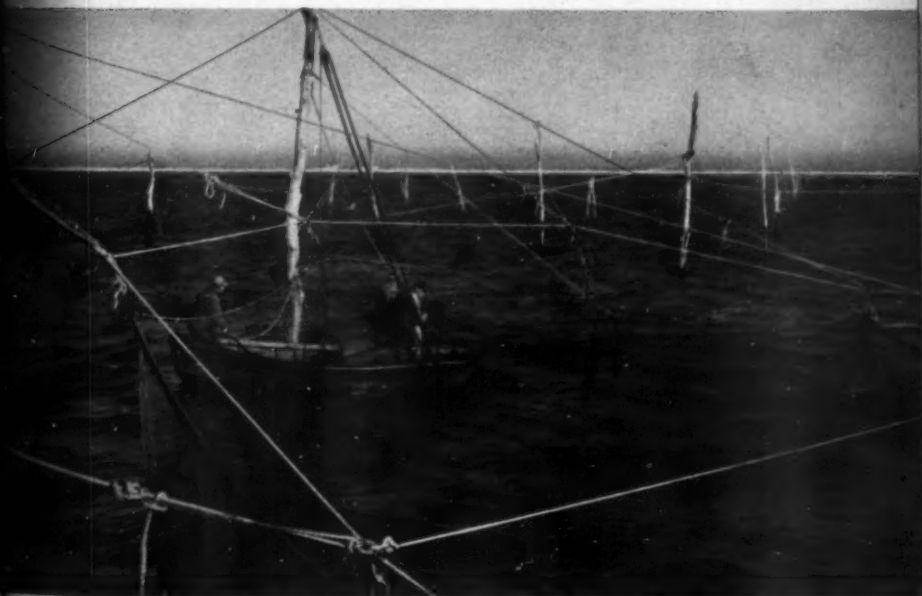
THIS war is no fish story, as everyone knows, but the fish have a chapter in the grim saga, and even these scaly creatures of the deep have not escaped slaughter by those man-made tin fish that tear through once peaceful waters toward their targets. But there are other more important reasons for the present shortage—lack of manpower, since many fishermen are now working in war plants; lack of boats, since the government has taken over many of the larger fishing craft; and restrictions against fishing in certain waters. It's true that there are fewer fish—yet the demand for *game* fish is unprecedented. Last year, America consumed more than 20 billion pounds of this food, and Britain's per capita consumption has been triple ours. This war will foster new techniques in what has been called the world's oldest industry—but whatever the methods for capturing these prizes, to the fisherman it will all be net profit. Accompanying photographs were taken by Eileen Darby of Graphic House.



11. In boats like this, Long Island trap fishermen daily visit off-shore nets to supply a lean market with porgies, mackerel, cod, pollack, pompano, butterfish and whiting. Part of the Coast Guard, the boats carry radio-telephones to report floating mines, enemy subs and shipwreck survivors.



- 2.** *Fishermen work long hours, are paid a percentage of the day's profits. Weekly earnings vary from 50 to 100 dollars. This small fishing craft is wending its way homeward after a heavy haul, and the smile on the young fisherman's face seems to indicate that he has put in a good day's work.*



- 3.** *For fish, a dead end. Traps like this set in 75 feet of water on 100 foot hickory poles cost up to 15,000 dollars. To lease fishing grounds, companies must post a bond with the War Department, guaranteeing maintenance of nets. Rough seas, which can rip valuable nets, are a constant peril.*



- 4.** *Fugitives from a mackerel run are lifted by dip net from trap to boat. Traps are constructed so as to permit undersize fish to escape back into the sea. An average day's catch runs up to eight thousand pounds—four tons of fish to please the palates of America's fast increasing number of fish consumers.*



- 5.** *After haul is taken from the sea, all hands gather to sort and ice fish the moment the boat puts to shore. First load of fish into the market hits the jackpot, bringing highest prices; rival companies vie in daily races.*



- 6.** *Fish-monger mecca—South Street on New York's East Side. Here buyers and sellers meet over the porgie barrel to argue price. Manhattan's Fulton Street market is the largest wholesale fish distributing district in America. Thirteen per cent of the fish come in by boat, the rest by train and truck.*



- 7.** *A 38-pounder that didn't get away. On the market every day are more than 125 varieties of fish ranging from 3-ounce spearings, through striped bass like this to 800-pound tuna. Strangely, fresh water trout bring best prices.*



8. *In the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, iced trucks wait to rush fish from market to hotels, restaurants and stores. Buyers and sellers talk in code so that competitors won't learn the prices. "One hundred whiting, best in house," might mean: "One hundred pounds of whiting at five cents a pound."*



9. *Fresh from the deep, these fish are bought by a hotel supply house. They will be filleted, delivered, and served on a blue plate special within 24 hours from the time of catching. The New York market serves areas as far west as the Mississippi River. Never before has the demand for seafood been so great.*



10. *As army and civilian demands for fish increase, fishermen spend more time repairing nets, using make-shift gear to replace unobtainable new equipment, they have a tremendous loyalty toward their profession. "Why do we keep on fishing?" was one Cape Codder's remark, "Why for the halibut, of course,"*

The games and delights of childhood are not for the young of Europe, who with grown-up courage, battle the invader alongside their elders



Kids Who Fight Hitler

by CURT RIESS

FROM THE BACK page of one of the London newspapers:

"A teacher asked his class of 10-year-old boys to draw something—anything which came to their minds. One of the boys drew enemy planes, tanks, parachutists and stretchers with wounded soldiers. The teacher asked him if he couldn't think of something more 'friendly' to draw. The little boy thought it over and then started to outline a battleship using a red crayon, evidently with intent to make it more 'friendly.' Only when the teacher asked him a third time to try again did he think of drawing birds and flowers. Only then did he remember there were such things as birds and flowers."

From a Moscow newspaper:

"The children of the sixth grade of a Moscow school were given a subject for a composition entitled, 'What I would do if I had an invisible cap?'"

"Mark Oshanin, aged 12, wrote: 'I would quietly spoil all German rifles, tommy guns, grenades, guns and trucks. Then, when our troops attacked, the Germans would grasp their tommy guns—but, of course, they wouldn't work. And then they will surrender to a man, 'Who helped us?' the Red army men would ask. Still invisible I will go on. I have much work to do.'"

All 30 children of this particular class wrote similar stories. All of them dreamed of using their invisibility not to gain any personal advantage but to help the Red army.

To a certain degree, children who lived in days of war always knew what was going on. Their teachers told them what contemptible people the enemy were. They feted the victories of their own army; they adored and envied their elder brothers or fathers who did the actual fighting,

knowing little about the hardship and heartbreak of mass slaughter. Yet years later they remembered only a few disconnected scenes of the war and in talking about it were apt to say: "I really don't remember much about it. I was still a kid."

This time it is different. This is a total war which knows no fronts. Total war is waged against civilians as well as soldiers, against women and children, the aged and the infirm. In it women and cripples and children, too, must fight as best they can. And they can and do fight.

Remembering the events of the past 10 or 15 years, you'd think we'd have foreseen the debacle that was coming better than we did. Wasn't it Mussolini, the founder of Fascism, who first conceived the idea of black-shirt military training for little boys under 10 years of age? Wasn't it Hitler who saw to it that German youth was organized in the infamous "Hitler youth," thus removing children from the influence of their parents and molding them into the robots with which he intended to conquer the world?

Even then, long before the official outbreak of the war, Hitler was waging a war against children—against the children he deprived of normal life and development; against the Jewish children of Germany and Austria who were made to feel that they were subhuman pariahs and made to suffer as perhaps only children who cannot understand can suffer.

Will we ever forget the photographs of the dead children in the streets of

Poland or those who fled along the roads of France, Belgium and Holland? Or the stories of those Russian kids whose parents had been machine gunned or burned in their homes or hanged from a lamp post, and who walked back into the interior of their immense country, hungry, frostbitten, not knowing what had happened, not knowing why it had happened, not knowing what to do . . .

THERE WAS the story of Tolya, a boy of 12 or 13, whose mother and father had been killed and whose house had been burned by the Nazis. For days he wandered from village to village, sleeping in forests, till he finally found a guerrilla detachment. The commander, in pity for the child, wanted to send him away from the front. But Tolya had other ideas.

"I know where there are 35 Germans in Semyonovka," he said.

During the night he conducted 50 men to his village. The guerrillas were able to kill the sentries and capture the rest of the Nazis. But that was only the beginning. From that time on, Tolya made his way from village to village, gathering information about where sentries were stationed and how they could be surprised. The next night he would lead his friends, the Partisans, to dispose of the enemy. His hands were so small he needed to use both of them to hold a revolver. But he learned to fire with deadly aim.

One day he fell into a trap and was surrounded by 15 German soldiers. Before they killed him, he

killed three of them. During the night his friends came back, found his little body and buried him in the snow.

Because of boys like Tolya, General Field Marshal von Kluge said in a recent order: "Special vigilance should be exercised with regard to little boys, members of a Russian children's organization called 'The Pioneers,' who sweep around everywhere. Any of them caught near the railway lines are to be shot."

THERE IS the story of Michael, a boy of about 16. He lived in a village where the Germans appointed his father "starosta"—the elder—after they had shot the local Soviet. Guerrillas stole into the village one night and kidnapped Michael in order to force his father to stop collaborating with the Germans and to insure his acting as their friend and valuable informant. The father, fearing for the life of his son, played this dangerous game, but the Nazis soon found out and hanged him in the public square. Michael came back to the village and watched while the body of his father was cut down.

The next morning Michael explained to the leader of the guerrillas that he wanted to form his own band and fight the enemy. He gathered a few followers, some of them much older than himself, and began to make regular raids. Always he used the same tactic. He would enter a village at night alone, talk to people he knew there and find out everything he could about the Germans. The next night he and his followers

would come back and do the job. When he finally was able to blow up an ammunition dump, the Germans sent a punitive expedition to hunt down young Michael. But he could not be found.

In April, 1942, when his band had grown to 500 men and boys, he pulled his biggest coup. The Germans had concentrated more than 2,500 tons of grain in the church of a particular village. The very next night Michael arrived at the village, strangled the guards and had his men remove the grain. During succeeding nights, peasants from all over the district came to the hideout of the band in a nearby forest, where the grain which the Germans had stolen from them was returned to them.

Girls, too, wage war against the Nazis—for instance, Natasha Kovshova, 19, and Maria Polivanova, 17, who were school girls when they managed to join a battalion of snipers with the Red army. Soon they were detached "for special duty."

According to dependable sources in Moscow, Natasha killed 34 Germans and Maria 30. Both were wounded. Both recovered and went back to fight the Germans. In a final desperate battle in which the sniper commander was wounded, and many of his men killed, Natasha took command of the whole squad. Both girls were wounded, both were lying in a dugout and had fired their last bullets, but they ignored the shouts of the advancing Germans to surrender. They still had four hand grenades left.

By the time the enemy was upon

them, they were so weak they couldn't even throw the grenades. So they waited till the Germans were in the dugout and then, shaking the grenades in their hands, brought on the explosion, killing themselves and the enemy soldiers.

NOT ONLY IN Soviet Russia have children proved their mettle as fighters. The underground press of occupied countries and the few eyewitnesses who have escaped these countries, are full of similar information.

According to the Polish information service, the following happened toward the end of October, 1939:

"A German officer, Major Spielvogel, walking with two soldiers along the Cracow road at Okęcie near Warsaw, asked a question of a Polish boy of 16. The boy shrugged and mumbled something. The officer slapped him in the face. The boy jumped back and threw a hand grenade. The soldiers fell to the ground and the officer was blown to pieces. The boy escaped."

Children in Holland burn the many wooden bridges built by the Germans to facilitate their movements across numerous little channels. In Hertogenbosch, the local Nazi bigwig wrote publicly that "playing children had set fire to the bridge."

Eleven Danish boys formed a club called the Churchill Club, which met every morning during recess at school. Members set themselves to steal weapons and ammunition from German depots. Once they were able to raze an entire depot containing 25 thousand blankets for German soldiers.

There are accounts of French children who have been able to sabotage German telephone communications and radio installations; and of a young Norwegian boy who placed the time bomb in the backyard of a club for German officers, which killed and wounded more than 20 Nazi officers. There are any number of tales about Yugoslav youngsters who steal anything they can lay their hands on—gloves, sweaters, revolvers—from German soldiers and bring their loot to the Partisans. A 12-year-old girl in Belgrade, with a number of her friends, offered her services to the Partisans as a nurse for wounded patriots. Boys and girls of many nationalities have been able to smuggle important information through the German lines and hand it over to intelligence men of Great Britain, thus preparing the way for effective raids by the RAF.

In Athens a nine-year-old Greek boy sold sweets—which bring high prices because they are so rare—on Stadium Street when a number of British prisoners were passing by. The boy, who probably had invested all his capital in the goods, handed his entire stock over to the British. A German officer told him that he had committed a crime for which he could be shot. Whereupon the boy replied, "I would rather be shot by you Germans than take back my sweets from the British."

Courage—perhaps courage wasted. But is it really? Such seemingly minor and unimportant acts go a long way toward breaking down German

morale. There is yet another story which brings a touch of humor to this series of tragic tales. The event took place in a Norwegian town, where a picture of Hitler was on exhibition.

A group of Norwegian children formed a little troop and marched in goose step, in very military fashion, parodying the German soldiers. In front of the picture the young leader, aged 12 or 13, commanded: "Halt! Turn left! Spit!"

Posterity will ever remember with horror and sadness the children who, at an age when they should have been reading books, playing and having fun, were waging man-size war. We cannot be proud of an era in which such a state of affairs is possible.

It is the opinion of Soviet Russian educators and child psychologists, however, that children suffer less from the impact of war if they are actively engaged in it. For this reason the Russians are publishing wartime books for them, and presenting puppet shows, movies and songs. During the first eight months after Hitler invaded Russia, more than 10 million copies

of children's books based on war themes were printed.

Of course, all Russian children don't participate in the actual fighting. The stories told here concern only a small fraction of the Soviet's children. Thousands more work on fortifications, in war plants, on farms and in factories where clothing is manufactured for the soldiers of the Red army. Still others act as air raid wardens, especially in Moscow, where they have done wonders in putting out incendiary bombs.

These children and all the children of Europe will not be like the many of us who have to admit about the first World War that "we don't remember much; we were too little when it took place." The children who survive this war against the Nazi colossus may grow up to become most useful members of society; they may bring up their children in a world they make secure from the enormous peril which now confronts us.

But they will never forget the unspeakable things which the world of today is suffering.

Slightly Wacky

JENNY THE WAG came home on her first leave. "Do you notice anything different about me?" she asked her father.

"You have a uniform on," said the pater.

"No, that's not it," said the girl in a disappointed tone.

"You've had your hair cut," volunteered dad.

"Something else," she replied.

"You're not wearing lipstick," he ventured again.

"Oh no," the vision replied.

"Well, I give up," said the man.

"Oh, father," cried Jenny, "I have my gas mask on."

—*The Camp Roberts Dispatch, Camp Roberts, Calif.*

Want your future son to be a brilliant business executive? By arranging for him to be born in November you may be giving him a head start



The Time To Be Born

by MONA GARDNER

WOULD YOU LIKE a statesman son? Give him a head start by arranging for him to be born in February or March. Would you rather he were a brilliant business executive? Then let him be born in November or December. For an artist or a musician, the day of birth ought to be in October. This is not the medieval horoscoping of astrologers, but the considered advice of several eminent geneticists and pathologists whose years of painstaking study have convinced them climate has a dominant effect upon human abilities.

Climate, they say, regulates man's rate of growth, his speed of development, his resistance to infection, the fertility of his mind and body and the amount of energy he has available for thought and action. Summer sun and winter snows take over, not at the relatively unimportant day of birth, as one might suppose, but nine

and a half months before that when embryonic life starts.

Awareness of the solar system's effect on human welfare dates from cave days. But only recently have we known that man, as an energy machine, thinks and acts because of the burning of food in his tissues. Speed up this burning and there's an intensity of living; decrease it and you've the human vegetable. The accelerator in all cases is temperature. Obviously in tropical heat vitality is lower and a beautifully passive mental complacency envelops one. In clear cold air where the loss of body heat is rapid, however, there's a restless activity of mind and body that drives one continually towards achievement.

From this evidence certain scientists now reason a step more towards the particular. They seek to explain the wide variation between people born side-by-side in the temperate

zone in terms of seasonal weather. They believe the sizzling summer sun and the icy winter gales of, say, Chicago, just as surely mold traits and futures as the perpetual climates of Pago Pago and Labrador.

Hereditary background, they admit, is definitely fixed when parents wed. But Great-Uncle Ben's gift of gab or Grandmother Bates' musical bent either blossoms into full flower or remains a disquieting itch depending upon seasonal temperatures prevailing at time of conception. Since the ability to reproduce interesting offspring has a profound effect upon the happiness of family life, as well as being a highly important global factor these days, more than one attentive ear is listening to the evidence now assembled to support what is called the "season-of-birth-theory."

THREE well-known scientists father this destiny-of-weather idea—Ellsworth Huntington, research geographer of Yale University, Dr. Clarence A. Mills, professor of Experimental Medicine at the University of Cincinnati and Dr. William F. Petersen, formerly a University of Illinois Medical School professor. The statistical evidence they have collected comes from birth certificates, family Bibles, hospital and insurance company records and a scrutiny of the various *Who's Who* of arts, science, the theatre and public life in general.

Starting with the observation of Hippocrates, father of medicine, that development of the embryo "is not the same for the same seed in summer

as in winter nor in rain as in drought," experiments were made in a number of laboratories on animals. Rats were raised at three temperature levels—65 degrees Fahrenheit, 76 degrees, and 90 degrees. As young adults they were tested for their learning ability. Those adapted to stimulating coolness required 12 trials to learn their way through a maze to their food. It took 28 trials for those raised in moderate warmth; while the slugs from the 90 degree heat required 48 trials.

Tabulation and microscopic examination showed reduced reproductive activity in the heat. The number of progeny declined rapidly and the stock died out. Low-temperature living kept the other group at full reproductive vigor, generation after generation. Other animal breeders have similar stories of the effect of heat on generative powers which were rendered completely sterile by a single day of excessive heat.

Among humans the usual summer decline in fertility is some 15 per cent. But in an unusually hot spell, it is more, such as Kansas City records show for 1934, when human fertility showed a 30 per cent drop that remained constant while the mid-day temperature hovered around the 100 degree mark. Similar declines are shown in state birth records all through the Middle West during periods of unusual heat. Japan and parts of China, blanketed each summer by the humid heat of the Asian monsoon, show the same fertility fluctuations. Such studies led

Dr. Mills to suggest, in casual parentheses, that the hot baths which have become a part of modern life may be one cause for the present high percentage of male sterility.

Working along another variation of the season-of-birth theory, Dr. Petersen has made graphs in Chicago, Detroit and Milwaukee, recording each cyclonic storm over a period of years and the invariable change in death rate during the disturbance. Correlated to these graphs is a careful daily measurement he made of patients indicating their respiration, pulse, blood pressure, chemical composition of their blood, and general metabolism which all pass through rapid changes from day to day according to the weather and to barometric pressure. From these studies Petersen concludes an individual's chances for greatness are improved if he is conceived in a period of sunspot turbulence and foul weather.

As examples he cites Abraham Lincoln, conceived during a bitter rainy spell at the end of a hard Kentucky winter which, says Petersen, predisposed him to a lanky figure, active metabolism; fluctuating blood pressure and extreme sensitivity to weather, environment and the feelings of other men. For contrast he uses rotund, placid Stephen Douglas, conceived during a peaceful Vermont summer, whose snug stocky build made him less susceptible to climate changes, but more prone to a crack-up after 40.

In further support of this line, Dr. Petersen points out that Charles Dar-

win was born the same day as Lincoln, and that Victor Hugo, Disraeli, Thackeray, Bismarck and Cavour were all born at about this same time. He also notes that a crest of great sunspot activity in 1778 was followed within a few years by a historical high spot in mankind's production of geniuses, that the Golden Age of Greece coincided with an all-time high in solar turbulence.

EXAMINATION OF some seven thousand names in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* seemed to point to a relation between success and season of birth. Tabulation of those from the United States and Canada showed the birthdays of intellectuals (lawyers, scientists, engineers, authors, philosophers) reached a peak during February, March and April. Birthdays of artists (painters, sculptors, musicians and actors) were far and away more numerous during October and November; while the curve of birthdays of executives (leaders in business, politics and war) rose sharply in October, reached a peak in December and January, and fell in February.

A similar canvass of *Who's Who in America*, of *American Men of Science*, *Who's Who in Athletics* and *American Women* revealed the same seasonal distribution of birth dates. Taken together with batches of vital statistics from cities and rural districts, Huntington comes to three conclusions: (1) in America the coming and going of the seasons have a greater effect upon the birth of very able people than of ordinary people; (2) the most able

type shows maximum conception and birth at a lower temperature than for people as a whole; (3) heat conditions of summer diminish the conception of able people more than of others.

Other climatic enthusiasts go further—they say the chances of permanent fame are 50 to 100 per cent greater among Americans born in February than those born in June; that there is considerably lower death rate during infancy; that the likelihood of the February-born entering college is almost twice as great as those in June; and, in the eastern United States especially, a person born in February or March lives on the average four years longer than those born in June or July.

Looking to a future when every child will be presidential material, these enthusiasts point out that twenty-seven of the thirty-one presidents were conceived in winter and spring months, with not one of them

having a birthday in May or June.

From the other side of this scientific fence, any number of equally prominent medical men are taking pot-shots at the climate boys. Conceding that long-range climate affects human welfare, they openly scoff at any such idea as short-range seasonal weather exerting a half, or even a third, the control now being claimed for it. Survival of the fittest, as represented by names in the various *Who's Who* is not a cross section, they say, of survival as it is today because of hygiene, medicine and diet. Also, they point a jeering finger at the inordinate number of insane and defectives born in February and March.

Discussion of the theory is at its liveliest now and has stimulated intensive research in more than one laboratory. The answers that are turned up may very well be key pieces in the great and mysterious puzzle of human reproduction.

Father of Our Country

THE HISTORY of the United States and the destiny of George Washington were both changed by a mere pocket knife. His mother gave him the knife to persuade him *not* to join the British Navy.

Although he knew it was to be named after him, Washington always referred modestly to the national capital as the "Federal City."

One of the richest men in America in his day, Washington died leaving an estate valued at around half a million dollars.

Washington may have been "first in the hearts of his countrymen," but not so with the ladies. Before he got Martha to wed him, he was turned down by three misses.

Great general that he was, George Washington did not win as many military battles as he lost.

The famous painting of Washington crossing the Delaware was done by a German-American artist, Emanuel Leütze, in Dusseldorf, Germany, with Germans as models and the River Rhine as the Delaware.

—VIOLET SHAY

So long to sunrise serenades . . . To knock off weary morning blues but well, try Tom Breneman's "animated orange juice"



Breakfast at Sardi's

by JOHN REDDY

ONE TEST OF TRUE LOVE is said to be the ability to look at a woman over coffee and toast each morning and still adore her. Tom Breneman of Hollywood has been looking at two hundred women over the breakfast table nearly every day for two years. He loves them all, and they adore him.

"Breakfast at Sardi's," launched in January, 1941, has transformed the astonished Breneman from one of Hollywood's most successful radio failures into the current housewives' heart throb. In an office across the street from Sardi's restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard is a barometer of Breneman's hold on Mrs. America—a file with 83 thousand letters in it. They are from women who want to have scrambled eggs with him—housewives from Pasadena to Poughkeepsie, Seattle to Miami.

Every morning Breneman buys

breakfast for 90 women. At this rate, he figures it will take 185 weeks, of more than 3½ years, to breakfast them all. However, by that time he will have at least 228 thousand more women demanding breakfast and it will take 507 weeks to feed them. After that it takes an astronomer to tell where Breneman comes out on the deal. Meantime, over a hundred other women turn up every morning without invitations; they pay Sardi's a dollar apiece to watch the show and eat with their hero.

Breneman, a fortyish gent with expanding girth and receding hair, who looks more like a floorwalker than the answer to women's prayers, has no script, no producer, no music, sound effects or props. His program is catch-as-catch-can banter with his guests, plus a contagious laugh that keeps the place in an uproar. He strides from booth to booth, carrying

a portable microphone, pokes fun at hats, hobbies, home towns, roars with laughter when the women pin back his ears. Whatever pops out of his mouth, or theirs, goes on the air.

Even the sponsors of the program take their chances. The commercials are chatter, too. One of the products Breneman was selling recently was avocados. "I don't like them," snapped one woman when he asked how she served them for salads. Breneman tried every ruse to induce her to say that avocados had some merit. "I don't like them," was her story and she stuck to it. In desperation, Breneman turned to a gray-haired woman and asked her opinion of avocados. She liked them.

"How old are you?"

"Eighty-four."

"Did you hear that, Mabel?" he sneered at the avocado-hater. "You'll never live to be as old as Katie here, if you don't eat Calavos."

The ladies usually have the last word; he gets the worst of most arguments; but the tilts sell the breakfast foods, the coffee, the soups, the cleaning fluids. One company's sales jumped so much in one month that the concern had to call off the plugs, thus costing Breneman a sponsor.

THE MAN whose laugh and ability to banter on familiar terms with women he never saw before and whose income exceeds that of the President of the United States was rated as "all washed up" a decade ago. A falling curtain rod struck him, landing a paralyzing blow at the

base of his neck. As the result of the freak accident, Breneman was unable to speak for six weeks. When finally he regained his voice, it was feeble and high-pitched, and he stuttered pathetically. Hollywood thought it had heard the last of him.

Months passed as he tried various doctors and treatments without relief, and finally, in despair, he headed East to seek further help.

On the night of July 4, 1934, Breneman pulled into Albuquerque, New Mexico, walked up to a hotel desk and heard a big, booming voice say, "I want a room with a shower." Startled, he looked around to see where the sound had come from; then realized he had spoken in his natural voice for the first time in months. In a daze he followed the bellboy to his room. Periodically he tested his voice to see if the miracle was the real McCoy. It was. At 11 o'clock he felt sufficiently sure of his good fortune to call his wife long distance. Hearing his old voice booming over the wire, she dropped the telephone.

"The only way I can explain it," he recalls, "is that I had been driving steadily for more than 24 hours inhaling hot desert winds."

Breneman's original induction into radio was almost as accidental as his near-exit. Born in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, on June 18, 1902, he majored in music at Columbia University, spent two years on the Keith and Balaban & Katz vaudeville circuits as one-half of a song and dance team. Finally, he wound up in Hol-

lywood, eager for a fling at the then infant game of radio. At the two-room shack on the rear of the Warner Brothers' movie lot, which housed station KFWB, he was interviewed by Billie Dunn, the station's charming audition manager, who hired him to do two programs a week. Breneman gave out with songs interspersed with patter. Within six months he and Billie were married.

His ensuing air career ranged through singing, acting, writing, producing and even managing the Columbia station in San Francisco and stations KFAC and KFVD in Los Angeles. On the Pacific Coast he conducted "Feminine Fancies," "The Sports Huddle," "What's On Your Mind," "Answer Auction" and "The Spelling Beeliner." In 1931-32 he handled the "Laugh Club" over the NBC Blue Network.

HE WAS engaged in three inconsequential radio jobs when the "Breakfast at Sardi's" idea grew out of a gripe over the nauseous tones of a sticky-sweet announcer's voice signing off a "soap opera" with:

"Is Rancid Fallbottom telling Sybil the truth when he says the governor has refused Oliver's application for a pardon? Or as Sybil suspects, is there some sinister purpose behind the statement by the man she knows has betrayed her sister? . . . Does Sybil yield to her overwhelming desire to hasten the day of Oliver's freedom by challenging Fallbottom . . . or has his hold on Ethel grown so strong that Sybil feels she must bide her time

until young reporter, Randy Calvert, can secure the necessary evidence. . ."

"Soap operas!" Breneman yelled with a banshee cry. "Nothing but divorces, tragedies, murders! Doesn't anything cheerful ever happen?"

One morning, over a cup of coffee in Sardi's restaurant at Hollywood and Vine, Breneman was expounding his idea of what Mrs. America needed to a pair of gloomy companions. One of them was Dave Covey who owned the place.

"Two customers," said Covey disgustedly.

"You think you have troubles," moaned Breneman.

The third member was Raymond R. Morgan, radio "idea man."

"I haven't had an idea for months," was his contribution.

Suddenly a startled look came into Morgan's eye. The three cups of coffee hung suspended in midair.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed. "Dave, you've got a restaurant; Tom, you've got a hearty laugh, and here's an idea for a cheerful program. How about inviting a lot of women to breakfast every morning so Tom can wander around and banter with them? Breakfast at Sardi's!"

It was as simple as that and the program has been going on for more than two years, twice daily. The first show is from 8 to 8:30, Pacific War Time, hitting the Mountain states at 9, Midwest at 10 and the East at 11 o'clock. Then comes a breathing spell while everybody eats a hearty breakfast, following which Breneman takes over again from 9:30 to 10 for the

broadcast to the Pacific Coast, as extemporaneous as the first.

The program is half Breneman and half Mrs. America. He pushes the microphone under the chins of his guests, asks, "How many evenings a week should a husband be allowed out of the house?" or "How do you induce guests who overstay their welcome to leave?" or anything that pops into his mind.

In addition to the repartee, there are a few simple stunts. A prize goes for the silliest hat which Breneman picks, borrows and tries on to peals of laughter. Then he uses the hat for a drawing of numbers to see who gets the wishing ring for the day. The wishing ring ceremony has produced some astonishing results. The winner wishes aloud. One woman wished for twins and later reported that she got them. Several women have given their wishing rings credit for landing their husbands.

There are only two written items in the show. One is the brief, insulting introduction of Breneman by the announcer. Breneman doesn't mind the insult but the listeners do. Hundreds of letters have come in denouncing the announcer, even threatening him. The goofy introductions originated with Alan Woods and Leo Solomon, a pair of out-at-the-elbows gag men who arrived in Hollywood early in 1941 to crash the gates of radio. Breneman didn't need gag writers for an ad lib show but he invited them to have breakfast anyway. Each morning thereafter, the hungry gag writers turned up, asked him anew

for a job, got the inevitable invitation to bacon and eggs. In payment they started slipping the announcer gag introductions for Breneman.

Subsequently, Woods and Solomon, hired by Red Skelton, became one of the best paid gag teams in radio. But they still turn up faithfully each morning to devour breakfast and furnish a ribbing introduction for Breneman.

At Sardi's, nothing is impossible. When Babe Didrickson, the female bundle of muscles, showed up one morning, they wound up wrestling while Breneman gave a grip-by-grip account of the grappling. Another time he spotted the dignified Sir Cedric Hardwicke and the first thing he knew, the British actor was riding around the restaurant with Breneman in, an Army jeep. Among the surprise visitors at Sardi's have been a soulful-eyed Holstein cow, the rooster with the longest tail in the world, baby turkeys and an ostrich.

FOR PORTLAND's thirty-fourth annual rose festival, Mayor Earl Riley persuaded Breneman to come north. Station KEX was snowed under with six thousand requests for the 240 breakfast seats. Some came from women living in cities six hundred miles away. They were already enroute to Portland and there was nothing to do but move the show to the civic auditorium where a crowd of five thousand women watched the lucky 90 breakfasting on the stage. In San Francisco over 20 thousand ticket requests cascaded in. Again he moved from a restaurant to the civic

auditorium where a program was staged before an overflow crowd.

Unlike most radio programs, "Breakfast at Sardi's" is owned not by a network or an agency, but by Breneman and the program's youthful manager, John Masterson, who handles the business.

It opened on January 13, 1941, and for nine months was only a local program. By October, its cockeyed hilarity intrigued the Blue Network into putting the show on a 13-station Pacific Coast hookup. Network sponsors were fearful of the unorthodox program. Breneman stubbornly refused to allow prepared commercials, insisting on plugging products only in his chats with the women. Finally, the Photo Developing, Inc., in a 13-week trial contract, decided, to test Breneman's pull by offering to make one print free for all listeners mailing in a negative. The first four announcements brought in 22,800 negatives. Although it was one of the largest

photo developing companies in the world with plants in Camden, Cincinnati and Los Angeles, they had to suspend the deal until they caught up with the orders. When he increased the sales of a soup one hundred per cent a month, the maker threw in the towel and begged Breneman to ease up because they were all out of soup.

The Blue Network system extended Breneman's daily tilt with Mrs. America Coast-to-Coast over 146 stations. All told, Breneman has ten sponsors taking their turn since he limits plugs to four a day.

No one is more flabbergasted at this turn of events than Tom Breneman, who finishes each day of verbal fisticuffs with beads of perspiration standing on his brow.

"You know how tough it is to be cheerful at breakfast every morning with one woman," Breneman laughs. "Think of me out there all alone with two hundred of them. But brother, I love it."

Same as First

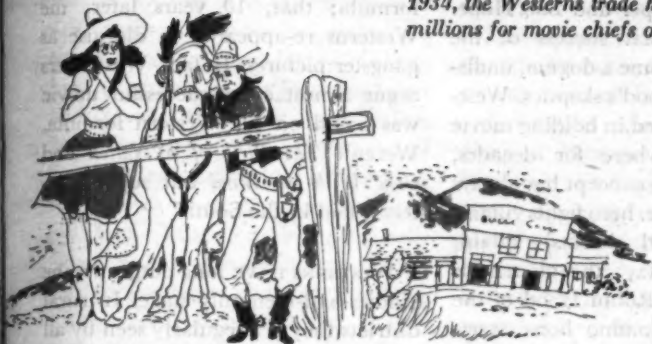
A PROMINENT AMERICAN GENERAL, invited to address a Swedish club in Minneapolis recently, spoke of the aims of the United Nations and of the need for all Americans to pull together regardless of the land of their birth. The audience listened respectfully enough, but the general was very disappointed when he got no applause.

There followed him to the platform a Swedish gentleman. As he began to talk the audience warmed up at once, several cheers punctuated his address and, when he sat down, the audience rose to its feet and applauded lustily. The general politely joined in the ovation. Then he turned to the man next to him on the platform. "What did he say that aroused all that enthusiasm?"

"Why, General," answered the man in some surprise, "he was simply repeating your speech in Swedish."

—BENNETT A. CERF in *The Pocket Book of War Humor* (Pocket Books)

Even before the first *Hopalong Cassidy* film in 1934, the Westerns trade had been making millions for movie chiefs out Hollywood way



Horse Operas Pay Off

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

THE SCENE IS the interior of a small western bank. A few customers are standing before the single teller's window. All of a sudden a shot breaks the quiet. A grimy desperado stalks into the room, brandishing a gun.

"Stick 'em up, boys!" he yells. "I aim to get a share of the loot in this here vault!"

"I'll have the law on you, son!" cries the intrepid teller.

"Law! There ain't no law in this town but me! Hand over the coin!"

To the uncounted millions of Western fans, this dialogue is dearly familiar. The phrases may have been rehashed over and over again in the past 40 years, but they have lost none of their popular appeal. Every third picture to come out of Hollywood is a Western. Westerns were made long before Hollywood came into existence. Hollywood never stopped making Westerns, and never will—be-

cause no Western has ever lost money.

Harry Sherman's first *Hopalong Cassidy* Western, made in 1934, is still bringing in rentals from Central and South America, India, Australia, New Zealand. Accordingly, Mr. Sherman's 50th "Hoppy," just released, should run until 1952. No "Hoppy" cost more than 90 thousand dollars; none grossed less than 250 thousand.

When a Hollywood actress made 426,944 dollars in 1938, Americans gasped. They had forgotten that only a few years ago a Western star, Tom Mix, made 750 thousand dollars a year. Bill Hart, in his heyday, was reputedly making 40 thousand dollars a week. Last year, for the first time in cinematic history, the name of a "Westerner" appeared in the all-important list of the 10 biggest box-office stars. And in 1943, Gene Autry, the Singing Cowboy, was in the Big League again, together with such box-

office giants as Mickey Rooney, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and Bob Hope.

The phenomenal success of the Westerns has become a dogma, undisputed by Hollywood's skeptics. Westerns have succeeded in holding movie audiences everywhere for decades, though their basic concept has always remained the same: hero fights villain; hero chases (and defeats) villain; horses and gunplay; the glamorous West. When the Robin Hood of the range on his Palomino horse starts reachin' for his gun, the pulse of the audience beats faster. A dramatic gunfight; the villain gets his just desserts; the heroine is saved in the nick of time. The hero rides out into the sunset, toward new, thrilling sagebrush adventures. And everybody is happy: audience, exhibitors and the Treasury.

But Hollywood doesn't take any pride in its Western achievements, and there is much class-consciousness toward all that is Western. Keyhole analysts of the goings-on at Ciro's or Mocambo seldom condescend to mention a pariah from the Westerns. Great directors, falling back for financial reasons on the surefire Western formula, call their picture an Historical Epic, passionately disguising its real nature.

Psychiatrists should have no difficulty in analyzing Hollywood's Western condition as an inferiority complex. Western men like to point out that the first American moving picture, Thomas A. Edison's *The Great Train Robbery* (1903) had all Western ingredients; that the glorified sagas of *The Covered Wagon* era

(1920's) were made to the same formula; that, 10 years later, the Westerns re-appeared in disguise as gangster pictures. In fact, Westerners argue almost every successful movie was based on the Western formula. Weren't *The Birth of a Nation* and *Gone With the Wind* but super-Westerns, laid in the South?

WESTERNS HAVE long outgrown the kiddies-and-men-only stage. In rural districts they are regularly seen by all the members of the family. Women there prefer them to sophisticated drama and smart drawing-room comedy. Half of all fans of Gene Autry and Roy Rogers are women.

Authenticity is imperative. "A typical Western must be the real thing," Harry Sherman says. "It deals with the West as it used to be." Sherman knows his business. A Bostonian and former rodeo champion, rancher, cattle wrangler, film salesman, theatre owner, he knows all about the West and about pictures. It was he who brought Zane Grey to the screen. "He was in seventh heaven when I paid him five hundred dollars each for several of his books," Sherman recalls. "Later I resold the right for 15 thousand dollars, and his 'Hopalong Cassidy' series have been voted as best typical Westerns by two-thirds of all exhibitors."

Sherman and other Western producers contend that Western audiences are faithful because they feel, instinctively, that they are given the real McCoy, not the usual phony Hollywood product. The realism goes

all the way down to extras and bit players. On the RKO stage where *A Lady Takes a Chance* was being shot, we found, among others, Harry Willingham (foreman on the Palomas Land and Cattle Company in Mexico; 2,500,000 acres and 100,000 head of cattle); Hank Bell, who was breaking wild horses when he was discovered by Tom Mix; Frank McCarrell, former champion bulldogger; Sid Jordan, ex-deputy under the late Tom Mix's sheriff father in old Indian territory. Those men resent being called "drugstore cowboys" as they resent the term "horse-opera." They spend the summer on the range and come to Hollywood during the winter to earn their keep. Practically everybody on the set is an expert and technical adviser from way back; hence the realism of Western pictures.

A Western can be made from, say, 10 thousand dollars to more than a couple of million. The 10-thousand-dollar "quickie" sorely lacks an important Western ingredient: beautiful outdoor scenery. It is shot on the stage, usually within a week, location trips being too expensive. There are few horses or none at all; horses, too, are expensive, and for every lead horse and three other horses a man must be hired and paid union wages. The illusion of hard-ridin' horsemen is kept up by the cowboys entering the room, out of breath, wiping their hands on the dirty dungarees, saying, "Swell ride, Jim!" The members of the cast are minor-league Houdinis; they play the "good men" and also the villain's henchmen, by simply put-

ting on a moustache and a bit of sinister make-up. The themes are as simple as those of the old one-reelers; the false branding of cattle, the round-up, the quarrels between ranchers.

But at the other extreme are the glorified Westerns and the musical Westerns. Orthodox Western men resent them strongly, pointing out that the Super-Saga of the West, like a nouveau riche, is eagerly hiding its humble origin; while the musical will probably be a short-lived fad.

FOR THE MOMENT, however, the musical Westerns seem to be doing all right. They were built around an ex-signaler and telephonist by the name of Gene Autry, who was discovered by Republic Studios in 1934. Autry had a good voice but didn't look like a real Western hero: a small, mild-mannered Texan who didn't kill his enemies but brought 'em back alive. Autry's meteoric rise to fame left the old-timers stumped. Sure, he looked swell on Champion, his horse, but he was sitting at a fence, crooning for a girl—a thing no Western audience would stand for. They did and they stood for even more breaks in the time-honored Western tradition. The plots of Autry's musicals were brought up to date, and his fame rose. Before he went into the Army last July, he received 12 thousand fan letters a week, more than any other star.

Autry's title of "Singing Cowboy" was taken over by Republic's Roy Rogers, currently the biggest thing in Westerns. The other "Winners of Westerns," according to a *Motion Pic-*

ture Herald poll, are: Bill Boyd, Smiley Burnette, Charles Starrett, Johnny Mack Brown, Wild Bill Elliott, Don Red Barry, Tim Holt; not to mention the old-timers, George O'Brien, Richard Dix, Preston Foster, Dick Foran, Victor McLaglen, Leo Carrillo, Richard Arlen. They all cling to the unwritten Western code. The hero never smokes or drinks. He never swears, never loses his temper. If he is forced, in the pursuit of his heroic work, to step into a saloon, he asks for milk or a soft drink; if the villain serves him hard liquor, the hero pours it away, and no fooling. (The villain, of course, drinks all he wants and more than he needs.) The hero is kind to children, gallant to ladies, but not too gallant. He never makes love to a girl, "unless it is part of a plot to ensnare the criminal."

The hero rides like lightning. He is a dead shot but never shoots for fun. Once he draws he means business and never misses. He won't take unfair advantage of his adversary, often giving the villain a break on the draw. He is good to his horse. "It's good business to have your horse save you at least once in every Western," Dick Foran said. Horses often share the hero's star billing. Roy Rogers' famous Palomino horse, Trigger, is a star in his own right, rides to the studio in a streamlined trailer, can add and subtract, open and close doors, pick up a gun from a holster and roll a barrel with its nose.

The heavy, or villain, has become quite a headache of late. The Hays Office and obvious good-neighborly

considerations have ruled out the "halfbreed" from south of the border, and, generally, the "furiner." Touchy minority groups are also taboo as villains. The ideal heavy of 1943 should be white, United States born of Anglo-Saxon stock, Protestant, prosperous, engaged in banking or what is vaguely called "profiteering." There has been a marked switch from one-time villains (cattle rustlers, horse thieves, desperadoes) to more topical and sophisticated politicians, bankers, business men. Politicians now are out too, since, failing to see any vote-getting potentialities, they protested. Now there are only the bankers and businessmen left, and today's Western heroes are carrying on against the rotten capitalism on the range.

WESTERN STARS are the secret envy of the industry. They make six to eight pictures a year, working three to four months. They have the most faithful following on earth. "If a cowboy doesn't let his public down, he is good until he's 50," Gene Autry said. They live in true Western style on their ranches around San Fernando Valley, collecting horseman's trophies and generally living up to their fans' ideals.

Strangely enough, the first Western was not made in the American West, but in France. Those were the flickering days before the turn of the century, and the poor one-reelers can hardly be called authentic. *The Great Train Robbery* was made in West Orange, New Jersey. The real West was discovered by a former member of the *Train Robbery* cast, Max

"Bronco Billy" Anderson. Bronco Billy made 'em fast and furious, 376 one-reel Westerns in as many weeks. That was in 1908: One year later, the famed Colonel William Selig of Chicago started shooting Westerns in what is today the heart of Los Angeles' business district. His star was an ex-cowboy from the famous Miller's 101 Ranch by the name of Tom Mix.

Tom Mix was a colorful hero—thin and strong, looking part Indian, walking about in white corduroys, bright overcoats and 25-gallon hats. Then there was Bill Hart, ex-Shakespearean actor, who rose to interna-

tional fame. There were others, too—Jack Holt and William Farnum, Dustin Farnum and Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Colonel Tim McCoy, Roy Stewart, Buck Jones, Fred Thomson, William Russell—great men all of them, fast-ridin' and quick with a gun, and not one name in the lot that wouldn't strike a nostalgic cord in a man's heart.

And, though the names may change, there will always be Western pictures. Last year, in America alone, an estimated 50 million people went to look at Westerns every week. And all those people can't be wrong.

Where There's a Will . . .

■ A young lady in Kentucky showed rare sentiment by directing that tobacco be planted over her grave and that the weed, nourished by her dust, be smoked by her bereaved lovers.

■ Five hundred dollars was willed to the widow of an old farmer who facetiously provided that double that amount be paid to her second husband, adding, "Him that gets her will deserve it."

■ As a boy, young Valentine Tapley swore that if Lincoln were elected he would never shave, with the result that he grew the longest beard in the world, some 12 and a half feet long by the time he died at the age of 80. Thus, fearful that his grave might be robbed for his whiskers, he provided that his body be sealed in an unbreakable tomb.

■ A lunatic asylum was the beneficiary of 50 thousand dollars left by a lawyer in "restitution to the clients who were insane enough to employ my services."

■ "Roll out the barrel" was the theme of a bibulous individual's will which provided that his friends should, at his expense, roll a barrel of beer to the cemetery and consume it on his grave.

—WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

"The cruelest lies are often told in silence," wrote Stevenson. But here is a mechanical G-man who can detect even silent falsehoods



How To Trap a Lie

by JOSEPH M. WERESCH

IF YOU ARE considering disloyalty to your country, infidelity to your spouse, dodging the draft or robbing your employer; if you plan to fake a disability claim to collect compensation, or if you just fib about yourself—steer clear of Dr. Orlando F. Scott. For his electrical “G-man,” a new lie detector, will expose your foibles.

Dr. Scott, noted psychiatrist and surgeon, is director of the National Detection of Deception Laboratories in Chicago, where in a small, shrouded room his electrified guardian of justice determines whether or not a subject is lying by “tuning in” on his brain waves.

Recently, a utility company collector was accused of being short 95 cents. Sent to the doctor’s lab, the suspect was hooked up to the psychodetector, as Dr. Scott calls his lie trap, which sifts the true from the false by measuring the electrical

energy generated through emotion.

“Ever steal as much as 95 cents?” Dr. Scott asked the collector.

“No,” he replied, and the needle on the dial swung over to *lie*.

“Ever take as much as five dollars?”

“No.” The needle again banged *lie*.

The psychiatrist kept upping the ante gradually until he reached 10 thousand dollars, the needle still hitting *lie*. At 20 thousand dollars the abashed doctor rechecked his machine. At 30 thousand the needle still swung to *lie*. But above that amount it went back to *truth*.

When company officials arrived, Scott told them his findings. “Thirty thousand dollars stolen. Impossible!” they groaned. “Why don’t you investigate him and see,” the psychiatrist challenged. The company did, and found that although the collector was earning only 125 dollars a month, he was supporting his estranged wife

and two children in suburban Oak Park, while living with another woman in a Chicago apartment. Also, he had invested in a stamp collection business with stock valued at eight thousand dollars. Totting quickly, company officials agreed with Scott. Later the man admitted he had taken an average of 15 dollars a day for the more than six years he had worked.

The doctor became interested in lie detection when he was an industrial surgeon about 10 years ago. He thought then that there ought to be a way to trip up the fakers and malingerers who annually did companies out of thousands and thousands of dollars on fake injury and workmen's compensation claims.

At first Scott experimented with blood pressure lie detection machines but discarded them after finding that one of every five persons could not be tested this way accurately because of pathological factors or emotional instability. Before the blood pressure technique—or any lie test, including his own—can be properly administered, he believes the subject should

undergo a thorough medical examination, both physical and mental.

He built his own nemesis of liars about seven years ago with the assistance of an electrical engineer of national reputation. It is a complicated and sensitized machine, about seven feet tall and two feet square, packed with radio tubes, coils and dials.

"All human emotions have been scientifically proved to be an electrical change in the brain," Scott explained. "The telling of a lie engenders the basic emotion of fear of being detected, an emotion which sets off an electrical impulse." His machine picks up this charge, which varies around one millionth of a volt, and amplifies it before carrying it to the tell-tale meter.

In getting to the truth of the matter, Scott applies electrodes to the frontal portion of the head and "grounds" the body by an external extremity electrode. Being the only variable when tested, the subject, during questioning, will evidence his brain nerve electrical changes on a highly amplified and sensitized meter.

Scott first asks such disarming questions as: "Is it daytime? Are you sitting in a chair? Is this a laboratory?" He then makes the same determinations for known untruthful answers, requesting the subject to lie wilfully in response to such nonsensical questions as: "Have you two right hands? Are you standing on your head?"

Sound like hokum? Well, so far, there have been 47 admissions of Scott's lie detection evidence by courts of record in three states: Illi-

Joseph Weresch believes that competition in the writing field today is a survival of the stubbornest, and as an example he points to Mike, his eldest boy, who is happy only when scribbling between the lines of the morning's manuscript or sabotaging the Weresch eraser supply—not to mention daddy's temper. However, most of Joseph's spare time is spent writing for the magazine trade, despite Mike, who "obviously doesn't know which side his bread is buttered on." When he isn't busy outwitting his son, Weresch works for the Chicago Daily News, where he started as a copy boy.

nois, New York and Michigan. His is the only lie test that has ever been admitted in court over objections.

The police sometimes bring suspects to Scott, who has been termed Public Enemy No. One of Liars. Of portly build, the psychiatrist has a full face, pink cheeks and gray hair. His voice ranges from a soothing whisper to a shout, and occasionally he pounds the table. Naturally, some of Dr. Scott's work involves loyalty tests of prospective war plant workers. Through such leading questions as: "Would you commit sabotage? Are you in favor of our form of government? Do you want Hitler to win the war?" Scott has unearthed some Nazis who were potential saboteurs. One of them held a key job in a war plant.

A man angry at the world and his employer cannot be tested on the brain wave machine until he has calmed down, because his noggin literally is overcharged with emotion and voltage, which makes the needle on the dial behave like a Saturday night celebrant weaving homeward at three a.m.

Scott claims that the Army is now confronted with thousands of draft dodgers who have avoided service by claiming that they have ulcers, hear noises, see spots before their eyes, have nervous disorders, etc. The psycho-detectometer has caught up with some of them and Scott is eager to trip up more. "We could quickly find out, too, whether a conscientious objector was conscientious," he winked.

Before he tests anyone, the psychiatrist draws up a preliminary question-

naire, which the subject answers. Later, the same questions are put to him after he is "hooked up." This procedure gives the doctor a psychological advantage and eases the subject's mind because he knows beforehand exactly what the doctor is going to ask. "If this wasn't done," the lie expert explained, "he would be fearful of what I'm going to ask next and his fear would generate electrical responses which would snag the results."

SCOTT CONSIDERS every "normal person a chiseler," and says it is his job to find out just what their degree of honesty is. During his career, he has come across some prospective employes who have registered one hundred per cent honesty and have never stolen even a stick of gum. It might astonish you to know that such angelic behaviorists are *not* recommended for jobs by Scott. He calls them pathological cases and definitely not normal. He explained that this rare kind of person goes whole hog and pulls a "big job" when he does stray from the straight and narrow. And Scott has cases to prove his point.

The truth seeker admits that his lie detection technique must be used with good psychology and common horse sense. "It is not a scientific rubber hose," he declared.

Once a golden wedding couple came in. The man, it seems, had been harboring suspicions about his wife's fidelity which dated from an incident that had happened 20 years previously. When her husband accused her at

the time, his wife naturally was insulted at the idea and never did explain. On the lie trap, it was revealed that nothing amiss had occurred. And the septuagenarian, who had been harboring a cloud for two decades, was so overjoyed that he took his wife on a pleasure trip.

Scott's work annually saves insurance companies and businessmen hundreds of thousands of dollars.

There was the case of the "perfect bookkeeper," who was sent to Scott when a shortage was discovered as the owner was auditing his books. Scott's inquiry indicated she had taken in the neighborhood of 30 thousand dollars. The next step was to find out what she had left. This is done by asking: "Have you any of this money laid away in bonds, safety deposit box, furs, jewelry, annuities, real estate?" etc. One such question was asked at a time. It was thus ascertained that she did have 75 hundred dollars in real estate. The completed audit revealed her shortage was 27,500 dollars.

IN THE OLD DAYS, according to the psychiatrist, embezzlers would say, "sorry, it's all gone—all spent." And they would get away, almost, from indictments and convictions because the insurance companies would usually let them run around loose, salvaging something here and there. Now it is different. When Scott advises the insurance firm, they then state bluntly to Mr. Embezzler: "Kick through, old man, or we will indict you and put you in the pen." That usually does

the trick and brings out the "salted" end of their thievery.

Scott, a former captain in the Medical Corps, U. S. Army, who served with the BEF and the AEF in the first World War, said that the average cost of a lie test is 10 dollars, but can reach one hundred dollars depending upon how much time is spent.

His lie machine has two dials. One, he explained, is used on normal average people. The other is for sub-normal individuals—that is, the dunderheads, who sometimes are brought into the laboratory. Now and then, a subject arrives who is so mentally dull that his brain waves are just a ripple, barely moving the needle. When this happens, the doctor switches them to the other dial, which steps up what voltage they generate.

One man last year in Chicago served three and a half months on a charge of contributing to the delinquency of a minor. He was accused by a 16-year-old girl who said he was the father of her unborn child. Scott's test of both exonerated him and he was freed. His machine also determines if people who plead kleptomania are telling the truth—whether they *could* have refrained from stealing.

When Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable were appearing at a Chicago theater back in 1936, they were victims of a holdup in which a six thousand dollar diamond ring given Betty by Jackie was taken. A local newspaper, suspecting the episode to be nothing but a publicity stunt, challenged both to take a lie test. Scott substantiated their stories.

Scott has the only psycho-detectometers in existence and refuses to sell them until the U. S. Supreme Court pronounces their evidence as valid. And even then, he declared, he will insist upon training operators himself.

Fourteen of his lie tests have been admitted as evidence by the Illinois Industrial Commerce Commission and 21 have been admitted by the Municipal Court of Chicago. Admissions have been won before the Federal Employment Commission, and Superior, Criminal and Circuit courts.

It might please the ladies to learn that Scott has found that women show more electrical change, as a general rule, than men. Their electrical generating matter seems to be more highly sensitized than that of the male animal, he ventured.

In one of Scott's cases, for the first time in medico-legal history a judge ordered a lie test to determine the father of an unborn child. The wife took the test and the husband refused. Whereupon, the judge ruled for the

lie test evidence and ordered the husband to pay the medical expenses of his wife until the baby came.

In another case, he used his detector to prove that a man confined for eight years in a state institution for the feeble-minded at Chester, Ill., was as rational as anyone. This man had been "tried and found feeble-minded" after he was accused by his sister-in-law of an attempted assault. On the basis of Scott's findings, the inmate was freed to resume life with his wife, who had worked unceasingly for his release.

Perhaps one of the most astounding accomplishments of the psycho-detectometer occurred when it was called upon to act the role of Cupid in the case of a man who decided to remarry one of two divorced wives.

"I can't decide which one," he said. "Maybe your machine can."

It did. He married the girl it indicated and today, seven years later, thanks to the brain wave detector, he's still happily married.

Providence

FRAU SCHWARTZ was taken to her room in a Berlin maternity hospital to await the arrival of a new subject for Hitler. As she entered her eyes fell upon a tiny crucifix on the wall.

"Take that out of here," she ordered hysterically. "I do not want my son's eyes to rest on that Jew's face." It was some time before the nurse and doctor could pacify her.

Hours later when she was returning to consciousness after the birth of her child, her eyes again turned to that spot on the wall, and she cried in the strength of fury, "You have not removed it! Take that Jew out of here. My son's eyes must not rest on that Jew's face!"

With a wry smile, the doctor approached the bed. "Madam, you have had your wish. You have a son, but there is no need to remove the crucifix. Your son has been born blind." —DOROTHY METCALFE

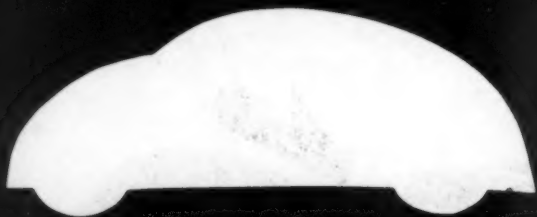
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Scrambled Silhouettes

1.



2.



3.



4.



a.



b.



c.



d.



Quiz of Hearts



WHAT IS your heart's score? Answer the following 20 questions to discover its rating. Each question counts five. A score of 85 or more indicates a stout heart, between 70 and 80 an adequate heart, and below 70 a losing one. Answers will be found on page 140.

A. Our language teems with expressions about the heart. Fill in the missing word. You should do well here with a definition to help you.

1. Mercy: a heart.
2. Feel keenly: to heart.
3. Kind: heart in the place.
4. Pine: one's heart out.
5. Lacking interest: heartedly.
6. Demonstrative: heart on one's
7. Memorize: by heart.
8. Enthusiastic: heart and
9. Thanks a million: your heart.
10. Become discouraged: heart.

B. Here are 10 words which have a tie-up with your heart. Match each word in the second column with its corresponding phrase in the first column.

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| 1. big hearted | a. inexorable |
| 2. black hearted | b. facetious |
| 3. down hearted | c. perfidious |
| 4. stone hearted | d. magnanimous |
| 5. half hearted | e. pusillanimous |
| 6. lion hearted | f. iniquitous |
| 7. soft hearted | g. phlegmatic |
| 8. light hearted | h. lugubrious |
| 9. false hearted | i. doughty |
| 10. chicken hearted | j. compassionate |

Scrambled Silhouettes—A puzzle to make or break your self-esteem. Study the four figures at the top of the opposite page. Each one of these silhouettes appears at the bottom of the page in a cut-out scramble. Concentrating on each cut-out scramble, you should be able to fit the pieces together—in your mind—to form its corresponding silhouette at the top of the page. This is a visual test. Only props necessary are a sharp eye, a clear mind. Allow yourself no more than three minutes, and when you have finished, check your answers with those on page 140.

Your Mind in a Mirror



THERE IS A LEGEND (false) that Napoleon was told he would be released from Elba if he could describe his plight in a sentence reading the same backward as forward. He wrote: *Able was I ere I saw Elba*—but the English reneged on their promise. That entire sentence is a *palindrome*, a fancy term for anything that is the same when read backward or forward.

Here is a quiz consisting of 50 pairs of reversible words. Each question contains two definitions and your task is to guess the two words thus defined. Some but not all of the answers are true *palindromes*. You know in advance that the first word spelled backward will give you the second word, and vice versa. Thus, if you solve either half of the question, you automatically solve the other half. *Example: Track for vehicles—Prevaricator. Answer: Rail-Liar.*

Count two points for each correct answer. A score of 70 or more is fair, 80 or better is good and anything over 90 is excellent. Answers on page 140.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Stalk of grain—Skin blemishes | 26. Pillages—Backless seat |
| 2. Armed conflict—Uncooked | 27. Put on—Quick bow of head |
| 3. Boast—Attire | 28. Memorandum—English school |
| 4. Container—A conjunction | 29. Flat—Rank or elevation |
| 5. Optic—To view or observe | 30. Small flap—Baseball equipment |
| 6. Civil War general—A long fish | 31. To judge or consider—Reward |
| 7. Thong—Portions | 32. Recent—Tumor-like growth |
| 8. Marsh—Sailor | 33. Bark—Remunerate |
| 9. Starchy vegetable—A month | 34. Dull—Minstrel |
| 10. To disfigure—Male quadruped | 35. Abound—Encounter |
| 11. Condensed moisture—Espouse | 36. Malevolent—Viable |
| 12. Public vehicles—Clever | 37. Boy's name—Short haircut |
| 13. Aeriform fluid—Droop | 38. Witnessed—Existed |
| 14. At present—Triumphed | 39. Fluid motion—Carniverous beast |
| 15. Gait—Fondles | 40. Tilts—Pointed iron rod |
| 16. Light blow—Faucet | 41. Sketches—Turf |
| 17. Ogle—Stagger | 42. Enclosure—Heavy, low wagon |
| 18. Strike—Marbles | 43. Constructed—Kind of cheese |
| 19. Act—Real estate document | 44. Quadruped—Supreme being |
| 20. Carouse—Mechanical device | 45. Send forth—Duration |
| 21. Bite at—Vessels | 46. Military vehicle—Chick's chirp |
| 22. Girl's name—Preceding night | 47. Handles clumsily—Exchange |
| 23. Part of boat—Onion-like plant | 48. Cease—Kitchen utensils |
| 24. Snare—Digit | 49. Wicked—Tiny portion |
| 25. God of love—Aching | 50. Boil slowly—Soaks |

Social Stratagems



Vera Zorina: It's only a match trick—but I challenge someone to change the Roman numeral seven into one by moving only one match. You form the numeral with four matches, and then let your companion go to work on it. Answer on page 140.



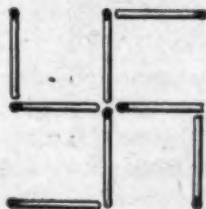
Edgar Bergen: I don't know enough about mathematics to figure out why this works—but it always does. Ask the nearest victim to reach in his pocket and take an odd number of coins in one hand and an even number in the other. Bet him you can tell which hand contains the odd number of coins. Now ask him to multiply the number of coins in his right hand by three and the number in his left hand by four, add the results and then tell you whether the answer is odd or even. If he says odd, his right hand contains the odd number of coins; if he says even, his left hand holds the odd number of coins.



Kate Smith: Here's a lively little test of coordination. Challenge one of your guests to try it, telling him to place the middle finger of his *left* hand on his nose and his *right* middle finger on his left thumb. Explain to him that when you give the signal he is to reverse the position so that his *right* middle finger is on his nose and his *left* middle finger on his right thumb. Don't give him time mentally to practice it before you tell him to "Reverse!" To his amazement and the amusement of the others, the chances are he will end up with his right thumb on his nose rather than his middle finger.



Lowell Thomas: All of us want to destroy the symbol of Naziism. Here's a match trick in which the idea is to see how three squares can be made from the eight matches in the swastika. Answer on page 140.



Pull Your Own Bunches



SOME OF OUR SPECIAL words for groups are very interesting in their origins, and have deep roots in both our language and customs. We always speak of a *herd* of cattle and a *flock* of sheep; never a *herd* of sheep and a *flock* of cattle. Some of the following are quite familiar, others may not be so easy.

Select and check one of the three words given under each statement. Count five points for each correct answer. Call a mark of 60 passing; 70, fair; 80, good, and 90, excellent. Answers on page 140.

1. He had an expensive in the hotel.
(a) set (b) suit (c) suite
2. We saw a farmer plowing with a of oxen.
(a) string (b) muster (c) yoke
3. On the South African veldt we came upon a of lions.
(a) menagerie (b) flock (c) tribe
4. In the distance we saw a remarkable sight, a of whales.
(a) herd (b) tribe (c) gam
5. A of peacocks lent color to Lord Chiselwit's lawn.
(a) flock (b) mute (c) herd
6. The hounds soon rounded up a of foxes.
(a) pack (b) muster (c) skulk
7. Quail was plentiful, and we soon came upon a
(a) span (b) bevy (c) herd
8. The hen hatched a of 12 chickens.
(a) flock (b) litter (c) brood
9. Suddenly our dogs located a of partridges.
(a) pride (b) school (c) covey
10. The prize-winning sow had a of six pigs.
(a) brood (b) litter (c) school
11. Lord Chiselwit had a of 15 blooded hounds.
(a) pride (b) string (c) mute
12. Bluebottle's of race horses was the best in America.
(a) mute (b) string (c) drove
13. A group of jurymen constitute a
(a) posse (b) suite (c) panel
14. The fishermen got a rich haul of mackerel from that one
(a) covey (b) shoal (c) swarm

15. He found it profitable to keep a of goats.
(a) stud (b) herd (c) bevy
16. Young trees as well as young children can be found in
(a) schools (b) nurseries (c) gardens
17. The rocky coast was inhabited by a of seals.
(a) drove (b) swarm (c) herd
18. She had inherited a valuable of rare china.
(a) suite (b) set (c) suit
19. The farmer cut his corn and stood it in
(a) shocks (b) cocks (c) stacks
20. The cod fishermen said they had had a good
(a) muster (b) take (c) shoal

Famous Sticklers

1. Shortly before Joseph Cartwright died he had the family lawyer change his will so that all his money was left to his only daughter, who was confined at the time in a maternity hospital, and to her unborn child.

The provisions of the will stated that if she gave birth to a boy the money was to be divided one-third to her and two-thirds to the child. If it was a girl the division was to be one-quarter to the child, three quarters to the mother.

As it happened Cartwright's daughter gave birth to twins—a boy and a girl. The family lawyer, however, suggested a division of the money that was in complete accord with the intent of the will.

How did he do it?

2. Cagney Private Jones saved his cigarette butts. When he had 25 of them he found he could roll a new cigarette with the tobacco of five butts. How many cigarettes did he roll and smoke, using the tobacco of the butts?

3. Two Arabs meeting in the desert complained about the slowness of their camels. Each maintained that his mount

was slower than the other's. It was finally decided to settle the matter by a race and a course was staked out. However, when the race began, both Arabs slowed up their mounts so much that the camels came to a standstill long before the finish line was reached.

Fortunately a third Arab came along and suggested a satisfactory way of running the race to a finish and settling the question. What was his suggestion?

4. Mother, brother, sister and I have an average age of 39. Mother was 20 when I was born. Sister is two years my junior. Brother is four years sister's junior. What are our respective ages?

5. Three volumes are standing on a shelf, side by side. A hungry bookworm burrows through the book beginning at the first page of the first volume and ending at the last page of the third volume. The volumes, all of the same size, have covers a quarter of an inch thick with the pages between the covers two and a half inches thick. What is the total distance covered by the bookworm during its meal? Answers on page 140.

Answers . . .

To "Scrambled Silhouettes"

a. heart, b. automobile, c. gift box, d. house.

To "Quiz of Hearts"

A. 1. Have, 2. Take, 3. right, 4. Eat, 5. Half, 6. sleeve, 7. Learn, 8. soul, 9. Bless, 10. Lose. B. 1. d; 2. f; 3. h; 4. a; 5. g; 6. i; 7. j; 8. b; 9. c; 10. e.

To "Your Mind in a Mirror"

- | | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Straw—Warts | 14. Now—Won | 26. Loots—Stool | 38. Saw—Was |
| 2. War—Raw | 15. Step—Pets | 27. Don—Nod | 39. Flow—Wolf |
| 3. Brag—Garb | 16. Pat—Tap | 28. Note—Eton | 40. Tips—Spit |
| 4. Tub—But | 17. Leer—Reel | 29. Level—Level | 41. Draws—Sward |
| 5. Eye—Eye | 18. Swat—Taws | 30. Tab—Bat | 42. Yard—Dray |
| 6. Lec—Ecl | 19. Deed—Deed | 31. Deem—Meed | 43. Made—Edam |
| 7. Strap—Parts | 20. Revel—Lever | 32. New—Wen | 44. Dog—God |
| 8. Bog—Gob | 21. Snap—Pans | 33. Yap—Pay | 45. Emit—Time |
| 9. Yam—May | 22. Eve—Eve | 34. Drab—Bard | 46. Peep—Peep |
| 10. Mar—Ram | 23. Keel—Leck | 35. Teem—Meet | 47. Paws—Swap |
| 11. Dew—Wed | 24. Net—Ten | 36. Evil—Live | 48. Stop—Pots |
| 12. Trams—Smart | 25. Eros—Sore | 37. Bob—Bob | 49. Bad—Dab |
| 13. Gas—Sag | | | 50. Stew—Wets |

To "Social Stratagems"

(1 = square root of 1)




To "Pull Your Own Bunches"

- | | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. suite <i>c</i> | 6. pack <i>a</i> | 11. mute <i>c</i> | 16. nurseries <i>b</i> |
| 2. yoke <i>c</i> | 7. bevy <i>b</i> | 12. string <i>b</i> | 17. herd <i>c</i> |
| 3. flock <i>b</i> | 8. brood <i>c</i> | 13. panel <i>c</i> | 18. set <i>b</i> |
| 4. gam <i>c</i> | 9. covey <i>c</i> | 14. shoal <i>b</i> | 19. shocks <i>a</i> |
| 5. flock <i>a</i> | 10. litter <i>b</i> | 15. herd <i>b</i> | 20. take <i>b</i> |

To "Famous Stickers"

- From the proportions set in the will Cartwright evidently intended that the ratios were to be 1 to 2 between mother and son, 3 to 1 between mother and daughter. So the lawyer suggested a division giving 3/10 to the mother, 6/10 to the son and 1/10 to the daughter—which meets the requirements.
- Six. After smoking the first five he had enough butts to make another.
- Each should ride the other's camel.
- Mother, 56; Brother, 30; Sister, 34; I, 36.
- Three and a half inches. The bookworm travels through four covers altogether and but one set of pages.



Picture Story:

Perpendicular City

THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING 102 stories into the Manhattan sky, boasts two floors in the earth, cost \$50 million dollars and five human lives to build and today is still the biggest, tallest, showiest look of man's implanted machine continent.

The lady who builds it over Manhattan is apt, moreover, to be the tallest girl in her class for some time. For instead of building up, up and up, we're likely from now on to be pushing like the country, the so-soothrasy many architects and men-made know.

Perhaps the skyscraper will someday join the dinosaur as a prehistoric monster. But for the moment, the Empire State is one long-stemmed beauty of a building. Thousands of boys and girls from the hinterlands have gawked from her heights of a summer's night and marvelled at the fabulous, blinking city sprawled a quarter of a mile below, photographed here by Sidney Hayler. And when a swirl of mist wreaths her tower, then have even the city-wise believed that heaven might be sealed by man.





1. You pay your money (one dollar-ten) and you soar up toward heaven at the rate of a thousand feet a minute. "I felt as if I'd been wrapped in cotton batting and suspended between sky and earth" wrote one overwhelmed leg-man, who first reported the scaling of this man-made height.



2. Al Smith—fish peddler to governor of New York State—views the sidewalks of New York from his 32nd floor office as president of Empire State, Inc. On May 1, 1931, Herbert Hoover, who nosed him out of the Presidency, threw the switch which turned on the light opening the building for business.



- 3.** *At the very top a handy gadget was installed, a mooring mast for dirigibles. Four columns of steel, which climb from bedrock to building peak, still stand ready to serve as anchor for passing blimps. One did drop by once and deliver mail—as a publicity stunt.*



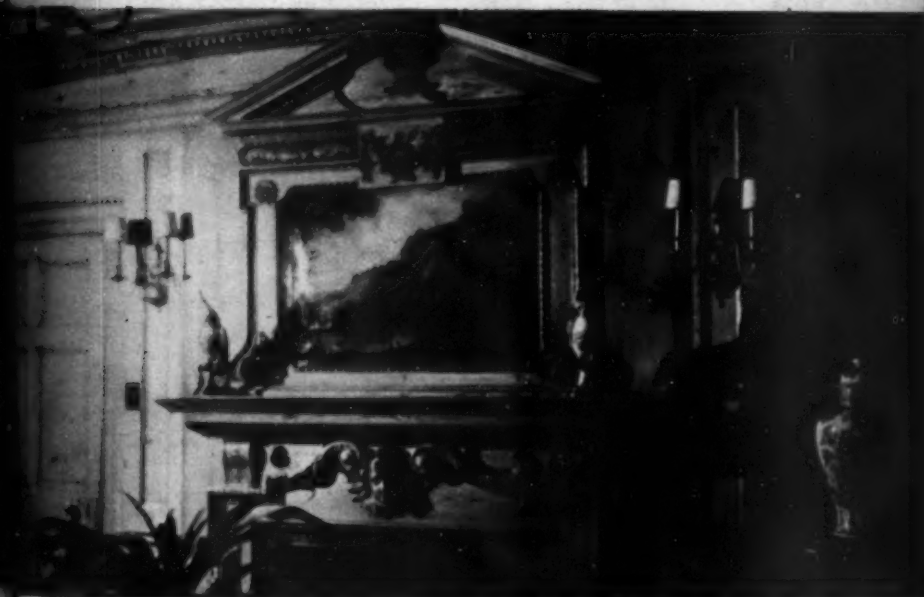
- 4.** *In war as well as in peace, a must for sightseers. On this site, ladies and gentlemen, once stood the Waldorf-Astoria. At a cost of 900 thousand dollars, that old and grand relic of a gilded age was taken to sea in barges and dumped 15 miles beyond Sandy Hook, where she rests today.*



- 5.** *A city of 80 thousand could be swallowed up some morning in the Empire State and find there nearly all the services it needed for living (for a while, anyway)—including expert medical attention.*



- 6.** Behind scenes, however, is where the work goes on and the money is made and people earn their living. Here is Textron, Inc., which has the story of aviation painted round its office walls. Between 5 and 5:30 of an evening, 15 thousand working men and women are carted to street level by elevators.



- 7.** Ancient scene in a modern setting—this oak paneling once graced the hall-way of a guildhall in London. Offices on 40 floors which remained empty for so many years and gave rise to the Empire's reputation as a "white elephant," today are mostly filled with government war agencies.



8. *And in the barber shop, a real, live executive gets a final polish.*



9. *No chimney required—for heat is imported from the boilers of the New York Steam Company. A little extra light, voltage and excitement is furnished by lightning which during storms seeks out the Empire State. Sheets of light 100 feet wide play about the top, leaving the metal dome slightly scarred.*



- 10.** *The under-areas of the perpendicular city are peopled by carpenters, painters, electricians, plumbers, key-makers, general handymen. Steeple-jack window washers twice a month teeter a way up, keeping 6,500 windows bright and shining.*



- 11.** *Then at night, onto the job come 150 scrub women who will labor through the dark hours, readying the vertical city for another day of buying and selling and human activity.*



- 12.** *Ghost town . . . Emptied of people, darkened and safe, the Empire State waits for tomorrow. No terror from the skies has toppled this young giant and whether a block buster could blast her into eternity is still a moot question. She seems destined to live out her 200-year lifespan, unravaged by war.*

The Pepper Pot



Meat of the Month . . . "God sendeth and giveth both mouth and the meat," a practical poet said four hundred years ago. We still have mouths, but at times the meat is sadly lacking. In the winter months we must turn monotonously to dried beans and peas and such, to find inner comfort and warmth.

Here is an odd French recipe, different from anything I've yet seen in American cookbooks. It is called, To Dignify the Lowly Split Pea:

Let split peas soak in water for 24 hours. Then put them in cold water with an onion, a clove of garlic, salt, and a bay leaf (or what seasonings are wished). Cook until a pea can be smashed easily between the fingers. Drain, add a lump of butter or bacon grease and two beaten eggs, and tie the mixture firmly in a cloth, like a Christmas pudding. Boil for one hour. Turn out on a hot plate, coat with buttered crumbs, brown in a hot oven, and serve.

It's worth trying, if only to watch the faces of your guests!

The North Wind Doth Blow . . .

The time the wind blew coldest in a February was when we lived in a little sea-town in California, so many years ago that people still believed stoves were not necessary in that Chosen Land. We almost froze, literally. Icy fog curled through the rooms of the bleak house, and my little sister

Anne and I coughed like banshees day and night, as a proof that we were still alive.

Finally a Mexican woman who lived nearby came to Mother with timid kindness, and offered to stop our dreary whoops. Mother was grateful and desperate and quite unconvinced that anything less than God's own hand could do it. But she mixed the potion as the dark-eyed neighbor told her, and gave it to us in little sips now and then, and there was a mighty calm.

This is the potion, then, to be stirred in a cup or shaken in a bottle, and it works as well in 1944 as 1912:

*1 part pure strained honey
1 part glycerin
1 part olive oil
1 part lemon juice*

One Man's Meat . . . There is nothing more desolate than a dining-room where people eat simply to keep alive. It is usually a room with a table, stiff ugly chairs, a sideboard empty of color or humor or charm, a swinging door into an equally stupid kitchen. Or sometimes it is a room straight from the pages of a "home-magazine," complete with fluffy curtains, potted ivy, and imitation flower-prints . . . and as devoid of feeling as the other older version of such banality. Perhaps, even, it is an octagonal chamber, silver walled,

with Venetian glass hanging in fabulous fragile splinters around the lights . . . still banal, still filled with a lonely desolation.

The nicest table I've sat at for many a year was lately, in a farm kitchen. The people weren't real farmers, and the food wasn't particularly good . . . but the table was big and square, and it sat at one end of a long kitchen, so that all of us could cook and eat and talk and feel warmly friendly together, instead of being pinched separately into dining-room, pantry, kitchen.

Or perhaps it isn't the room at all that matters, but the people who eat in it. "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou . . ."

Do You Remember . . . When a red Turkey carpet on your stairs was almost a social requisite?

That was in the 1850's. And that was when one of my grandmothers, a resolute maiden from all accounts, got herself a job as governess to some children only a little younger but apparently less well-grounded in embroidery and the Three R's.

Her salary was minuscule, but she saved it doggedly, and finally she

had enough to buy her heart's desire, a carpet for the stairs. It was thick and rich as a sultan's pillows, and red as hell-fire or a rose. It made the gritty Pittsburgh house a palace, and cheered the hearts of those who stepped upon it, so that in their minds they were no longer Irish immigrants, but Americans of property. A grand feeling, that . . .

And then David, the young brother, stood proudly with an open inkwell in his hand at the top of the magnificent stairs . . . and tripped . . .

It was a sad mess: black smeared and splashed and dribbled the whole length. Probably my grandmother wept, although from what I still remember of her some 70 years later it seems somewhat doubtful. Then she took poor David, each of them carrying a big wooden bucket, and marched him firmly to the city slaughterhouse.

They bought the gall from steers, although how they knew to do such a strange thing is beyond me. They took it home, a bitter bloody mess, and squeezed it out upon the black stains, and finally the red Turkey carpet was as beautiful as new. Or at least that's what I've been told.

—M. F. K. FISHER

Answer to "Phiz Quiz"

(~~continued from page 150~~)

That's right; you're wrong. In order to prove that physiognomy has little to do with character, Coronet assigned Marcel Sternberger (well known for his camera portraits of Shaw and Freud) to select one man and by clever use of lights and props, depict him as seven different persons. Actually, Samuel Pantzer, the model, belongs to none of the professions mentioned: he is a corsétière.

Special Feature:

H. Kramer





Empire Handyman

by FREDERICK KAUFMANN

AN ARTIST once drew a cartoon depicting a session of the cabinet of the South African Union. It showed a group of men around a conference table. All of them had the same face—that of Premier Jan Christiaan Smuts. It is the perfect comment on his career.

The Right Honorable Jan Christiaan Smuts is a gentleman of many professions and many titles—Field Marshal, Privy Councilor, Commander of the Legion of Honor, Prime Minister, Commanding Officer of the Union Defense Forces, Chancellor of the University of Cape Town—and holder of 21 honorary university degrees. But to his South African countrymen, he is "Jannie."

When Jannie grew up, South Africa had less than a million and a half white settlers. The whole sprawling territory was—and still is—much like a single provincial town. Everybody knew everybody else. The burghers, the farmers and the cattle-raising Boers all knew Jannie's father, jovial old Jacobus Abraham Smuts, and his mother, Catharina Petronella de Vries.

Many of them know Jannie's six children better than he does. Smuts has been so busy with public duties and so often abroad that, as he himself puts it, he is rather like a distinguished visitor in his own home.

To his face, his neighbors continue to call him Jannie, or perhaps Oom (Uncle) Jannie, if the situation is very dignified. Behind his back they have invented a long list of nicknames. "Handyman of the British Empire" is one, and strangely it expresses disapproval, for his countrymen believe Oom Jannie's business is South Africa, not the British Empire. But to Smuts, it is his greatest title, for to him the Empire is the world's mightiest achievement in political cooperation.

In 1926, Smuts published a book—a philosophical system based on modern science. He called his theory "holism," from the Greek word for whole. The main trend of evolution, he said, is the building of more complicated wholes. "Ours is a whole-making universe. We are all interrelated."

If Smuts had never done more than

develop the theory of holism, he would have been a great man. But he has done much more. He has tried to carry his thoughts into action. Out of these abstract ideas developed his conviction that the unity of nations is the force which will ultimately save the world, and on them he has built his belief in the coming together of peoples for strength and peace.

To translate thoughts into deeds is never easy. For Smuts it was particularly hard. This man of energy and action began life as a rickety, silent child, with pale blue, staring eyes. His parents did not even bother to teach him reading and writing. He was to inherit his father's farm, and what use did a farmer have for learning? His elder brother was to be the scholar of the family—a clergyman. But when Jannie was 12 this brother died of typhoid, and everything was changed. Jannie must take his place.

As a beginning he was sent to the Riebeck village school. He went reluctantly. He was shy and terribly frightened. Too solemn for his age, he did not play or make friends. But

by the age of 15, after only four years of study, he had qualified for the famous Victoria College at Stellenbosch.

It was at Victoria that Smuts came in contact with Cecil Rhodes. Rhodes was then at the height of his career—director of the De Beers Diamond combine and Prime Minister of the Cape Colony. One day he lectured to the students and Smuts was given the honor of answering him. This was the only meeting between these two men, whose ideas of empire agreed so strikingly in principle even when they differed in methods and aims. Rhodes was pro-British and imperialistic. To Smuts, world empire was the natural outcome of his idea of universal holism.

At 20, Jan Smuts took his degree with honors in literature and science. Then he set out for Cambridge to prepare not for the clergy but for law. Graduated from Cambridge with the highest honors ever given, he entered the Middle Temple and at the end of his legal studies was offered a professorship at Christ College. He refused. He wanted to go home to Africa.

The subject of slavery was a live one in South Africa at that time. Centuries before the Cape Boers had come from Holland in search of freedom. But liberty-seekers though they were, they made slaves of the natives. When the British closed down on slavery, the Dutch began to hate English rule, which until then they had hardly noticed. Thousands went north, preferring to break new territory rather than conform to British law.

A native of Vienna, Austria, Dr. Fredrick Kaufmann was editor of the strongly pro-democratic Montag Morgen in Berlin until the Nazis rode into power, suppressing the paper and indicting its chief. He escaped to Austria, then to Czechoslovakia and finally to France, where he enlisted in the French army. After Paris' defeat he and his family came to the United States on the day after Pearl Harbor, via Spain.



But once settled in their independent republics, they began to quarrel among themselves. Armed rebellion was their way of resolving political dispute and skirmishes were constant.

From these Dutch ancestors, Smuts had inherited a strong sense of personal freedom. But balancing it was an equally strong belief in unity. In the end his ideal of unity won. He decided that South Africa's salvation lay in uniting the Dutch and English in the territory. The "Handyman of the Empire" had appeared for the first time.

FABLE HAS IT that Smuts became Cecil Rhodes' protégé and that Rhodes paid for his education. The truth is Rhodes probably did not even remember the student, although Smuts was deeply impressed by the older man. When he returned to Cape Town from England, he eagerly accepted the offer of Hofmeyr of the South African Party of Unification to go to Kimberley to promote Rhodes' political and social ideas. It was Jan's first public role.

A few weeks later, on New Year's day 1896, a man on horseback rode up to Smuts bringing news of an unsuccessful British raid on the two independent Boer Republics. Dr. Jameson, Rhodes' successor as Prime Minister, was responsible for the ill-fated move. The attack raised to the boiling point all the anti-British feeling in South Africa and led directly to the Boer War, the bloodiest episode in Great Britain's colonial history.

At first Smuts tried to smooth over

the violent feelings. Then he learned that his idol Rhodes was one of the men behind the Jameson raid. To clear himself in his own and his countrymen's eyes, he immediately denounced Rhodes publicly and as long as he lived never allowed the name to be mentioned in his presence.

He went further, breaking off his relations with the English and renouncing his British citizenship. Finally, he gave up his position as a member of the Cape bar and his valuable connection with Hofmeyr's party to move to Johannesburg and become a simple second class burgher in Oom Kruger's backwoods republic.

He left few friends behind. The austere, haggard youth, unnaturally old for his years, had not been a success with Cape Town's smart set. He did not drink or smoke. He did not indulge in light banter or enjoy a good dinner. So in spite of his qualifications as a lawyer, he had but few clients.

There was one person, however, who did not share the general attitude. Jan Smuts had met Isi Krige in his Stellenbosch college days. When the awkward young student hurried to and from school, a solemn, prim young woman walked beside him, listening raptly to his learned talk. Jan's lovemaking was typical of the man. He taught Isi Greek and took her on botanical excursions. After six months they became engaged. The girl adored him. And Smuts, even more a schoolmaster than a lawyer, found her an ideal pupil and companion.

One morning in the spring of 1897,

after he had settled in Johannesburg and had been admitted to the Transvaal Bar, he turned up at Stellenbosch. While Isi's brothers and sisters were at school, the young couple went to the magistrate, said goodbye to the bride's parents and boarded the train for Johannesburg.

The brilliant young barrister rose quickly. In less than two years he became State's Attorney and President Kruger's chief adviser.

But to the simple Boers he was still an "uitlander," (foreigner). They did not understand him any better than the Cape Town dandies had. When they came to dreamy Pretoria, their capital, they dropped in at President Kruger's house for a cup of coffee and a talk. He knew them all by name and always had time for them. But the young State's Attorney was too busy and preoccupied even to greet the leading citizens.

It was a time of great tension. British subjects owned more than nine-tenths of the fabulously rich gold mines which had recently been discovered. Now Great Britain claimed that the Boer Republic was discriminating against these nationals. She presented an ultimatum. Smuts was willing to make almost any sacrifice to preserve peace and independence, but the British government did not want the Boers' concessions; they wanted their country. And so the Boer War was fought.

The war changed Jan Smuts—not in character or ideals, but in his attitude towards life and his fellowmen. Under the spur of danger, the narrow-

chested, self-conscious young lawyer turned into a leader. Magically he was transformed into the man of boundless courage and energy he is today.

It happened in an hour. With the British closing in on Pretoria, Kruger and his government fled to the border of Portuguese Africa. As State's Attorney, Smuts stayed in the capital. He had exactly one hour to save the republic's war fund of five hundred thousand pounds. Clerks at the bank refused to release it because authorized signatures were lacking. At the point of a revolver, Smuts forced them to hand over the money. With shells already bursting over the station, he placed it on the last outgoing train. Then, obtaining a horse, he rode out to join the fight.

Smuts soon became one of the most famous of the Boer raiders. A general now, he and his men, hungry, weary and with only the arms and equipment they could capture from ambushed British patrols, fought on. He even managed to invade the Cape Colony thus carrying the campaign to British territory.

To the British, who sent whole divisions to capture him, he became a legendary figure. The Boers trusted him blindly. But when the British threatened to exterminate the entire Boer population, Smuts and Commander-in-Chief General Botha realized that they must make peace. Unbeaten but utterly exhausted, the Boers accepted the British terms of "unconditional surrender" and the peace was concluded at Vereeniging. Here history was oddly prophetic, for

Vereeniging is Dutch for Union.

Peace changed Smuts once more. He saw how the British took over their new Crown Colonies. He realized their generous treatment of a conquered enemy is not only noble but profitable, and tried to persuade his countrymen that the British offers of friendship were sincere. He even went to England, where he drafted a constitution for the new colonies which was passed by the British parliament.

Smuts had now come to a crossroads. He had returned their lost freedom to the Boers of Transvaal and Orange. He was Minister of the Transvaal Government, and first lieutenant to Prime Minister Botha. On this path he seemed destined to become the greatest national figure of Dutch South Africa.

But there was another route open to him. He could try to overcome narrow nationalistic policies. He could wipe out forever the old distinctions between the British and Dutch of South Africa. He could create a single free South African State. This was the way indicated by holism. It was by far the hardest road, but without hesitation Smuts chose it.

Less than six months after the Transvaal government was established, he undertook to shape the South African Union. Backed by the British government and by the more judicious of his own countrymen, General Botha among them, he proposed a union "not of top-dogs and under-dogs, but of brothers."

At last a meeting of the four colonies

—Cape Colony, Natal, Transvaal and Orange—was called. Although most of the delegates agreed that some unification was necessary, none was ready to accept total union. British colonists feared the Dutch majority, and extreme Dutch nationalists, led by General James Barry Munnik Hertzog, would have nothing to do with the British.

But with the other delegates unprepared, Smuts presented a constitution—the only definite plan submitted. Alone he convinced them that they could become the founders of a great nation, that friendship would solve problems better than hate. The Union was voted and Smuts' initial attempt to practice his theories became the first great triumph of his life.

But this was only a beginning. A United South Africa was not his final goal. South Africa must be part of a greater whole, the British Empire.

In 1917 a dinner was given in Smuts' honor in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords. All the important British statesmen—Asquith, Churchill, Bonar Law, Cecil, Northcliffe—were present. It was there that Smuts first renamed the British Empire "the British Commonwealth of Nations." "It is," he said, "a system of nations, a community of states far greater than any empire that has ever existed. We are not a nation, or state or empire, but we are a whole world by ourselves, consisting of many nations and states and all sorts of communications under one flag—a system of states."

His South African countrymen did not always agree with this conception.

In the fall of 1914, at the start of the first World War, General Hertzog and his followers renewed their fight for independence. Smuts had by then built up a Union Defense Force, and this army, led by General Botha, was attacking German South West Africa. As Acting Prime Minister, Smuts was left in charge of the government. When his Boer War comrades and thousands of burghers rose in rebellion, he knew they had no idea of engaging in high treason. They were simply expressing their opposition in the way they always had.

Smuts broke the revolt with a minimum of bloodshed. One by one the rebel leaders were forced to surrender. Their sentences were mild and their followers merely disarmed and sent home.

But the story of Jopie Fourie was another matter. Fourie was commander of a rebel company which devastated the neighborhood of Pretoria for many weeks. He had killed in ambush 12 members of the Defense Force in which he himself had once been an officer, only to desert with arms and equipment. Captured, he was court-martialed and condemned to death.

Nationalist feelings still ran high. Many Boers looked on Fourie as more of a hero than a traitor. Under the circumstances it might have been wiser to wait until public emotion had quieted down. Instead Smuts carried out the sentence at once. He saw it as his "duty" to which he was always an obedient servant.

Twenty-five years later, in another crisis, he stuck no less emphatically

to what he considered his duty. South Africa had changed greatly during those two and a half decades. In 1919, after General Botha's death, Smuts had been elected Prime Minister. In 1924 the growing tide of nationalism had again cast him from power and his old antagonist, General Hertzog, became his successor. But in 1933 the world economic crisis threw Hertzog's government into financial difficulty. At that moment it would have been easy for Smuts to finish off his enemy. For the sake of his country, he compromised and a coalition government was formed. Smuts became Hertzog's Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Justice.

By 1939, HOWEVER, there was no longer any question of compromise. Isolationism began to express itself as Hertzog's party sought to prevent the Union from joining the war against Hitler. Smuts broke with them to form a new government and again to preserve the unity of the Empire.

Calling himself a political opportunist, Smuts once said, "The whole secret of the wise man is that he learned to bow to the inevitable." This does not mean that Jan sacrifices his ideals. It only means that he never employs force while there is the slightest chance of gaining his ends by a shrewd deal. When the Union of South Africa still seemed endangered by a dispute over the site of its capital—the British wanting Cape Town, the Dutch, Pretoria—Smuts adroitly suggested having two seats of government, one for the Legislative branch

and the other for the Administrative.

But his main principles are unshakable. In the days when he and Botha directed South Africa's destinies, Botha often had to pacify local politicians who felt that Smuts had not given them due consideration. "I deal with administration," Smuts said, "Botha deals with people." He never possessed the humanity which made Botha the best loved man in the Union. Some leaders might promise a tax abatement in an emergency, a rail link for a growing community or a government job to an influential man. Smuts promised his voters nothing for themselves. And they grew tired of his World Issues and European Issues and Imperial Issues. Their own bread and butter was their chief concern. The isolation of a remote province was preferable to the intricacies of world affairs.

Though not a conventionally good orator, and somewhat handicapped by a slight Dutch African accent, Smuts attempts to convince them by speeches. If unsuccessful, he is willing to take the law in his own hands and carry out whatever he thinks is best for them. "The men I venerate," he says, "are not those who can rouse a nation's enthusiasm but those who can do what they think right in the teeth of a nation's opposition."

In the spring of 1914, a strike crippled the gold mines. At first the government did not interfere. But when the strike assumed dangerous proportions, Smuts acted quickly and efficiently. A number of strike leaders were arrested and the next morning

Johannesburg learned with amazement that they were no longer at police headquarters, no longer, in fact, in the country. A ship about to sail for England had received some heavily guarded passengers—the agitators. Smuts had found that the laws of the Union gave him no pretext for keeping them in jail.

After that order was restored.

Such action does not make a politician well loved and the South Africans do not love Smuts. Angrily, they call him "steamroller" and "oriental despot." But undisturbed he works on.

As THE "Empire's Handyman," he has accepted every task of reconciliation and reconstruction offered him. Once, during the first World War, Lloyd George asked him to go to Wales to mediate a dangerous coal dispute. At the miners' meeting he was met with marked hostility. Rising from his chair, he said, "I have heard a lot about these marvelous Gaelic folk songs. Before we start talking, will you be kind enough to let me hear one of your favorites?" At first the men were dazed. Then somebody began to sing and the whole assembly joined in. Their faces softened. The strike was voted down.

At a time when Europe's rulers were organizing a crusade against Bolshevism, Smuts insisted that the blockade against Russia be removed and a policy of friendly neutrality adopted. "It may well be," he said, "that the only ultimate hope for Russia is a sobered, purified Soviet

system. Be patient with sick Russia, give her time and sympathy and await the results of her convalescence." Not many United Nations' statesmen have as good a record.

It is one of the ironies of history that this lover of justice and freedom, this hater of war, was forced by fate to become a military leader. His leadership in the Boer War won him the reputation of being a splendid general, but he never was. Adept at guerrilla fighting, he never learned to cope with modern warfare.

However, his organizing skill holds in the military field. As a member of the Empire War Cabinet he became the founder of the RAF. He knew almost nothing about aerial warfare. But using his judgment and the professional brains around him, he centralized the independent air forces of the army and navy, always at loggerheads, and created the new air force. He settled disputes over allotments of men and materiel by creating the system of "priorities" which has since become so familiar. In 1939, he transformed the whole South African Union into a huge base for Great Britain.

But even the Empire is not large enough to satisfy Smuts. In the first World War, he planned a super-national league, "an ever visible working organ of the policy of civilization whose peace activity will be the foundation and guarantee of its war power." In fact, before President Wilson arrived at Versailles, Smuts had published a 71-page draft for a "Society of Nations." This document

influenced Wilson more than the advice of his Secretary of State, Robert Lansing, or the suggestions of his friend Colonel House.

Smuts wanted Versailles to become a Vereeniging on a larger scale. He tried to soften the peace conditions, not because of any affection for Germany, but because he foresaw the evils of an unwisely fostered nationalism. He protested violently when his own legal interpretation of the "reparation" formula was used to justify fantastic demands from Germany. He worked energetically against what he called "the undue aggrandizement of Poland." He sensed that Poland would again become a stumbling block to European peace.

When most of his warnings were rejected, Smuts refused to sign the treaty. Later, so that his country might sign its first international document on a footing with other independent nations, he consented to sign under protest. Since then, politicians and publicists, wise after the event, have torn the Versailles treaty to shreds. But at the conference Smuts was the only statesman to denounce the provisions which were to create so much discord.

In the years between the two World Wars, Smuts continued to protest against the selfish policies of the Powers. "There is not a principle of the Covenant which had not been trampled underfoot," he complained.

But he remained faithful to the League itself, and still considers it his greatest political achievement.

Smuts is an apostle of the equality

of nations among which he makes no distinctions. The pretensions of any of them to "purity" disgust him. "I would like all the white races in South Africa to mingle. Such mingling makes a great people. It made the English a great people. It is making the Americans a great people, as it made the Greeks and the Jews."

He is perhaps the only consistent and active friend of the Jews among world statesmen. Not always successfully, he has fought all legislation against Jewish emigration to South Africa. He is proud of the fact that a Jewish colony in Palestine is named "Ramat Jochanan Smuts."

One dark spot clouds Smuts' conception of equality. His is a world in which the white man's supremacy remains unchallenged. The racial problems of South Africa are perhaps the most complicated in the world and are bound to influence Smuts' views.

He is strongly pro-Negro, as long as that does not imply the abolition of the color line. He agrees with Cecil Rhodes that the Negro should be excluded from the white immigrants' political institutions. Willing to permit a large measure of local self-government, he still believes in restraining natives from settling outside their native villages. He has defended this policy against all claims for full equality of Negroes.

Today, at 73, Smuts still has tremendous working powers. He puts in a 12-hour day, takes in details with astonishing rapidity, ignores red tape and remains lucid and forceful.

His lack of interest in the arts still

holds. He makes notes like "must read Bennett," but he never does. He thought Somerset Maugham was the name of an official at Delagoa Bay, but when he learned his mistake he read Maugham's short stories with delight. He has read Julian Huxley, the scientist, but not Aldous Huxley, the novelist, and some of his friends suspect that he thinks they are one. But he devours every new book on world affairs, science and philosophy. His own library contains over five thousand volumes.

Except for land, which every Dutchman craves, he has no desire to own anything. He considers money a nuisance. "I would only waste my time thinking how to use or to invest it." In the days of the gold rush, when the entire population went money mad, Smuts continued to live modestly on his small salary. He did not own a single gold share.

He cares no more for comfort than for wealth. Cecil Rhodes left his beautiful estate "Groote Schur" as a home for the country's Prime Ministers. Smuts has never lived there. He prefers to stay in his primitive farm house in the heart of his beloved Boer country.

This is Jan Christian Smuts—Jannie of the many titles, a follower of a simple life and complex ideas, a believer in the future if he can decide that future, and a lover of mankind after his own fashion, which as often as not leaves that love unrequited.

—Suggestion for further reading:

JAN SMUTS

by F. S. Crawford

Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York

\$3.50

Bookette:

Under Cover

by John Roy Carlson

Behind the facade of the Stars and Stripes and the Cross of Christ, the termites of fascism are boring deep into the foundations of American democracy. A courageous young investigator gained entree into this subversive underworld to expose the verminous Axis agents and their dupes who work "under cover" . . . A condensation from the book



Under Cover

I WAS BORN in 1909 of Armenian parents in Alexandropolis, a city in southern Greece. Alexandropolis was truly cosmopolitan—it was plundered by each and every Balkan army. The defenseless Armenians were the prey of all the armies and we lived as refugees in our own home.

When it was safe to do so we fled, living in one country and then another until we eventually reached America. I was then a gawky boy of 12, so terrorized by past experiences I could hardly believe that one could live in one place any length of time in safety.

But America was good to us. Democracy became my ideal way of life.

Yet in the years following my graduation from the New York University School of Journalism, incidents occurred which made me certain that an attempt was being made to destroy democracy in the United States.

One of these took place in the fall of 1938. While riding in a New York subway, I picked up a leaflet entitled *Why Are Jews Persecuted for Their Religion?* Bearing the imprint of the Nationalist Press Association, 147

East 116th Street, New York, it included four pages of bitterly anti-Semitic quotations and urged "American patriots" to "rise up and clean house politically." Pricked by curiosity, I decided to look up these headquarters of "Americanism."

The address was an old tenement. Taking a deep breath, I knocked on the door. Suddenly it was flung open. With the light glaring in my eyes, I could barely make out the form of a man. I told him I would like to buy some leaflets on the Jews. Without answering, he led me into a shabby, dim-lit room. A thin, rodent-featured Italian with sharp eyes was folding printed newspaper sheets.

"I'd like some pamphlets on the Jews," I said.

The Italian dropped his work, went into an inner room and returned with a tall, blond man wearing a khaki army shirt and a black tie. His tie pin was a pearl-studded swastika.

He handed me a dozen leaflets and three copies of *National American*, a newspaper in tabloid size. "That's my newspaper," he said. "I am Pete

by John Roy Carlson

Stahrenberg, the editor and publisher. This is the official organ of the American National-Socialist Party. We're publishing a paper for real one hundred per cent Americans."

I glanced at the papers. Two black swastikas were printed under the title.

"Say, what's your name?" Stahrenberg asked suddenly.

"George Pagnanelli," I said. I had decided to pose as an Italian because Italy was a partner to the Axis.

As I turned to go, Mr. Stahrenberg said, "Come again."

But I had no intention of making another visit.

Until now I had worked for small national magazines and was eager to become associated with one of the large national publications. I had just about given up hope of making a good editorial connection when I received a telegram from *Fortune*. They were contemplating a survey on subversive activity and asked if I'd be interested in a job. That winter I plunged into a career as investigator of Nazi activity.

My first step was to become a convincing actor. I took a room near Mulberry Street and lived for a week in the heart of New York's Italian section under the name of George Pagnanelli. I studied the manners of speech and gestures and modeled mine after them. I was determined to become the finest synthetic Italian-American in New York.

My second step was to offer myself as a volunteer worker to Pete Stahrenberg. He was suspicious at first,

but I passed the test and was put to work assembling leaflets.

Those dingy rooms were the clearing house for a multifold quantity of Nazi propaganda. Gradually I began to learn the catchwords and become familiar with subversive publications. A large part of the material came to Stahrenberg from *U. Bodung-Verlag* at Erfurt, Germany, Goebbels' main propaganda mill, as well from countless other Nazi agencies striving to tear down democracy.

Stahrenberg's offices served as a hangout for salesmen of Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* and men selling *Liberation* and *Deutscher Weckruf*. To the offices of the Nationalist Press trooped a steady stream of fascist-minded people. Pamphleteers, crackpots, petty politicians and racketeers in patriotism. But not all of Stahrenberg's acquaintances were shoddy and frustrated. Many who came were well-dressed and respectable.

After a few months at Pete's, I felt ready to go around and enlarge my circle of "friends." With my answers prepared ahead of time, in case I was questioned, I walked up the dirty staircase of Innisfail Ballroom on Third Avenue to attend a meeting of the American Nationalist Party.

The chairman, a man named Stanley Smith, led the crowd in the singing of the national anthem. Then he stepped to the edge of the platform. The crowd waited, hushed.

Smith suddenly burst out, "This here meeting is for Americans—one hundred per cent Christian patriotic

Americans. In such a room as this the Boston Tea Party met. Wake up, Christians. See what is happening to America. The whole country is overrun with foreigners, niggers, Jews. This here country has been stolen from us Christians by a bunch of conniving rats. What are we going to do about it?"

The crowd went wild.

I attended many other meetings of the American Nationalist Party, but none proved to be as vivid as the first. I learned that different types of fascist organizations were designed to operate on each level of society. You hated the Jews, sabotaged democracy and best served the cause of Hitlerism in America with those of your own social, economic and cultural level.

The international cement that held these fascist organizations together was hate. To join a "one hundred per cent Christian-American-Patriotic" group you didn't have to be Christian or American. There was just one requirement. Hate.

I was putting together the pattern of American Fascism in-the-making.

Early in the summer of 1939, the editors of *Fortune* decided to withhold their proposed series of articles on subversive activity. I now faced the choice of continuing with my magazine work exclusively, or continuing as investigator. It meant a life of self-denial and social ostracism, of late hours and constant personal danger. But I decided to go on with my undercover activities.

Up to now, I had been working

around the edges of the fascist movement. How was I to get in on the inside? After some preliminary thought I went to Stahrenberg with a bold plan.

"Pete, I'm thinking of putting out a newspaper of my own—a mimeographed weekly that'll tell patriots what's going on in New York."

"That's a damn good idea," Pete said. "What'll you call it?"

"I want to call it *The Christian Defender*," I said.

The Christian Defender was deliberately designed to be one of the coarsest sheets published in New York. The cruder it got, the more it lied, the more it slandered the Jew and assailed democracy, the more popular it became. I had no qualms about publishing the hate sheet because it circulated only among those who already were confirmed fanatics. *The Christian Defender* gained for me the respect of countless American Nazis and also became my passport to Nazis abroad.

As Nazis in the summer of 1939 were telling their American henchmen that the collapse of democracy was but a matter of months, the Christian Mobilizers burst upon the American scene. Its new fuhrer emerged as Joseph Ellsworth McWilliams—"handsome Joe McNazi," as he was later known. When I visited Bund Camp Siegfried, I heard McWilliams say:

"This is another revolution. A revolution for a nationalist America. It's a revolution against the Jew first,

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then against democracy, then against the Republican and Democratic parties. We are going to drive them both out and we are going to run this country with an iron hand, the way Hitler runs Germany."

McWilliams dominated the New York fascist scene for several years with a series of clever publicity-gaining stunts, even to announcing his candidacy for Congress. As charter member No. 737, I was with him day and night during nearly three years' association. I do not recall on his part even one instance of kindness or the expression of gratitude. Unscrupulous, unfeeling, sensual to the extreme, popular idol of the masses and the ladies, Joe had the essentials of a glamour-boy fuhrer to act as the "front" for Nazi politicians.

One night after a late meeting, Joe called me aside and asked me to meet him in one of the back rooms. Lining the walls were four of the most sinister gangsters of his goon squad.

"What's up, boys?" I asked, trying to be nonchalant.

"There's a leak of information somewhere," Joe said, "and we want to ask you a couple of questions."

"I have no secrets. You boys know everything about me," I said. "Shoot."

I faced Joe's henchmen for nearly two hours, but nothing to justify their suspicions was discovered.

Joe finally broke into a smile. "Okay, boys. George is all right."

It was the closest call I had yet had.

I began now to probe into organized terrorist organizations operating

deep underground—the "rifle clubs."

The night was hot and I was broiling as I marched in military maneuvers in a company of 24 members of the secret Iron Guard, known informally as the Midtown Sporting Club. We were being drilled on the third floor of Donovan's Hall by Herman Schmidt, the slim, dark-haired young commandant. Schmidt's real name was James Banahan, but he rarely used it in the fascist underworld.

Later Banahan addressed the budding storm troopers. "Members of the Iron Guard! Your duty is to fight for Christ and Country. From now on you will serve as shock troops in any internal explosion that may come. But never forget. The penalty for betrayal is death, swift and unmerciful."

Over the next few months I proved my "loyalty" to the Iron Guard and was finally allowed to attend a really secret session. Ten of us met at James Banahan's home.

Banahan unfolded a large poster-size leaflet entitled *American Defenders' Protective Tactics—Plan No. 1*, prepared by a Major Frank Peace. It listed "strategic points" and "key positions" common to a metropolis.

I was assigned to the Grand Central Station district—"the most important part of the city," Banahan observed.

"Here is what you all do! You are to familiarize yourself thoroughly with the district assigned to you. Know the location of every arsenal, subway station, power house, police and gasoline station, public building and hideout in your district. Then chart those vital

centers on your map. The maps will be forwarded to General Headquarters, where a master map of the entire city will be made."

I saw that I was becoming involved in situations from which I would have great difficulty extricating myself. These men were outlaws who stopped at nothing. Now was the time to call a halt *before* they carried through their threats! I presented myself at the offices of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and turned over the evidence I had gathered.

On January 13, 1940, the FBI cracked down.

That summer I came upon a copy of *Today's Challenge*, organ of the American Fellowship Forum, in the Germania Bookstore. It contained articles by Lawrence Dennis, William Castle, Senator Ernest Lundeen and Representative Hamilton Fish. It was inspired by George Sylvester Viereck, registered as a Nazi agent with the German Library of Information.

Under Viereck's guidance, the Fellowship advocated a strict nationalist policy—America for the Americans, Europe for the Europeans. Congressmen Jacob Thorkelson was advertised to speak for the Forum. But Viereck's prize catch was William R. Castle, our former Ambassador to Japan and undersecretary of state under President Hoover.

For weeks, as I weaved in and out of "patriotic" meetings, I had been seeing quantities of pro-Nazi literature bearing the imprint of Flanders Hall. I was on the verge of writing them

when a mimeographed card from Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, of the so-called Chicago Patriotic Bureau, announced that she was sending me a Flanders Hall book, *Lord Lothian vs. Lord Lothian*. What axe had they to grind?

I paid a visit to Flanders Hall at Scotch Plains, New Jersey. Siegfried Hauck, a former small-town newspaperman, was seated in an office cluttered with files and stacks of books. He described himself merely as "pro-American." "We are an American house," he said. "We are not engaged in any propaganda."

But in due time our Department of Justice trailed George Sylvester Viereck to the inconspicuous offices in Scotch Plains and soon established the fact that he "financed, controlled and directed" the "American" publishing enterprise. When finally arrested, he said blandly, "I have tried hard to help the President keep his pledge to which he owes his re-election."

After visiting Hauck, I determined to go to Washington to interview Prescott Dennett, director of the Columbia Press Service and Washington representative of Flanders Hall. He proved to be shrewd and tight-lipped, but he made clear that his role was that of "contact man" between his clients (Viereck and Flanders Hall) and susceptible Congressmen.

I suggested taking some literature "to the boys back home."

"Sure," Dennett said and gave me a stack of envelopes containing Congressional speeches. The franked envelopes bore the signatures of 10 Con-

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gressmen, including such names as Clare Hoffman, Hamilton Fish, Gerald Nye and Robert Reynolds.

My talk with Dennett showed how Viereck had improved his propaganda technique since World War days. I realized that the enemy on the home front was infinitely more cunning and deceptive than the military enemy.

While the rest of America slept, the Nazis had even gained the ears and minds of a gullible religious following. One apostle of the hate creed was Pastor Joseph Jeffers in Los Angeles, who had taken a postgraduate course on applied "Christianity" in Germany and Italy in 1938.

I followed the train of poison preachers to Michigan, where on a Labor Day week end I posed as a "pilgrim" and with thousands of Coughlinites visited the Shrine of the Little Flower at Royal Oak. I found there a Coney Island built around the dignity of the church, and Father Coughlin in the role of chief Barker. He operated the Shrine Inn, a restaurant, several souvenir shops teeming with customers, hot dog stands and the Shrine Garage.

I have attended many Catholic Church services and I've been deeply moved by them, but I saw too much commercialism and heard too much revolutionary politics here. Coughlin spent 10 minutes in the ritual at the altar, after which he disappeared, to reappear a few minutes later in the pulpit. He spoke on politics for an hour with the heaving passion and flaying gestures of Joe McWilliams.

And, like Joe, he berated labor and democracy. He praised the things that Hitler stood for.

Where one would least expect to find Nazi propaganda at work—in the Church—I found it organized as effectively as outside.



IN FEBRUARY, 1941, through "chain" recommendations from one American fascist to another, I was urged to go as a delegate with the Paul Revere Sentinels leaving for Washington to sabotage passage of the Lend-Lease Bill. I found Mrs. Dilling in charge of the Mothers' Movement.

"This is my thundering herd," she told me. Then she yelled, "Come on, let's picket the Senate Building."

Sixty or more women rushed to the exits and took their places in line, carrying American flags. Round and round the Senate Building they went singing *The Star-Spangled Banner* and *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Getting no attention from reporters, Mrs. Dilling decided to storm the Capitol steps, hoping for publicity by violating Capitol ordinances. The cops stopped the mob, which was just what Mrs. Dilling wanted. It broke into a howl.

"Don't you dare tell us we can't parade with our American flags."

"These are the flags of our Republic, but you wouldn't know that, you Jew stooges," one woman yelled.

Mrs. Dilling, who had quietly gone off, came back panting with the announcement that Congressman Clare

Hoffman had agreed to see them.

A man of fanatic leanings, Representative Hoffman received the herd and commended their "patriotism." Led by him, the pack milled its way down to Roy O. Woodruff, Hoffman's colleague from Michigan. Here the Congressmen posed for photographers, while Mrs. Dilling held a placard "Kill Bill 1776—Not Our Boys."

Individually, some of the mothers were quite innocent and motherly, even though in a pack they were a nightmare to watch. But it was not all their fault. It was the Dillings and the Coughlins who were churning them into noisy "fishwives."

Before leaving Washington, I determined to visit Miss Cathrine Curtis, "one of the most dangerous women in America," who had rented an entire building to carry on a relentless campaign against H.R.-1776.

Miss Curtis moved in high Republican National Committee circles and had many influential friends on Capitol Hill. Her role actually was to channelize the thinking of female Park Avenue "patriots" into her own interpretation of "patriotism."

As I entered, Miss Curtis stood up. Nearly six feet tall, she towered over her desk and I guessed that she weighed at least 200 pounds.

"How is the fight against Lend-Lease coming along?" I asked after the preliminaries of introduction.

"Very well," Miss Curtis said. "Our women and the Detroit Mothers are visiting all the Senators, particularly Mr. Burton Wheeler. We ap-

proach the Congressmen in groups of two and three, show credentials and talk quietly, gaining—we believe—their respect and confidence."

"That is a very constructive way of meeting the problem," I observed.

"We follow up the personal visits," she continued, "with a tremendous mailing campaign to our members, urging them to write their Senators to vote against the dictatorship bill. In this way the Senators get the impression that the women of the country are really against the Bill."

"Yes," her cohort Michael Ahern put in, "we work with the America First Committee who also send their men and women to visit Congressmen."

"We still have a lot of work to do tonight," Miss Curtis said, rising. I shook her hand and left.

On the night of April 23, 1941, the Manhattan Center Opera House was packed with eight thousand men, women and children, each carrying an American flag. At a given signal they began to wave the flags, the band burst into patriotic music and a crescendo of "patriotism" and super-nationalism filled the auditorium.

My old "friends" led the tumult and a wide assortment of thugs and hooligans from the goon squads were scattered throughout the crowd.

"Who wants war?" the speaker asked, waiting for a reply.

"The Jews are the war mongers," the mob yelled back.

Was this a Christian Mobilizer meeting? A Bund or a Christian Front meeting? Or a coalition of all three?

The last comes near being the truth. It was a meeting of certain units of the America First Committee. Charles Lindbergh was the featured speaker.

Another time, on the platform of Ebling's Casino, a short woman in a long boblaunched into what seemed to be a cheap imitation of Hitler-Mussolini oratory. She was Laura Ingalls.

She mouthed a half dozen demagogic phrases that emotionalized the crowd, then ended with the revolutionary cry, "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

These were two meetings of various groups in the America First Committee which I attended. Other "patriotic" meetings fell down in attendance, while some fascist organizations were suspended altogether as their members flocked to America First rallies.

The idea for the Committee was conceived in the spring of 1940 in the mind of a blond, wealthy 24-year-old Yale student, R. Douglas Stuart, Jr.,* son of the first vice-president of the Quaker Oats Company. Stuart got 20 of his classmates to join. From nowhere staid William R. Castle joined the blond youth. Then to Stuart's growing circle of influential friends came experts in promotion, organization and public relations. Soon afterwards General Robert E. Wood* took charge and set to organizing the Committee on a broad, nation-wide basis.

As Pagnanelli, the ever-helpful "patriot," I filed my application as volunteer worker. From this point on,

*Stuart, Wood and many others of the A.F.C. enlisted in the war effort right after Pearl Harbor.

my role as investigator required attending a bewildering array of meetings that dinned into the minds of the masses those doctrines I had already learned in the Nazi underworld.

There were many in the America First Committee who were sincere and devout. But too many were fascist party-liners who invaded the Committee and made it the voice of American fascism and a spearhead aimed at the heart of democracy, carrying to their doom many who were innocent and would have resigned in disgust had they known what went on.

The Monday after Pearl Harbor I received the December 6th issue of the *America First Bulletin* and read the headline, "Blame for Rift with Japan Rests on Administration." And by an irony of fate, a typical letter from William R. Castle appeared in the New York Sunday *Herald Tribune* on the morning of Pearl Harbor. It read:

Why should we go to war with Japan? To that question I have never received a reasonable answer, except the answer always made by those who feel we should interfere anywhere in the world. People like our bellicose Secretary of the Navy announce that trouble is inevitable.



LIKE MOST Americans, I thought that with Pearl Harbor we had become a united nation. I believed that my "friends" would now become true patriots, stop their disruptive propaganda and back up the Congress and the nation in the prosecution of the

war. Feeling sure that my work as investigator was over, I thought of enlisting in order to continue my fight against Axis aggression.

And then I received a mimeographed tract from Boston, postmarked December 8, 1941. It was from Francis P. Moran, fuhrer of the New England Christian Front. Accompanying it was another inflammatory leaflet which read in part:

Mr. Roosevelt has sent our citizens to their death. He is guilty of murder. . . . We advocate the refusal of all sincere and courageous Americans to pay such taxes on the basis that they are unconstitutional, un-American and morally unjust, and on the further premise that our first duty is to our own needy and unemployed citizens.

I realized with a shock that my work was far from finished.

All thoughts of volunteering for the United States Army were gone. We had an enemy to fight here at home and trained soldiers with three years' experience in psychological warfare weren't plentiful at the time.

I had been corresponding with Parker Sage, head of the National Workers League, a Nazi front organization in Detroit, since January, 1941. On December 27th, I received a lengthy letter from him:

We need experienced men here badly and have reason to believe that if suitable material is available that we could guarantee a position in *private* employment at an American wage. Our needs call for an experienced, able speaker and organizer, well qualified to handle the

racial problem (both Jew and Negro). Most of his spare time would have to be devoted to the Cause here. If you are able to fill the place please do so.

I knew that when the National Workers League was founded by Parker Sage in 1938, remnants of the Black Legion gang—Klansmen, strike-breakers, convicts, rapists, released murderers and variously assorted thugs—flocked to it. Now Parker Sage wanted me as organizer of the N.W.L. I had no illusions about the job—it was dynamite!

Just as I was about to leave, I read the news of Sage's arrest and indictment with Garland Alderman, secretary of the N.W.L., on charges of complicity in the rioting against the attempt of Negroes to move into a federal housing project. I wrote him anxiously about coming. He explained that both he and Alderman were out on bail, that the N.W.L. was not involved officially, and closed with "The job is waiting."

Shortly afterwards I left for Detroit.

I had arranged to correspond with my "sister"—in reality a middle-aged lady whom I trusted implicitly with my mission. I left with her samples of letters she was to write in longhand and mail from our "home." As a matter of precaution, she was to begin writing immediately that "mother's illness" was becoming worse.

About eight o'clock in the evening I walked up the squeaking stairs of the ill-kept house at 5144 Canton Street to meet Sage. He was a tall, gaunt man, his mouth a mere thin slit, eyes

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cold-gray. Almost immediately he suggested that we go to Gerald L. K. Smith's meeting. I welcomed the idea.

"Take your suitcase along," he ordered. "You'll meet your future employer tonight and start work tomorrow morning."

The meeting at Maccabee's Auditorium had already started and close to two thousand people were on hand. Anxious for my first look at Smith, I found him a tall, well-built man, the evangelist type; a continual dynamo of motion. With great pomp and long-winded buildup he read good-will messages from Senators Nye and Reynolds on the publication of *The Cross and the Flag*, Smith's magazine which automatically replaced *Social Justice* which had been banned from the mails. Heir to the Coughlinite following in his own bailiwick, Smith made an eloquent plea on behalf of the "persecuted, Christian Father Coughlin." He reached the heights of emotional appeal just before a corps of ushers passed the plate.

After the meeting Sage and I went out to the lobby. A big, flabby, loose-mouthed tub of a man stretched out his hand. His face was dull and vacuous, riddled with whiteheads and blackheads. Garland Lee Alderman was a mess.

I grabbed a limp, moist hand and dropped it quickly to shake hands with Russell M. Roberts, my future employer. He took charge of me from then on, and with Mrs. Roberts I followed him to their car. He knew all about Pagnanelli and had agreed to

give me a job in his machine shop.

Roberts lived eight miles out of Detroit at St. Clair Shores, a suburb. We left the city behind and after negotiating a series of turns and twists, we took a bumpy dirt road which was inky dark. Roberts slowed down the car, and as it stopped he said, "Well, George, here is where we work and plot against the powers that be."

The location was grim and desolate. Preceded by Roberts' searchlight, I walked into the house.

He suggested we have a beer. As we talked, he began telling me of his own part in the founding and promotion of the National Workers League. He had paid for the distribution of thousands of leaflets and had helped it financially. He had bailed out Alderman and Sage. But he had remained completely in the background.

I realized with a shock that while Sage and Alderman acted as the "fronts" and took the "rap," Roberts pulled the strings. He impressed me as the brain truster behind the N.W.L., and members of that inner circle I had come to expose.

I was awakened at seven-thirty the next morning. As we ate breakfast, I learned the Roberts' home and machine shop, "where we can make shells and gunpowder if we have to," were located on a three-acre plot of farmland. Nestling in a clump of trees only a few hundred yards away was Bund Camp Schwaben.

Roberts and I walked to the machine shop adjoining his home. It was built sturdily of cement blocks, at

one end of which was a shooting range. "We do our target shooting on Sundays," he said. "Stick around. You'll see it."

But I wasn't called to Detroit to work only as a machinist. Sage wanted me to organize and I had to make a show of some interest. One night I called at Parker's home. I asked him to tell me about those he knew in the Detroit "patriotic" movement, averting his suspicions by saying that I was keenly interested in my work as organizer, and wanted to get the background so as not to approach the wrong people. Parker readily admitted knowing Mrs. Rosa M. Farber and Mrs. Beatrice Knowles of the Mothers groups; also Robert Vietig, and many others.

From this point on my strategy was first to work for Roberts as machinist and try to keep him pacified. Then after work I'd attempt to look up Parker's friends without necessarily letting him know whom I had interviewed. At the same time I must impress him that I was earnestly engaged in organization work.

Not long afterwards Garland Alderman and I drove over to see Robert Vietig, former chairman of the Detroit chapter of the A.F.C. and supervisor to many near-by chapters. I asked him if the Committee was dead.

"You can't take Americanism out of the hearts and minds of the people," he said sharply. He had placed in a vault a set of the America First membership lists for future use. Vietig told us of his ambition to found

a political unit in Michigan with sufficient strength to hold the balance of power. It was his intention to have a speakers bureau and train speakers who were "one hundred per cent American like Garland here."

"Would you train these speakers along nationalist lines?" I asked.

"That's Americanism," he said. "Nationalism is Americanism."

Vietig, an insurance salesman, was in the respectable class and seemed an important cog in the Detroit machine.

After a particularly hard day's work at the shop, I traveled some three hours by bus to reach Mrs. Rosa M. Farber, president of the Mothers of the United States of America, at her home.

"The only way to work now," she said to me, "is through conversation." She called it that. What she actually did was to outline a whispering campaign. She recounted how she had spread defeatism at the local school. One of the teachers giving out ration cards had said that rationing was necessary for psychological reasons. But Mrs. Farber had argued back, "If they want us to know that we are in the war then let them publish the casualty lists and also send the bodies back." Another teacher had commented, "Yes, those lists haven't been published, have they?"

Mrs. Farber boasted, "You see? I planted an idea in her head, now she'll think of it again."

I learned from Mrs. Farber that Mrs. Beatrice Knowles, president of American Mothers, was holding un-

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derground meetings. Phoning, I told her of my visits to Mrs. Farber, Vietig and Parker Sage. "Come right over," she invited.

Mrs. Knowles lived in a beautiful home in an expensive section of Detroit's suburbs. Vivacious, energetic, I also found her to be a determined and forceful woman, but not blindly fanatic. She admitted she was holding secret "movement meetings" every second Monday in the homes of mothers. Although Mrs. Knowles referred to the "terrible boys" of the N.W.L., she admitted that she had allowed the distribution of their subversive literature. She admired Mrs. Dilling's "courage" and thought Father Coughlin was a great American.

"We don't want any internationalists to dictate at the peace table," she said, and with a shrewd eye to winning the peace added significantly: "Our real work will begin after the war is over. We patriots must be ready for that day."

I was accomplishing my mission. My investigations were giving me a clear picture of the interrelation between the America First Committee, the N.W.L., Smith, the Mothers, Vietig and others whose co-ordinated efforts had made Detroit such a ripe plumb for subversive propaganda.

But my days were numbered as I couldn't keep up much longer the sham of being a "nationalist organizer."

As I entered my room one evening I found a telegram. Early the next morning I left St. Clair Shores—unusually cheerful for a person who

had received a wire reading: "MOTHER WORSE LAST RITES ADMINISTERED COME HOME AT ONCE."

Thanks to my "sister," the timing was perfect.

I arrived home exhausted and had to rest completely for several days before resuming work. I put my notes into final shape, presented them personally over a period of days to the proper authorities and began to catch up with local investigations which had been interrupted. And peculiarly enough, one of my first investigations showed that, like cancer, the Nazi plague knew neither race nor creed, poverty nor wealth. Take the case of Edward Holton James.

James came from a distinguished and wealthy New England family. His uncles were the eminent psychologist Professor William James and the famous author, Henry James. An elderly man of good breeding, he lived in historic old Concord.

James broke into the headlines in April, 1942, when he was charged by Robert T. Bushnell, the attorney general of Massachusetts, for criminally libeling the President.

Eager to establish his status in the American fascist movement, I wrote him enclosing a copy of my *Christian Defender* and asking about his group, the Yankee Freemen. In my mail a few months later I was startled to receive a post card announcing his arrival in New York and inviting me to call on him.

"I'm against the government," he told me earnestly. "I'm for totalitar-

ianism. I stand for a totalitarian form of government. I don't like to call it nationalism because they call it that in Italy and in Germany. I call it Yankee-ism."

I asked what he thought of Democracy. "Democracy is finished," he stated. "It gives the drunk and the heroic person the same rights and privileges. Hitler is the prophet of the ages. He is fighting for an ideal. The people are behind him. The Japs also are fighting for an ideal—we in America have no principles to fight for."

When I had left Detroit I was not sure of Roberts' and Sage's reaction to my taking French leave. Soon after my arrival in New York I wrote them that "mother had died" and received the condolences of both, asking me to come back. I was delighted to know that I was not suspected.

Awaiting me one morning after my return from Detroit was a mimeographed leaflet from one George E. Hornby. It was an announcement that a convention of "patriots" was to meet at Boise, Idaho, on the Fourth of July, almost exactly seven months after Pearl Harbor.

After some correspondence with him, I heard from Edward Holton James who urged, "Go to the convention if you can make it. Anything is good that spells action." I began to pack.

When I arrived at Boise, I telephoned Hornby.

"Come right over," he invited.

I met a man of about 55, tall and rangy, with a brownish complexion and moustache. Hornby's face reflect-

ed the characteristic I had found common: that of a deep-seated hate frozen on immobile features.

I registered as a delegate and asked who else had arrived. The turnout was disappointing, Hornby said. News of the convention had somehow leaked out. But two of the staunchest "patriots" in the West, Frank W. Clark of Tacoma and Mrs. Lois de Lafayette Washburn of Seattle, Washington, had both arrived.

Himself a World War veteran, Clark was formerly a lieutenant in William Dudley Pelley's Silver Shirts. But he broke away from the "Goated Fuehrer" and established his own storm troop outfit known as the League of War Veteran Guardsmen. Clark had served as underground contact man with important fascists and traveled widely on mysterious secret missions.

Mrs. Washburn was a veteran worker in the fascist cause. Although she, too, had operated from many parts of the country, she performed her greatest service to Goebbels' cause in Chicago by founding the American Gentile Protective Association, with Clark as national organizer.

At the "convention" Mrs. Washburn gave an emotional harangue about the role "we patriots" must play on behalf of "Christ and Country."

She had already expressed Japanese sympathies, and I asked how she felt about the attack on Pearl Harbor.

"The New Deal worked secretly with Japan to bring it on," she said. This was the wildest tale, the choicest

Nazi lie I had yet heard on the trip.

When the Boise fascist convention was officially ended I realized that my coming had not been entirely fruitless. I had gathered some very incriminating facts against Clark and Mrs. Washburn, both of whom had camouflaged their underground work effectively since Pearl Harbor. I had learned that the pattern of fascism in the West was identical with that in the East, but that the West emphasized direct methods, while the East went in rather for propaganda scheming.

I still had stops to make before going home. In Chicago, I wanted to look up Harry Augustus Jung, director of the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation represented in the East by his collaborator, Colonel E. M. Sanctuary. He styled himself the "nation's foremost authority on subversive forces."

"I can't see you," he said when I phoned. "I've just been subpoenaed to testify before the grand jury."

I realized that the Chicago grand jury investigating un-American activity would seriously conflict with my own work. I also knew that it would reflect on me suspiciously if I remained while the grand jury investigations were on. It was bitterly disappointing because I sensed that Chicago was the hotbed of a native fascism.

Regretting my failure to make a thorough survey of Chicago's "patriots," I turned southward to Indianapolis to visit William Dudley Pelley, under indictment for sedition. My initial impression was one of revulsion

at the limp, dissipated grayness of the man before me. He smelled of decay.

And then I became aware of his eyes. In their light shone all the cunning and the wizardry which had led a half dozen investigating committees, including the FBI, a merry chase up to the time of our meeting.

Pelley outlined his plan for the coming trial. "We are going to crack this thing wide open, this issue of free speech against dictatorship. This trial is a big thing and we're getting Lindbergh and Thorkelson to come down." Pelley expected to stretch out his trial in order to get national airing for his views.

A few days after my return from the West, he was convicted. Informed of his plans to gain notoriety, the prosecution made quick work of him.



I HAD VISITED Lawrence Dennis, "dean" of American intellectual fascism, in the fall of 1942. I visited him again on February 8, 1943, and he gave me what I regard as my most sensational interview.

I had no idea of the influence which this American Nazi wielded among our Senators and Congressmen. My motive in seeing Dennis was merely to ascertain whether he knew Gerald L. K. Smith, for I had seen a startling resemblance between the January issue of Smith's magazine and some of Dennis' writings.

"Of course I know Gerald Smith. He is a good fellow; he listens to me."

Dennis talked so easily and seemed to trust me so fully that I asked if he knew Ham Fish. "Very well, very well," he answered. "But Fish has no brains. His sympathies are all right, but he is dumb. His influence is in proportion to his brains."

Our conversation turned to the attacks of Nye and Wheeler against the Department of Justice.

"You can give me credit for that," Dennis said suddenly. "I've been talking to them all along."

I was bursting with questions. Exactly when and where had Dennis met the Senators, who else was present? But all I dared ask was how he had met Wheeler and Nye.

"Oh, I have many friends in Washington. They invited the Senators to dinner and asked me to be there."

"We patriots are certainly thankful that a man like you can reach those distinguished Senators," I said, tongue-in-cheek, "and influence them in their actions."

"I don't mean to say I've done everything," Dennis said. "I've talked to them and they've listened. They're intelligent men, and they've used their own judgment. They are beginning to learn what it's all about."

I regard Dennis as one of the most dangerous men to our wartime unity. He is an adroit diplomat and makes expert use of well-meaning clergymen and a high official of the Civil Liberties Union to stand by him whenever he is brought before an investigating body. I am convinced he does not want democracy to emerge the victor.

Yet why is he given liberty to disrupt national morale? Why must America at war continue to be the victim of Goebbels' taunt:

It will always remain the best joke made by the democratic system that it provided its deadly enemies with the means of destroying it.



NOW, IN APRIL 1943, as I work on the last chapter of my story, I pause to look back over those stirring years since October, 1938, when I hesitantly knocked on that door on East 116th Street. I have learned many things in the Nazi underworld.

First, though some of my "friends" have been indicted and imprisoned, many are still at large plotting the slow strangulation of democracy. Fascism in America is not dead. It has been pretending sleep. Wily Nazi propagandists will stop at nothing to sabotage the war and the peace.

After more than four years of undercover work, I've summarized Hitler's program for the subversion of our democracy and the overthrow of our capitalist order. It includes:

- 1) Anti-Semitism to serve as a social dissolvent;
- 2) Red-baiting to serve as a screen for Nazi propaganda;
- 3) lies or half-truths to gain the support of the politically ignorant;
- 4) super-patriotism to arouse disciples emotionally;
- 5) a perverted brand of nationalism which most frequently utilizes the slogans "America First" and "America for the Americans;"
- 6)

by **John Roy Carlson**

anti-British propaganda to rally German, Irish, Italian, Spanish and nativist sentiment; 7) an attempt to undermine confidence in the Administration in order to facilitate the acceptance of revolutionary doctrines.

8) Defamation of democracy by exaggerating its failings as a device to "soften up" resistance; 9) the systematic cultivation of mass hatred as a means of blinding reason; 10) the pitting of group against group, race against race, religion against religion to break down national unity; 11) encouraging an attitude of ridicule toward the operation of Nazi propaganda in an effort to draw a red herring across its trail; 12) the adulation of Hitler as the deliverer from, and of Nazism as the panacea for, the alleged evils of Communism, Judaism, unemployment, the national debt and anything else you choose to name; finally, 13) agitation for a "Third Party" or a "new leadership," native fascist in sentiment, to set up the American New Order by "Constitutional methods" and ostensibly in order to "preserve the Constitution,"

but which at the same time would be friendly to, collaborate with, or appease Hitler's New Order.

I look back upon my years in the Nazi underworld without regrets. It was a dirty job, but I felt that someone had to do it and live to tell about it. I am going back to the world I left behind to renew friendships and live in the sunshine again—if the countless "friends" I met in the Nazi underworld permit me to live.

I have written this book in order to help preserve those values which I learned were synonymous with America when I first came here: freedom, individual initiative and enterprise. May this blessed nation of ours never degenerate to a system of government by some, for some. May it forever remain a government by all, for all. There is no greater privilege at this moment, no greater honor as we look upon skies free of raining death, to a land free from the barbarisms of war, to a future more promising than any on this strife-torn earth, than to serve this, our home, our country.

This is my faith.

The Coronet Little Show Is on the Air

The week-end of January 21st—or Sunday, January 23rd to be exact—marks the second-month anniversary of the Coronet Little Show, the exciting radio program which brings to listeners a weekly dramatization of noteworthy features and articles from the magazine.

Heard coast-to-coast every Sunday through the facilities of the Mutual Broadcasting System, the Coronet Little Show is narrated by the Coronet Story Teller. Each of his programs is specially chosen and prepared for its interest and the listening-appeal which it offers its radio audience. You can find the name of your local station in your newspaper.

October Round Table Roundup

U. S. Representative Will Rogers Jr. answered "yes" to the question "Should the U.S. Break with Franco?" and 48 per cent of the contest participants agreed with him that continued recognition "strengthens the position of this partner to Axis crimes . . . encourages the Falange in South America . . . and betrays our democratic friends in Spain."

Another 21 per cent advised a break but not until military leaders deemed it expedient, since Spain for the time being is more valuable as a neutral and listening post, and

the severance of diplomatic relations might prompt Hitler to send his troops into that country. Ten per cent believed that with the fall of Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo, Franco's regime will fall of its own weight or be overthrown by the Spanish people, so no need exists for us to take diplomatic action. Fifteen per cent answered a flat "no" to the question in the belief that we have no business passing judgment on the affairs of another nation, as long as she isn't actively fighting us. Six per cent approved of the Franco regime as the "savior of Spain from communism and atheism."

WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR OCTOBER

For the best answers to "Should the U.S. Break with Franco?" first prize of \$100 has been awarded to Lt. Robert C. Finlay, Dothan, Ala.; second prize of \$50 to Lt. Robert S. Breitbart of Santa Ana, Cal.; third prize of \$25 to Robert Burns, USNR (Y2c), New York; prizes of \$5 each to Richard Abbott, Blacksburg, Va.; Albert Rosen (S2c), Jacksonville, Fla.; Ann L. Chensoff, Joplin, Mo.; Al Bautzer, Grand Junction, Col.; Mrs. Sarah Thayer, Berkeley, Cal.

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The Coronet Round Table

Should We Plan the Post-War Europe?

*An opinion by Hendrik Willem van Loon,
Holland-born historian and author*

THERE are approximately 238 societies in the United States devoted exclusively to the subject of "Europe after the War." All of them are wasting their time.

Once freed of torture and oppression, the small countries of Europe will go their own sweet way. Our advice will only stir up their resentment toward a country of well-meaning busybodies who should first of all put their own house in order.

Of course they will need a little extra food during the first year, as the Nazis have plundered them pretty thoroughly. But at the same time, German occupational government has forced the adoption of revolutionary methods of agriculture which have so speeded up output that after two



years at the most these nations can provide for themselves. In addition, the ever-present menace of Nazi shooting squads and concentration camps has taught Europeans how to act as independent units, free from much of the old social and economic ballast that hampered their progress before Hitler's hordes deprived them of their liberty. As a result, they will feel perhaps decades ahead of us in economic organization and social arrangements.

I believe we should restrict our discussions to purely domestic affairs. For when the boys come home we shall have so many stupendous problems that we may not even have time to think of Europe. Which will be by far the best solution for all concerned.

200 Dollars for the Best Responses to This Query!

"The liberated nations of Europe will have little in common with the United States nor will they be in the least interested in our kindly-intended post-war plans." So, says Hendrik van Loon, our efforts should be devoted to our own difficulties. How do you feel about it? For the best letter of 200 words or less substantiating your opinion, Coronet will pay 100 dollars; for the second best letter, 50 dollars; for the third, 25 dollars; and for the five next best, five dollars each. Send your letter by February 25th to Coronet Round Table, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



Maurice Zolotow (p. 96)



Harold M. Kramer (p. 151)



Joseph Weresch (p. 128)



Geoffrey Hellman (p. 37)

Between These Covers

- • • Maurice Zolotow is at his best when interpreting the odd and whimsical characters on and off Broadway. A born New Yorker, he nevertheless finds Manhattan exciting . . . Those colorful paintings that punctuate *Coronet's* pages regularly are the work of Harold M. Kramer, an artist's artist . . . Joseph Weresch has joined the ranks of today's writers through the well-worn path of the newspaper office, having spent 10 years on *Chicago's Daily News* . . . Until recently a staff writer on the *New Yorker*, Geoffrey Hellman has written more than 50 Profiles. A competent satirist, his work appears in several anthologies.